ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOL HISTORY OF CANADA

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HISTORY OF CANADA

KING GEORGE V.

ONTARIO
PUBLIC SCHOOL
HISTORY OF CANADA

BY
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PREFACE

The opinion has been common that, while the history of Canada is important from the point of view of constitutional development, it has lacked the essentials of interesting narrative. In truth, however, the story of Canada is a fascinating story. It is nearly four hundred years since French explorers described the lower stretches of the majestic river which leads from the Atlantic to the heart of Canada. On the St. Lawrence France planted her civilization, and she aimed to build up an Empire, continental in extent. Her sons penetrated to the West, founded posts on the Great Lakes, discovered the Mississippi, and followed that mighty river to its mouth. It was a French-Canadian, La Vérendrye, who built the earliest forts in the great North-West. All the time France and England were rivals for the mastery of the new world, and, after a long and dramatic struggle, the power of France fell, and Canada became British territory.

The British, however, were no sooner victors in one quarter of America than they met with crushing disaster in another. The English colonies broke away to form the United States. To Britain was left only what had belonged to France, and, against her own sons, she became the defender of the ancient frontiers of Canada. Many thousands of loyal refugees from the English colonies fled to Canada and made there new homes. Canadian traders went ever farther into the West. The British had long made good their claim to Hudson Bay. Pioneers from Canada explored the chill north land. Alexander Mackenzie, from Montreal, descended the river which now bears his name until he reached the Arctic Ocean. Later, he made the hard journey across

mighty ranges of mountains and stood on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Meanwhile, in the East, the French and the English were learning, not without bitter strife, the need of working together for their common country. Canada expanded, first eastward, to include the Maritime Provinces, and then westward, until her long frontiers touched those of the United States for thousands of miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

After this expansion new problems came to Canada. She faced the stupendous task of building railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With this came the rapid development of the West—political, agricultural, and commercial.

Canada was long only a colony, but this condition was not adequate for a state which occupied half a continent. When Canadian troops fought on the battle-fields of South Africa, the effect was to increase the national self-reliance of Canada. Then came the grim, dramatic years of the Great War. During this crisis in the history of mankind, Canada played her splendid part, and she secured recognition by the mother-land and by the world of her new and higher status in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The author cherishes the hope that this little volume will make clear and interesting the story of Canada. The illustrations by Mr. C. W. Jefferys will, he is certain, further the same end. For some of the portraits in this book grateful acknowledgments are due to the courtesy of Glasgow, Brook & Company, Mr. M. O. Hammond, and others.

G. M. W.

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A HISTORY OF CANADA

CHAPTER I

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

1. The Influence of Marco Polo.—One day in 1295 three men appeared at the door of the house of the Polo family in Venice and were at first denied admittance because of their strange foreign dress and air. The youngest of the three was Marco Polo, and the two others were his father and his brother. Their story was romantic. They had gone as traders to the far East and had been kindly received in Peking at the court of Kublai Khan, the ruler of the Mongols, who had recently conquered China. Here they had prospered. The young Marco Polo picked up the language quickly. He was an eager observer and precisely the kind of man whom Kublai Khan, himself a stranger in China, could use. So he was sent far and near, in order to watch what was going on. For three years he was ruler of a great Chinese city. But as time went on the Polos longed for their own land and their own people in Venice, and now they had come back. They brought with them treasures from the East. When they gave a banquet, the amazed guests watched in wonder as the Polos opened seams in shabby-looking garments and took from them concealed jewels. Wealth in heavier form they could not have brought from the distant East. All Venice was interested. Marco Polo talked so much of the millions in gold and the millions of men in the East that he was called Marco of the Millions.

And what has this to do with the history of Canada? Strange to say, a great deal. In that age no American continent was known in Europe. It was thought that Europe, Asia, and Africa made up the whole earth, and that there was but one great mass of land, surrounded on all sides by water. Europe did not even know what was to be found in the far east of Asia, and it was Marco Polo who lifted the veil. When Venice warred on Genoa, Marco Polo was made master of a Venetian galley. After a great naval battle in the Adriatic, the Genoese carried off seven thousand prisoners, among them Marco Polo. During a year in prison time hung heavy on his hands, and he occupied himself by writing the story of his adventurous life. His book describes the far eastern coast of Asia. He tells of islands peopled by savages, of rich cities, and strange customs. Copies of the book were scattered far and wide and were read eagerly. Europe believed that here was vast wealth and was eager for traffic with the East.

MARCO POLO
From an original Painting at Rome

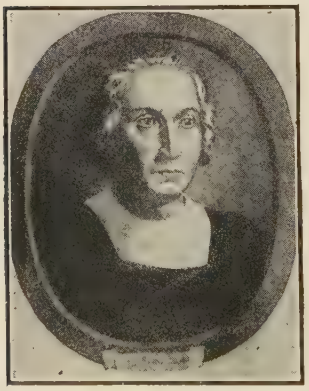
The route to the East by land was difficult and dangerous. Might not an easier route be found by sea? A sea washed the east coast of Asia. The earth was round; so much the Greeks had known, and this view scientific thought now confirmed. Clearly, then, that restless sea which beat on Europe's shores might be the same sea which threw up its surf on the coasts of Japan and China; and, sailing westward from Europe, one might go straight to Asia. Another route was also pos-

sible. Africa stretched into the unknown south, and once round Africa, a ship might sail direct to those eastern coasts reached overland by Marco Polo. This was the easier thing to attempt, for there Africa lay visible, and it was only necessary to press on along its coast until the mystery should be solved. True, the coast was dangerous. The hostile followers of Mohammed held North Africa, and they were likely to slay Christian intruders. Farther south there was the savage barbarism of the black man. Nature herself seemed to bar the way, for shoals, rocks, and adverse winds made the coast difficult. But the problem was well worth effort. In Portugal, Prince Henry the Navigator, who died in 1460, devoted to it much of his life. Year after year he sent out ships, and year after year they went southward a little farther than before.

Prince Henry had been twenty-six years dead when, in 1487, an astounding thing happened. Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese, coasted southward until he reached what we knew until lately as German South-west Africa. Caught there by a storm, he was for thirteen days swept into unknown seas. When the storm was over and he sailed northward, he saw land, not at his right hand, as he expected, but at his left. Without knowing it, he had unfolded the stubborn secret, for he had rounded the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean and was sailing along the east coast of Africa. He was ill and so did not go on, but turned homeward. From time to time he landed and reared stone monuments to record his wonderful voyage. One of these he left apparently where now stands Capetown. When he reached Portugal, he told a glowing tale which aroused great interest. Eleven years later, a Portuguese ship, under a famous captain, Vasco da Gama, sailed all the way to India. Da Gama attacked Calcutta and followed this up by a horrible massacre of the natives. Such was

India's introduction to the seamen of Europe. Da Gama reaped great wealth from his voyage. In the end he was named Viceroy of India by the King of Portugal. The sway of Europe in Asia had begun.

2. The Discovery of an Unknown Continent.—We turn now to what was found by sailing westward. In the literature of Europe there is a strange story of the western sea centuries before America was discovered. Europe had long known that a great barren region lay far out in the cold north. Iceland is bleak, but this land farther west was bleaker still. Adventurers from Iceland visited it, and at last a bold leader, from whose red face and ruddy beard came no doubt his name of Eric the Red, decided to settle there. In summer he saw patches of vivid green lying on the slopes between towering crags, and he called the region Greenland—a good name, he said, to attract settlers. Here, a little before the year 1000, grew up a settlement of Northmen, kindred in blood to the Normans who later conquered England. They were hardy sailors who had crossed a stormy sea. One of them, sailing from Iceland to visit his father in Greenland, lost his way in fog. When again the sun shone, before him lay a forest-clad shore widely different from the cliffs and glaciers of Greenland. He turned northward, and, when he joined his father, he told this exciting story. It was probably Labrador which he had seen. Of course adventurous Northmen followed up the discovery. Leif,



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
From a painting in the Madrid Museum

son of Eric the Red, spent a winter in the new land. He called it Vinland, because there he found what he called grapes; not, however, the fruit from which wine is made in Europe, but probably the rock cranberry. Coming from a region with trees little more than shrubs, the Northmen valued the tall trees, since they could use them for masts. They met the natives and before long engaged them in bloody strife. After some years of effort, the Northmen began to massacre one another,

Pinta *Nina* *Santa Maria*

THE THREE SHIPS OF COLUMBUS

and the story ends with this savagery. Soon after the year 1000, Vinland was nearly forgotten. Some, indeed, regard the whole story as a pure fable, but its main features are probably true.

It was an Italian from Genoa, where Marco Polo had lain captive, who tried to make known to Europe the Asia of Marco Polo, but found instead a new world. The mariner, Christopher Columbus, had sailed on many seas. But he was more than a sailor; he was a man of

scientific mind, who brooded over the mystery of the far East. He had spent a year at Madeira and must often have looked out over the encircling sea and pondered its secrets. If the earth was round, clearly by going on westward one could reach the far distant shore of Asia. The only way to verify this was actually to sail there. The effort would be costly. On such a voyage little profit could be expected from trade. Columbus went to Portugal, which was so interested in the route by way of Africa. He demanded high rewards and honours if his plan should succeed. He must, he said, be made the ruler of any heathen regions found and receive at least a tenth of all profits. When he failed in Portugal he turned to Spain.

Queen Isabella of Castile was the most enlightened ruler of her time, and she promised aid. Some of her courtiers jeered at the dreamer who talked in so confident a manner of the new eastern realms which he was to discover and to rule. But in 1492 three small ships were placed at the disposal of Columbus. It was not easy to secure crews, and the queen gave him authority to take men who would be released from prison on condition of facing the perils of the voyage. They were not very promising material. These ignorant men were haunted by the fear of meeting demons in the vast unknown. But on August 3rd, 1492, the little squadron set out from the port of Palos. They made a long halt at the Canary Islands, and then, early in September, sailed out into the west. Before a week had passed, the sailors were expecting to see the coasts of Asia. Every fresh wind which carried them farther from home made them nervous about their return. To quiet their fears, Columbus concealed from them the extent of the distance covered; but each day had its new alarm to be quieted. They watched eagerly for birds and floating wood or weeds as evidence that land was near. Not much longer

could Columbus have held their obedience when, after five anxious weeks, he and other watchers in the night saw far ahead a moving light which meant the presence of man. Keen eyes were alert at daybreak, and there, quite near, lay a tree-clad coast, with naked human beings moving about in the open spaces. As soon as possible Columbus rowed ashore. He thought he was in Asia, on one of the islands inhabited by the savages described by Marco Polo. The people seemed poor and barbarous. They wondered at the new-comers as if they had dropped from heaven, and were ready to worship them.

JOHN CABOT AND HIS SON SEBASTIAN
From a model by John Cassidy

3. John Cabot on the Coast of Canada.—Such was the beginning of that long process of discovery which led to the founding of Canada. There were others as eager as Columbus to find a short route to the East, and Italians were still in the race. Giovanni Caboto, whom we know as John Cabot, though, like Columbus, born at Genoa, was, by adoption, a Venetian, a countryman of Marco Polo. He had traded to the Red Sea and had even reached, we are told, the sacred city of Mecca.

Cabot, like Columbus, brooded over the mystery of the far East. Long before Columbus won his success, John Cabot was planning a similar effort. He asked aid from Portugal and from Spain, and in both cases failed. Then he settled in England and there reared a considerable family. He lived in Bristol, then, next to London, the most important port in England, and, since it lay on the west coast, an easy starting-point for an adventure out into the Atlantic. Cabot had slender means, and every effort of his to secure help met with sickening failure. But there was a change when Columbus returned from his first voyage. While, in truth, he brought back very little gold, he had heard stories of natives who wore bands of gold round their arms, legs, and necks, and of an island composed of solid gold, which, men thought, must be the Japan of Marco Polo. On the throne of England sat Henry VII, wary, astute, and greedy for wealth. No doubt the reports from Spain made him envious. But the door was quickly closed. In 1494 the Pope issued a Bull under which only Portugal and Spain were to share the new-found regions, and Henry VII obeyed this mandate. John Cabot saw the king, and found him ready to take a share of any profits but woefully unready to aid with money. To sail into the north-west was not to defy the Pope's Bull, and this the king allowed Cabot to do. He might, said Henry, occupy and rule any heathen towns which he should reach; he might bring back to England goods, and they should be free of duty. But not a penny would Henry risk, and yet he was to have a fifth of all profits. Cabot did his best. He fitted out a small ship, got together a crew of eighteen men, most of them English, and then, in the summer of 1497, taking with him, by some accounts, his son Sebastian, aged twenty-two, he sailed out boldly past Ireland and disappeared in the great northern stretches of the Atlantic Ocean.

Three months later he was back with a tale which stirred men's hearts. His seamen had been steadier than the Spaniards of Columbus, for we do not hear of any murmurings as he sailed on day after day into the unknown West. And he reached land. It must have been some part of what is now Canada or Newfoundland. As the little ship, its crew watching with eager eyes, sailed in those chill waters, they saw great quantities of fish. Cabot had always intended to make only a hurried voyage and to follow it up in the following year. Once he stopped and went ashore. No human being did he see, but he found trees notched as if by an axe, and also snares for game. Cabot nailed together a cross; then he dug a hole, planted in it the cross, and placed by it the banner of England side by side with that of Venice. He was, in truth, making England's first claim to dominion overseas, and the British flag floats still over the regions which he saw. Cabot declared that he had reached the Khan's country and would next year go to Japan. When Henry VII heard the story, he was delighted. Now, he said, Cabot should be provided with both ships and men. He might, like Columbus, enlist prisoners from the jails. The careful king even opened his purse and gave Cabot ten pounds, and, later, a pension of twenty pounds, equal to two hundred pounds in our day. Cabot took on the swagger of a great man. He boasted that he had found a route to the treasures of the world in jewels and spices. A man's dress was then the badge of his rank, and Cabot now robed himself in silk. People crowded about him, begging to be allowed to go with him on his next voyage. To his Genoese barber he promised the grant of an island; and Italian reprobates who paid him court already considered themselves equal to nobles in rank. He made his projected second voyage, along with his son, but he achieved noth-

ing further. He found no teeming cities, no spices, no jewels. And then he dropped out of history, and we know no more about him.

After Cabot, eager adventurers found their way to the shores of America; fishing ships haunted the waters of which he had given so glowing an account; but, for a long time, during, indeed, more than a hundred years, very little was achieved in the region of Canada. Farther south much was done. Columbus died, never knowing that he had not reached Asia. A certain Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian like Columbus, sailed day after day along the coast of what is now Brazil. He found no break through which he could pass to the lands described by Marco Polo, and at last realized that here was a new continent hitherto unknown. In the end it was called by his name—America. Another leader, this time a Spaniard, Balboa, had, in 1513, a surprising experience. Led on by the reports of the natives, he made his way across the isthmus of Darien, or Panama, in order to find that other sea of which the natives talked. The route led across high mountains, and from their summit Balboa saw before him the glittering surface of a great ocean.

> **He stared at the Pacific—and all his men**
> **Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—**
> **Silent—upon a peak in Darien.**

Balboa hurried down to the shore, the first European, as far as we know, to tread that strand of the Pacific, and he took possession of it in the name of Spain.

Gold from farther south in Peru was well known at the isthmus, and it was not many years before pack-horses, laden with the precious metal, were carrying gold over the mountains to the Atlantic side to be loaded on Spanish ships. But a route by sea to the Pacific was also found. Diaz had sailed round the south of Africa to the East. Why should not some one sail round America in the same way? In 1520 a Portuguese,

Magellan, in the service of Spain, entered the tortuous strait which we know by his name. It is more than three hundred miles long, but through its mountain-lined stretches he made his way, and at last he floated on the broad bosom of the Pacific. His was the first ship from Europe to reach those waters. He struck out boldly across that mighty sea, and at last reached the Philippine Islands. Here, in a quarrel with the natives, he was killed, but his lieutenant, del Cano, went on. One only of the five ships reached Spain, and only eighteen of the original company had survived. But the great thing had been done. A ship from Europe had sailed round the world.

CHAPTER II

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

1. France's Claim to Canada.—Canada, meanwhile, lay almost untouched and unknown. In the end the veil was lifted, not by England nor by Spain, but by France. After 1517 Europe was torn by the religious strife of the Protestant Reformation. Both Spain and France held to the old faith, but this did not make them friends. In the new world Spain had achieved great things, and France was envious. When Charles V of Spain warned Francis I of France that America was Spanish and that he must not intrude, Francis asked him tartly to produce the will of our common father Adam by which he had secured such rights. Pirates from the ports of France preyed on Spanish ships bringing treasure from America. Among these adventurers was still another Italian, this time from Florence, named Verrazano. He made a great haul in 1523, when he took a Spanish ship rich with spoils from Mexico. Then Francis I sent him to spy out the coasts of America, and he came back with an elaborate but hazy report. It is not unlikely that with Verrazano had been a sailor named Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, in Brittany. Recently Francis I had inherited

JACQUES CARTIER
From the Statue at St. Malo

the rule over Brittany, and he showed great interest in its seafaring people. The king was still bent on an adventure in America, and the hardy sailor of St. Malo was summoned to see his sovereign. There was still hope of sailing to Asia without crossing a second sea, for the known region farther south might be only a vast peninsula, and the rivers of the far north might flow out of the very heart of Asia. To the king, Cartier explained what he could, and the matter was settled. He was to go out to the west in the interests of France.

Cartier found that recruits dreaded the danger, and it took him a whole year to get ready. At last, on April 20th, 1534, with two small ships and sixty-one men, he set out. The trip to the Banks of Newfoundland was nothing new. French ships already frequented those waters. But Cartier is the first to tell us of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Into it the French sailed by the Strait of Belle Isle. To this day the scene is little changed. It was the early spring, and ice lay piled up on the shore. They saw numbers of seabirds. Earlier they had killed a polar bear swimming in the water and thought its flesh like tender veal. They saw, paddling in canoes of bark, men of fine physique. Their bodies were painted, and their manners were savage. They danced and shouted with joy when the visitors gave them pretty trinkets in return for furs. It is almost the first account which we have of the Indians of Canada. One day the savages stood round in gaping wonder at a strange act. On the shore of what we know now as Gaspé Basin, Cartier's men cut down a tree and made a huge cross, no less than thirty feet high. To the cross-bar they nailed a shield with the *fleurs-de-lis*, the symbol of French sovereignty. When the heavy thing was planted in the earth, the Frenchmen knelt with hands raised to heaven. What, the savages asked, did it all mean? In their minds was some dim groping of the truth, that it meant the claim

by France to rule the land, and, when the French were back in their ships, an old chief, wearing a black bear-skin, paddled out, and with vivid gestures told them that the land was not theirs but his. Smooth words quieted him, and at last he let two of his sons go away — with Cartier. The ships sailed about the Gulf for weeks, but by September Cartier was back in France. He had seen, he said, a hard land which God might have given to the murderer, Cain. But its rough aspect did not matter, for, in any case, he thought of it only as the portal of the far east.

Cartier had kept a journal. He told a vivid and accurate story, and now France learned about the coasts of Canada. The two Indians whom Cartier had brought home were pathetic figures. Their strange speech and savage manners caused at first much wonder, but this soon faded. They languished in the cramped life of the French towns. Cartier had no thought of halting in his plans. Hardly was he back in France when he began to recruit men for a second voyage. On May 16th, 1535, there was a solemn service in the Cathedral at St. Malo. Seventy-four of Cartier's men took the sacrament, and then the bishop raised over them his hands in benediction. They were undertaking a new thing, for, this time, they would not return in the autumn. If the heart of Asia with its wealth could not be reached in one summer, they were ready to spend a longer time. They did well to take the adventure seriously. Many of them never returned, and their bones have become long since a part of the soil of Canada.

2. The First Winter of the French in Canada.— Straight on, ever westward, Cartier sailed after he entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As far as we know, the lands which he reached had never before been seen by Europeans. The Gulf narrowed to a broad river. The two Indians, whom now he brought back, had talked

much of a famous town, which they called Stadacona, and Cartier dreamed of a rich city of the Grand Khan, whom Marco Polo had described. At last they came to a great island in the river. The three ships worked their way up a narrow passage at its north side, and then sailed out into a great basin four or five miles wide. On the far side was a high cliff, and there at its foot clustered the dwellings of the town. Cartier looked out eagerly. He saw, however, not Eastern towers and minarets but only poor Indian wigwams, what the Indians called *Kannata,* a collection of huts, a word from which, it seems, comes our "Canada." The ruler, Donnacona, came out to meet Cartier with an escort of twelve canoes. This is the first reception of a ship from Europe at what we know as Quebec, and it chilled the heart of Cartier, for these people were only crude savages, and of gold and other riches there was no trace.

Still he hoped, for he heard of another town, a walled town, Hochelaga, farther up the river. But his new friends did not wish him to go farther. These savages were for ever at war, and probably those at Stadacona feared that Cartier would make an alliance with their enemies at Hochelaga. Human scalps were among the trophies most prized in Stadacona, and already Cartier was suspicious of the designs of the savages regarding himself. The two Indians whom he had brought back told him that the weapons of his men caused anxiety to Donnacona. Once Cartier heard the savages give three loud cries in full voice—"a horrible thing to hear." It was the blood-curdling Indian war-whoop. At another time he heard howlings of men which made him think, as he said, that "hell had broken loose." One day there came drifting down past his ships at anchor a canoe carrying three figures, clothed in furs, with blackened faces and great horns on their heads. One of them chanted a supposed warning from some vague deity against ascending the river, since all who went should

perish. Cartier's bold answer was that, if there was such a being, he was a fool whom no Christian need fear. He went up the St. Lawrence with one ship, and then, for the first time, the eyes of civilized men looked upon scenes which since have charmed so many. There were "the finest trees in the world," and many birds, one of which Cartier declared to be the nightingale. Whenever a boat rowed ashore, the natives seemed friendly.

At last, after thirteen days, Cartier came to Hochelaga. On the strand stood a thousand people eager to welcome him. Clearly the whole country was aroused by his coming. Through the night bonfires blazed, and the next morning the natives led the French through the forest to their walled town. All had to walk, for these people had no horses or other beasts of burden. The wall proved to be only a poor wooden paling, and the houses were some fifty rude wigwams covered with bark. The so-called king was a cripple, who was laid on a mat at Cartier's feet to be treated by the magic of the stranger. Cartier found himself appealed to as a god, to relieve the human misery of the wigwams. The maimed, the halt, and the blind were brought to him. He read over these poor supplicants the story of Christ's suffering. When he went to the top of the mountain, a crowd followed him. Cartier stood on the mountain and looked out over a wonderful panorama of forest, plain, and mountain. His eyes followed the broad, gleaming river, which stretched toward the west until lost to view. The savages touched his silver whistle and the yellow shaft of the poniard at his side, and seemed, as he thought, to tell him of silver and gold in the lands far up the river. Because of the magnificence of the view, he called the mountain Mount Royal. Under its shadow lies to-day the great city of Montreal.

Owing to what we know as the Lachine Rapids at Hochelaga, Cartier could sail no farther up the

river. Anxious at the approach of winter, he hurried back to Stadacona. He drew up his ships by a small stream flowing into the St. Charles River, a few miles from Stadacona, and, in fear of attack, strengthened the little fort which his men had built. Winter came on, the first winter of Europeans in Canada of which we have any record, and both nature and man seemed their enemy. The driving snow, the bitter cold which froze the water to the depth of many feet, made the elements seem savage. But man was more relentless still, and Cartier kept guard as if in a besieged fortress. In amazement the shivering French saw the savages—men, women, and children—going about half naked in the blighting cold. By February disease brought a ghastly addition to the winter's terrors. The dreaded scurvy broke out. The French had no priests, but they sang penitential psalms and repeated the solemn Litany in supplication to God. And He seemed to hear. A savage told them that the juice of a certain tree, perhaps that of the balsam fir, would heal them. They used it and found relief, but already they had laid away in the snow many silent forms to await burial when spring should come.

By the spring Cartier was in a nervous state and sick of his adventure. The savages seemed to be holding aloof, and he believed that they were planning a sudden attack. It seemed wise to strike first. One ship he left rotting where it lay. The other two he anchored a little distance from the shore. He made secure his stockade with the St. Charles River at its front. On May 3rd, Holyrood Day, 1536, the French held a festival. Before their stockade they planted a great cross thirty-six feet high, and on it they placed an inscription proclaiming Francis I ruler of the country. The chief, Donnacona, "King of Canada," as the French called him, came by invitation to the stockade. He was an old man who had told Cartier fanciful tales of the interior. Cartier had

understood him to say that with his own eyes he had seen there people dressed in robes of white and possessing wonders of gold and jewels. What better witness than he to take to France, that its eager king and others might hear from him with their own ears of the riches to be found in Canada? As Donnacona, stepping warily,

CARTIER PROCLAIMS FRANCIS I
RULER OF CANADA

entered the stockade, he was seized. Then a boat carried him and half a score of other captives quickly to the ships lying at anchor. All night long and for the better part of the next day, the savages gathered on the shore, howling like wolves. Meanwhile Donnacona, assured that he should enjoy ease and comfort in France and return soon to Canada, agreed to go with Cartier. He called out to his people that he was well content. Cartier quickly sailed away, and two months later dropped anchor in St. Malo.

3. The Temporary Failure of French Effort.— The Canadian adventure was nearly ended, and little fruit did it bear. Some sickly Indians told Francis I what they could of Canada. They were the first-fruits of missions to Canada, for soon they were baptized, and then, one by one, they died—pathetic victims of the constrained life of civilized France. Their tales of riches in Canada led Francis I to resolve on creating a real colony, and he found its ruler in that valley of the Somme destined long after to be moistened in the Great War with the best blood of Canada. The governor chosen was the Sieur de Roberval, a great man in his own part of France. He was given wide powers. He might take out colonists, make laws, build towns and forts, wage war, and have a complete monopoly of trade. Cartier, the rugged sailor, was to go as captain-general and master-pilot, whatever these titles might mean. He was not a noble, and, in the view of the time, only a man of rank should be a governor. Clearly Cartier was restive at having a governor over him. He completed his plans quickly, and in May, 1541, leaving Roberval to follow, set out with five ships.

Storms delayed him, and not until August 23rd did he reach Stadacona. To the inquiring Indians he told the cheerful lie that Donnacona and the others preferred to remain in France, where they had become great lords. In truth, all but a little girl had died. Cartier did not go back to the St. Charles with its grim memories. Instead, he chose a beautiful site at Cap Rouge, above Quebec, the point where now a gigantic bridge crosses the St. Lawrence. There, among fine trees at the top of the cliff, the French built a fort. They gathered eagerly little sparkling stones which they took to be diamonds. In the veins of the rocks they saw, they were sure, gold and silver. The outlook seemed rosy. Cartier went again up the river to Hochelaga, and was convinced anew

that beyond it lay a land of riches. Winter with its hardships drew near, but they were hopeful because they had found gold.

It all came to nothing. In the spring Cartier decided no longer to wait for Roberval, but to sail back to France with the good news that he had found gold. But in the harbour of what is now St. John's, Newfoundland, he met Roberval with "three tall ships," on the way to Canada. Roberval expected Cartier to turn back with him, but Cartier wished to be his own master. They now tested the ore from Cap Rouge and pronounced the yellow metal which it contained to be good gold. Cartier was eager to be the first to tell the story in France, and he slipped away in the night to carry his gold to his king. There the story seems to end. Roberval went on, and, after a troubled winter at Cap Rouge, he, too, dropped out of history. We get glimpses of both him and Cartier later in France. But they founded no French colony; and for nearly a century still, barbarism, unsoftened, ruled in that realm of Canada which still guarded the secret of its wealth. Cartier and Roberval seemed to have effected little. One thing, however, they had done. They had established France's claim, not disputed for nearly a hundred years thereafter, to the region of the St. Lawrence.

CHAPTER III

THE ENGLISH IN THE NORTH

1. English Effort to Sail to Asia.—England, the old enemy of France, with a hardy, seafaring population, was not yet in the lead in maritime effort. Just at this time she was passing through a crisis. Her king, Henry VIII, had broken with the Pope. At the very moment when Cartier was confronting the suspicious savages, Henry VIII was seizing and destroying the monasteries in England and scattering the vast estates of the church among his own friends. A Lord Chancellor —Sir Thomas More, a Cardinal—Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, two of his own queens, and many other people of high estate, Henry sent to the block in pursuit of his ruthless policy to be master. The world of Europe stood aghast, and England herself was profoundly divided. For her that was no time to embark upon enterprises over seas. But the call was urgent to a great adventure, to find a short route by sea to the East, and to create an enriching trade. When Henry VIII was dead, preparations for a new effort began under the boy king, Edward VI, but not till a few days before he died in 1553 did an expedition set out to find a way to the East.

The leaders were Sir John Willoughby and Sir Richard Chancellor. They, like Cartier, hoped to sail through ocean channels or up great rivers, past savage and desolate regions, until they should reach the populous cities of the rich East. These Englishmen did not sail west to get past America. They sailed eastward to get past Europe. With three ships they went along the rugged coast of Norway and on past the North Cape to the desolate shores of Lapland. Happily for Chancellor,

a storm separated his ship from the other two commanded by Willoughby. The latter reached the head of a deep bay, and there Willoughby decided to winter. A grim tragedy followed, for he and every one of his company perished of cold and hunger. Chancellor pushed on along the north shore of Russia. It was a land full of the mystery of the unknown. The natives, like the natives of Canada, told by gestures and strange speech of a great and rich city, which the Englishmen were eager to find. In the end, Chancellor left the ship and set out overland. He found what he sought, and reached a city more wonderful, it seemed to him, than even London itself. He was received courteously and entertained at a great banquet where two hundred guests ate from gold plates. The ruler had an army of two hundred thousand men. Chancellor was at the heart of a great empire. The capital, built of wooden houses, was oriental in type, though it lay not in Asia but in Europe. He had reached Moscow and had found the source of great wealth, for soon an important trade grew up between England and Russia.

Not long after this another Englishman defied the power of Spain in America, and in doing so sailed to the far East. Roman Catholic Spain was England's bitter enemy, for England was now Protestant. There was then almost no law of nations, as we understand the term. Even in time of peace English ships hunted for and attacked Spanish ships wherever they could be found on the high seas. There was profit in taking captive Spanish gentlemen. Often they were carried to England and sold to the highest bidder, who was likely to hold them for ransom by their friends in Spain. Naturally, Spain retorted in kind, and the day was to come when she would try to end such incidents by sending a great Armada to conquer England.

But meanwhile English seamen were having stirring adventures. Spain said that no foreign ships should sail

to her colonies in America or enter the Pacific by the Strait of Magellan. Sir John Hawkins flouted her laws and traded to her colonies. Finding a keen demand in Spanish America for labour, Hawkins went down the coast of Africa, landed, and seized hundreds of negroes, packed them under his decks, and sailed away across the Atlantic to Spanish America, where he found a ready market for his living cargo. To that cruel age it mattered little that perhaps one third of the negroes would perish on the voyage. These helpless people in their mute misery, the silent black forms dropped almost daily into the sea, the disease and stench, all form a terrible tragedy. Sir Francis Drake made one such expedition, but never again would he touch the slave trade.

Drake was, however, ready to rob the Spanish wherever he could. He landed at Darien, in order to capture the gold carried across the isthmus on the backs of mules for shipment to Europe. One day on high land he climbed a tree to get a clear view, and there, like Balboa, he saw, not far away, the blue waters of the Pacific. Drake resolved to sail on those waters where as yet no English ship had been seen. The adventure might occupy several years. In 1579, with a single small ship, Drake was running up the Pacific coast of South America. He sailed into port after port, and was able to seize his booty and get away before forces rallied to catch him. His light-hearted intention was to sail back to England by a passage which he hoped to find at the north of what is now Canada. In England it was then believed that this would be quite easy. Probably he reached the coast of British Columbia, but there the cold stopped him. If he turned back he would find the Spaniards watching for him; so he struck out across the Pacific. In November, 1580, he dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbour, with his hold full of rich treasure. Queen Elizabeth attended a banquet on board his ship, the

Golden Hind. She knighted him, and, true grandchild of Henry VII, who had encouraged John Cabot, she claimed and received her share of the booty.

2. Frobisher and the North-West Passage.—While Drake was planning to reach the Pacific and to sail back by a supposed northern passage, other Englishmen were trying to sail directly to the East by passing to the north of Canada. The north-west passage had been much talked of. Michael Lok, the son of a great London merchant, had made eager inquiries, and at heavy cost had gathered a library on the subject. He had himself commanded a huge ship trading to Turkey. Having tasted adventure, he was certain that ships could sail through to Asia by the route north of America. A sea-captain, Martin Frobisher, was fired by a similar conviction. The two men worked busily, with the result that in June, 1576, three little ships, the largest of only twenty-five tons, sailed to the north-west with Frobisher in command. Before two months passed they had returned, and Frobisher reported the startling news that he had found the passage by sea to Asia. He had sailed, he said, up a long strait with Asia on his right in full view, and America on his left. His hurried return while still it was summer, was made, he said, in order that England might learn quickly the great news. No doubt Drake heard it, and thus had reason for his belief that he could easily get back to the Atlantic from the North Pacific.

One of Frobisher's sailors had brought home with him a black stone, and now this stone caused more excitement than even the supposed new-found route to Asia. An Italian goldsmith tested a piece of the stone, and after three days produced a gold powder which, he declared, he had extracted from the stone. Some wise people still doubted, but even Queen Elizabeth was convinced that in this ore was vast wealth. The search for

the route to Asia was forgotten, and the Queen herself took shares to the sum of four thousand pounds in an enterprise for bringing to England shiploads of the ore. Next year Frobisher sailed away with three ships, and in the far north, for twenty days, refined Englishmen and common sailors worked side by side digging out the black ore. With worn clothes and sore legs and arms they sailed joyously back to England, and they had two hundred tons of the ore on board. The next year, 1578, no fewer than fifteen ships went out, and a great company of Englishmen toiled at filling the holds with ore. Meanwhile the science of the day was testing the metal. It took a long time, and only slowly was it realized that the gold was a dream and that the metal was iron. Lok was ruined. Frobisher engaged in a bitter quarrel with his former friend and almost lost his reason. The supposed strait leading to Asia proved to be only a long bay; and the name "Frobisher's Bay" on the map is still a silent reminder of the hopes and passions of long ago. Some years later John Davis, a bold English sailor, again tried and failed to find the passage to Asia, and his name, too, is on the map.

3. The Tragedy of Henry Hudson.—Another name, that of Henry Hudson, has a wider fame than either of these. He was an Englishman, seized, like so many others, with the desire to solve the elusive mystery of the north and to sail out across the Atlantic to Asia, where it was believed wealth, in gold and in the rich spices much valued in Europe, awaited the discoverer. First he tried to go by a north-west passage to Asia, but he reached instead the coast of Greenland, and turned back baffled to England. Then, like Sir John Willoughby, he sailed along the north coast of Russia, hoping to reach the East, but again had to turn back. Soon, with the same purpose, he was busy on the Atlantic coast of America. The river at the mouth of which now stands the city of New York was already known. When, in

1609, Hudson arrived at Sandy Hook, the Indians told him that the river flowed out of a chain of lakes, which might, he hoped, extend to Asia. He eagerly followed this lure, and sailed up the river to where Albany now stands, only, however, to be disappointed. But the river bears his name to this day. It is interesting to know that, in the same summer, Champlain was making his way southward from Canada on the lake which bears his name. The two men were not many miles apart. They may never have heard of each other, but each was to be famous in the history of Canada.

Once more Hudson turned to the north. In the summer of 1610 a little English ship of fifty-five tons, the *Discovery,* was groping its way from the open Atlantic along a difficult strait in the far north of what is now Canada. The ship was commanded by Henry Hudson, and the strait still bears his name. Its shores were bleak and barren. One day a vast iceberg near the ship turned upside down and almost engulfed the little craft. The ship entered the great inland sea which we know as Hudson Bay, and coasted down its eastern shore. At the foot of what is now James Bay, less than twice as far from Toronto as the crow flies than is Montreal, Hudson spent a miserable winter. Provisions were scarce; fish and game were hardly to be secured. In the little company there were furious quarrels. When summer came the ship again set sail. But one day, as Hudson came on deck, he was attacked by mutineers. There was a savage fight, in which four men were killed. With eight others, who stood by him, Hudson was put into a small boat. This was turned adrift, and Hudson was never again seen. Of the mutineers who committed this brutal crime some were later killed by Eskimos. A wretched remnant of diseased and famine-stricken men managed to sail the ship to England, and there they told the tragic story. Hudson is the first known Englishman to have seen the great bay which

stretches so far into the heart of Canada that its western shore is nearer to Vancouver than it is to Halifax. On the strength of his voyage the English never ceased to claim the whole vast region which makes up the present Canadian West, and the claim holds to this day.

CHAPTER IV

CHAMPLAIN, THE FOUNDER OF CANADA

1. The French in Nova Scotia.—The dream of the French and the English who first reached America was either to get riches by finding gold or to reach the far East by a new route. The real riches of Canada were in things more commonplace, which demanded, however, hard and steady work. There was wealth in the fish of Canadian waters, in the fur of Canadian wild animals, and in the timber of Canadian forests. From the time of Cartier, French fur-traders had haunted the St. Lawrence. Into it the river Saguenay flows about a hundred miles below the Stadacona of Cartier's time. At the mouth of the Saguenay lay the Indian village of Tadoussac, and to this point the French fur-traders came. The Indians of Canada were eager to trade. Before the coming of the Europeans, the life of the natives was poverty-stricken. They had none of the domestic animals without which the life to-day of those who live on the land would be poor indeed. No horse, nor cow, nor sheep, nor pig was to be found in their villages. They had no iron tools and no firearms. They fought with stone tomahawks and with clubs. They cut down trees with an axe of stone and hunted wild beasts with bows and arrows. When they made their beautiful canoes of birch-bark, they had no better tools than implements of stone or of soft copper. We wonder that with such tools they could do so much. When they saw the implements which came from Europe, they were eager to exchange furs for steel knives, hatchets, and axes. We may be sure that the advantage of trade lay with the more practised Frenchmen. The guile of Europe came now into touch with the ignorance and inexperience of the Canadian

natives. These natives learned from Europeans some good things, but also many evil things. They now tasted brandy—the deadly "fire-water" destined in time to work among them such desolation. They learned quickly the vices of Europe. Its virtues they acquired so slowly that for long years they remained, in spite of Christian teaching, at heart still savages.

More than half a century after Cartier's failure, France was thinking again of planting a colony in Canada. No more need she fear the jealousy of Spain, whose power had declined. Henceforth England was to be her active rival. In the year 1603 there was a strange scene at the court of Henry IV, king of France. Eleven rough, uncouth men, with shaggy beards, and dressed in seal-skins, were brought to the king. Though fickle and easy-going, Henry had a charm of manner which won deep devotion, and he was eagerly curious for what was new. The men told a tragic story. They had been members of an expedition sent out in 1598 to colonize Canada. Its leader was the Marquis de la Roche, who had received authority to rule Canada on behalf of the king of France. The better class of Frenchmen were not eager to leave their loved land of France, and La Roche had recruited most of his men from the prisons. They were a disorderly crew. His one little ship was so small that the men could lean over the sides and wash their hands in the sea. The vessel was very crowded. When La Roche had crossed the Atlantic, he had still to find a spot for his colony. In order to have more room in the ship while he looked for a site, he landed fifty convicts on the desolate sand-bar which we know as Sable Island, near the coast of Nova Scotia. A storm blew up, and La Roche ran before it back to Europe. The forty men who were left behind had to do their best. They fished for cod and they killed seals. Strange to say, they found some wild cattle on the island, washed ashore, no doubt, from some earlier wreck. They secured priceless

furs from black foxes—to-day a source of wealth in that region. They quarrelled, and there was strife and murder. La Roche's conscience had still haunted him for deserting these men, but he was poor, and for a time, it seems, helpless. After five years an expedition went to rescue the eleven wild survivors. Now they were telling their story to the king.

CHAMPLAIN
From the Statue by Paul Chevres at Quebec

Nothing further was done by La Roche. But the interest of the king was aroused, and at last the right man was found to do the needed work. Samuel de Champlain was, by training, a hardy sailor, from Brouage, in Brittany. He had fought for the king, and Henry knew when he had found a man who could be useful. This daring seaman had been in the West Indies, and he had crossed the Isthmus of Panama. He was the first to note how trade might be aided by the Panama Canal, which is so great an achievement of our own day. When Champlain told Henry IV of his experiences in Spanish America, the king was delighted and rewarded him with a pension. In Henry's active mind there was the thought that France might build up an empire as great as that of Spain. Where else should she begin but in Canada, the scene of her early efforts? Petty traders were going freely to Canada, and Henry was pestered with tales of disorder and lawless deeds in that remote

region. Some authority must be set up to stop these things. The easiest way was to end the rivalry by granting a monopoly in trade to one person and by looking to him to correct abuses.

Thus it happened that Henry undertook to rule Canada. He named as Governor Aymar de Chastes, one of his tried friends. De Chastes had fought on the sea against Spain and on land for Henry with such courage that Henry called him the saviour both of himself and of France. He was now an old man, but he had the spirit for a chivalrous adventure, and he was ready to give up comfort in France in order to build for her a new empire in America. It was time for France to make a beginning. There was a stirring in Europe. England was soon to plant her foot in Virginia, but France made the first start in America. On March 15th, 1603, two ships sailed for Canada from Harfleur. On board one of these ships was Champlain, going to Canada to spy out the land. His keen eyes marked everything. We still have his notes of what he had seen on his previous voyage to Panama, with rough pictures by his own hand. With him now were two savages carried to France by some earlier traders, and from them he drew all that their dim minds comprehended. At Tadoussac he made acute observations—the infertile land, the poor trees, the disgusting gluttony of the savages, the barbarous puffing of the smoke of tobacco from their mouths, the wild dancing of their naked women, the silence of nature in that northern scene. He went up the St. Lawrence. At Stadacona and at Hochelaga, where Cartier had found large Indian villages, there was now no life. Savage war had devastated the villages. But nature was here glorious with a rich soil and magnificent trees. The power of the majestic river as it poured down the rapids at Montreal startled Champlain. Beyond that no ship could pass. As he lay by the camp fire and talked with the bronzed natives, he was told of

the awful perils of the wild, of the "Gougou," a monster in the form of a woman so vast that the masts of a ship came barely to her waist, who carried human beings in her pocket and ate them at leisure as we eat an apple. Champlain believed that some mysterious devil tormented the natives of Canada. Yet he was ready to go on and meet the monster.

When Champlain returned to France from this summer voyage, he found that his fine old leader, De Chastes, was dead. His monopoly of trade was given by the king to the Sieur de Monts, another tried friend. De Monts took his privilege seriously and gave notice in the French seaports that no one might trade to New France without his leave. New France was a wide term, including more than the region about the St. Lawrence. French ships, engaged in fishing and in the fur-trade, had gone to Acadia, now Nova Scotia, and it was to this region that the French now turned. De Monts himself went out, eager to found a real New France, which should be a copy of the old. Champlain went with an order from the king to make charts and maps of the region. The summer of 1604 was joyous with fresh and vivid labours. There were, as Champlain declares, fishing and shooting beyond anything he had imagined. Some of the French drove off traders defying the monopoly of De Monts. Others had the fascinating task of exploring the inlets and rivers of the coast. They sailed up the great Bay of Fundy, with its rushing tide rising more than fifty feet. As autumn drew near, they decided on a spot where they should spend the winter. At the broad mouth of a river, which they called the Sainte Croix, they found a small rocky island with a good landing-place. The sea seemed full of fish. The island was well wooded. Down the river they hoped the savages would come to trade. So here they built rough houses and settled down well content.

They did not know the Canadian winter. In their pleasant land of France winter was short. It had but few degrees of frost, and the ground was rarely frozen hard. But here, as Champlain says, the grim cold lasted for six months. The French had dug no cellars, and all their liquids but the sherry wine became solid. Drifting masses of ice made communication with the shore difficult. The French had no water and had to use melted snow. Soon most of the trees on the island were burned for fuel, and there was bitter suffering from cold. Then disease broke out—the dreaded scurvy. The cure, found long ago by Cartier, had been forgotten, and day after day death came to the sufferers, until, of a company of seventy-nine, thirty were dead and twenty desperately ill. Spring brought relief. At mid-June a ship arrived from France. "God helped us better than we hoped," says the devout Champlain. He went in a small ship to continue his survey of the coast, and we have still his notes. Southward past Mount Desert, now alive in summer with fashionable pleasure-seekers, past lands dotted with great trees and park-like in appearance, past the bay on which now stands Boston, the visitors went, looking for a good point for a colony. But they found nothing better than one already in their minds, and they turned back to a beautiful spot which seemed to offer what they desired.

That attractive spot was on the Digby Basin of the present time, on the east coast of the Bay of Fundy. De Monts and Champlain had visited it in the previous year. When they had sailed in through the narrow entrance, there before them lay the vast bay. Two thousand vessels might anchor there securely, said Champlain, and he called it the royal port—Port Royal. The French now decided to move to this place. The timber used at Sainte Croix was loaded on two barques, which sailed across the bay. Soon on the north shore there was a busy

scene. Houses were built, and every one was cheerful. Champlain says that even the little birds warbled so pleasantly as to seem glad that the French had come among them. The winter passed well enough, and Champlain spent the following summer in charting what is

THE "ORDRE DE BON TEMPS" (ORDER OF GOOD CHEER) FOUNDED BY CHAMPLAIN

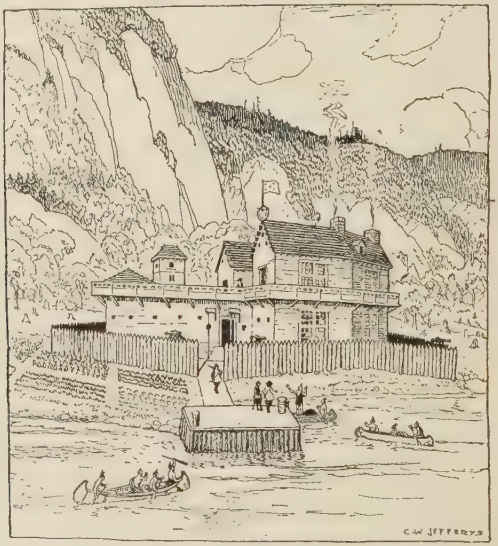
now the coast of New England. Then the company faced their third winter. They had learned how to fight the cold. "We spent the winter very agreeably," says Champlain. There was an abundance of game, and man is naturally a hunter. Champlain aroused the spirit of rivalry by founding the "Ordre de Bon Temps." Each

member must take his turn in going out to hunt for supplies, and each one was jealous to surpass the record of the others.

Then suddenly the blow fell. The colony had involved great outlay, to be met only by profits from the monopoly of trade. But the rival traders in France had continued clamorous. They were rich, for the trade was profitable, and they had bought the influence of a great personage at court. In the spring of 1607 these rivals were successful. Suddenly the monopoly of De Monts was cancelled by the fickle Henry IV, and the colony was ruined. The colonists drifted back to France, and Champlain offered a bitter prayer that God would pardon the dead and chasten the living who had a share in this cruel injustice. Port Royal was for a time desolate. Some French, however, lingered on the spot, and never since has it been wholly deserted by Europeans. But never did De Monts or Champlain return to Acadia. Another leader, Poutrincourt, was left to assert his rights as feudal lord at Port Royal.

2. The Founding of Quebec.—Again the centre of interest shifts to the St. Lawrence, for five years neglected. Since Henry IV had cruelly abandoned De Monts, that leader henceforth gave him no peace and urgently demanded the renewal of his rights. In the end the king restored the monopoly, but for one year only. De Monts had come to trust Champlain. In 1608 two ships were fitted out for Canada. Pontgravé, a trader, was placed in command of one. He was to make the profits to support the colony which Champlain, who sailed in the other ship with a small company, was to found. For Canada, now, a real beginning had come. Hitherto Champlain had been a subordinate. Now he was to command. His mind was full of eager hopes of seeing the wonders of the interior; of finding a new route to China; of reaching a great northern sea, much

talked about by the natives; of converting to the light of the Christian religion these darkened people; above all, of founding a strong New France. Where else should a beginning be made but at the narrowing of the river at Quebec? Here the mighty stream has a width of a mile and carries the waters of half a continent. It was on July 3rd, 1608, that Champlain landed at Quebec. At once, in the glowing summer days, the hard work



CHAMPLAIN'S "HABITATION" AT QUEBEC
From Champlain's own drawing

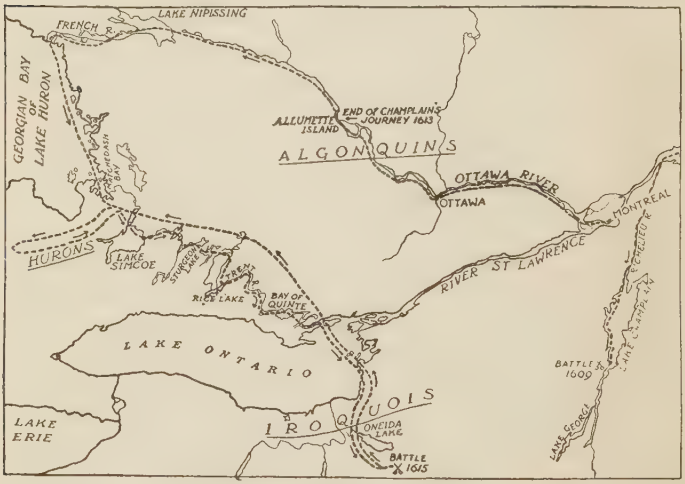
began. Trees on the strand were cut down and sawn into boards; cellars were dug, that everything might not be hard frozen in winter; rough houses were erected. Champlain made a drawing of a little stronghold which he built. It had two storeys. On its walls he planted cannon, and around it he dug a broad ditch. In a savage land defence was an urgent need.

At that spot, ever since, civilized man has dwelt. Over it to-day, on the high cliff, towers the proud citadel, rich in historic memories. From the first day strife haunted the spot. Farther down the river, not venturing farther up than Tadoussac, were traders who resented the monopoly of De Monts and thought to end it by putting out of the way his agent, Champlain. In some way the workmen at Quebec were corrupted. During the confusion of a night alarm Champlain was to be strangled or shot. When an uneasy conspirator revealed the plot, there were quick arrests, followed by a solemn trial. Then one day the whole company was mustered to see Du Val, the ringleader, hanged. For the rest of the season, there, conspicuously on a pike, was the severed head—a reminder of stern justice.

In October of that year, late as it was, Champlain planted seed to test the soil. He sowed wheat and rye; he set out vines. Later he planted roses. In the early autumn days he tramped in the forest with a gun on his shoulder and found abundant game. Then winter closed in, the snow fell, the cutting wind howled around the wooden houses, and there came the melancholy of home-sickness and the tragedy of disease. Scurvy broke out, and of twenty-eight men twenty died. In the spring there were solemn burials. But good cheer followed, for a ship arrived from France. Such was the founding of Quebec. Three centuries later, in 1908, the events of that year were celebrated in joyous festivities. Great war-ships lay in the river before Quebec. The prince, who now, as King George, is the sovereign of the British Empire, led in the magnificent demonstrations. The work of the dauntless pioneer had brought forth abundant fruit.

3. The Work of Champlain as Explorer.—France called the Canadian natives savages, but to this day in English they are called Indians, a name given under the

delusion that America was the outer edge of distant India. The politics of savage Canada, like those of the stricken world to-day, centred in the problems of war. With ruthless ferocity the natives attacked one another. The news of what was happening at Quebec had spread far, and Indians came for hundreds of miles to gaze in wonder at the new buildings. Champlain was eager to explore the interior, but the Indians would not let him



CHAMPLAIN'S EXPLORATIONS
As an aid in tracing the routes, modern names have been introduced

go there except on their own terms. He sat long in council with them, and they insisted that, if he went up the river, he must aid the Huron Indians and their allies in their war on the Iroquois, who dwelt in the northern part of what is now the State of New York. These Iroquois were a powerful federation of five distinct tribes. The savages who treated with Champlain were astute. They led him to think that he could sail his little vessel into the very heart of the Iroquois country.

Since the savages had only bark canoes with which to attack his ship, he knew that on her deck he was safe. Champlain agreed to the terms required, and, in the summer of 1609, he sailed up the river, the natives following or leading in their canoes. The vessel turned southward into the river of the Iroquois, a tributary of the St. Lawrence which we know as the Richelieu, and soon came to impassable rapids. The Indians had lied; Champlain could not sail to the Iroquois country.

He was troubled, but it was not in him to turn back. Those who wished to return were, he said, free to do so, and only two Frenchmen remained with him. The three white men were alone with a bronzed horde eager for blood. They went on, reached the lake which now we know as Lake Champlain, stretching dimly southward its long length for, as Champlain believed, three hundred miles. Scouts went on in advance to give warning of danger. As the Hurons neared the enemy country, they lay by day concealed and silent and at night paddled ceaselessly. The keen Frenchman was noting everything. He admired the skilful woodcraft of his friends, but thought them poor soldiers. They posted no guards at night and were chiefly anxious to make prisoners in order to torture and even to eat them. They were victims of a blind superstition, which caused panic if some one chanced to have a disquieting dream.

On a July morning of 1609 came the first battle in which the French took part in Canada. In the night the rival forces had come into touch on the west shore of the lake. Until daybreak Champlain's friends danced and sang and howled boasts and insults to their foe. The Iroquois, two hundred strong, carrying wooden shields and with three plumed chiefs at their head, came forward in good order. When Champlain's friends advanced close to the enemy, the three Frenchmen, who had donned the glittering light armour of the time, were

pushed to the front. At a distance of thirty paces Champlain raised his musket. One of the Iroquois chiefs fell. The second Frenchman fired, and another chief fell. Then with a roar of delight Champlain's allies rushed forward. The Iroquois fled in panic, and a horrid massacre followed. After this success the victors turned quickly homeward. That night in the camp Champlain saw with his own eyes what savage war meant. A prisoner was tortured to death with every device of brutality, and then the body was hacked to pieces. The victors offered Champlain the two arms of a dead Indian to take back as a gift to Henry IV. France was now the ally of the Canadian savages. In this they exulted. But the same fact stirred in the Iroquois a relentless passion for revenge against the French who had aided their foes. In the long years to come the story of this revenge was to be written in the blood of Frenchmen.

The scene changes rapidly, and Champlain is back in France with his leader, De Monts, in close attendance upon Henry IV. The king was now a grizzled man of nearly sixty—witty, cordial, charming always. He heard Champlain's story and seemed pleased. But he could not, or dared not, renew the monopoly, and now trade with Canada was declared to be free. When Champlain left the court, he could not know that he had looked for the last time on the face of Henry IV. It was not many months before the dagger of the assassin had ended that strange career. In 1610 Champlain returned to Canada. He aided again in an attack on the Iroquois, this time on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and was wounded by an arrow. Again was there a massacre of prisoners. When the fight was over, the French traders, now free to come and go as they liked, stripped the Iroquois dead of their furs, amid the jeers of the savages, who scorned such pillage. One triumph Champlain achieved. He sent back one of his followers

with the Indians to spend the winter in their wigwams. It looked as if he might soon know what was to be found in the interior.

Champlain was keen to reach, from the St. Lawrence, the sea which should lead to China. Some dim rumour of Hudson's work in the north seems to have been whispered among the Canadian Indians. At last a Frenchman brought a definite tale. He was Nicholas de Vignau, and he had spent a winter with the Indians. Now he told Champlain that he himself had reached, by way of the Ottawa, a tributary of the St. Lawrence, that great ocean which for nearly a hundred years discoverers had dreamed of reaching by way of Canada. On its shore, he said, lay the wreckage of an English ship, and there he saw the scalps of the English crew whom the savages had killed. Champlain doubted, and yet wished to believe the story, and the summer of 1613 saw him pressing up the Ottawa River to find this ocean. Then, after many weary days, and when lying would no longer avail, Vignau told the truth. The story had been false. The savages would gladly have killed him, but this Champlain would not permit. Nothing, indeed, shows better his self-mastery than the restraint of his anger; but the impostor was, as he said, "the most shameless liar ever born."

Champlain never reached the northern sea. Had he done so he would have been repelled by its bleak shores, and he would not have found the coveted passage to the far East. He did something of more real moment. He is the first European to tell us of the Great Lakes. The Indians had talked much of these inland seas. Since the easy route up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario was blocked by the savage Iroquois, Champlain went with a party of Hurons up the Ottawa. The labour was severe. All day long he paddled in a canoe. Sometimes he helped to drag the canoe past rapids and waded in

water with his feet bruised by sharp stones. At the portages he carried on his own back a heavy load, and he was tortured by the mosquitoes. He passed the spot where now stands Ottawa, the capital of Canada, and into the boiling waters of the Chaudière Falls the Indians threw offerings of tobacco to the spirit of the cataract. They crossed Lake Nipissing and paddled

Champlain's First Sight of Georgian Bay

down its outlet to Lake Huron. A few days earlier a Recollet priest, Le Caron, had reached its shores. As far as we know, he and Champlain were the first Europeans to see one of the Great Lakes. The vast sea looked like the ocean, but the water was fresh. On what we know as the Georgian Bay, Champlain found populous Indian villages. He spent the winter among the savages, bearing the fleas, the smoke, and the stench of the wigwams, and with the savage manners of the Indians, for the sake of learning, ever learning, to solve

the mystery of Canada. He reached Lake Ontario and crossed it with a war party, to attack once more the Iroquois.

4. The Company of New France.—Year after year Champlain journeyed to France. He was always eager for discovery and for the well-being of the natives, who came to love and trust him. But he did not seem to achieve much. Traders flocked up to the rapids at Montreal, cheated and robbed the Indians, and sold them "fire-water." France herself was unsettled. Between Protestant and Roman Catholic there was bitter religious strife, which came at last to civil war. The nobles showed open contempt for the traders, and these in turn fought one another, some to maintain and others to end monopolies which depended on court favour. De Monts, busy with other duties, had left Champlain to secure a protector for Canada, by paying a large salary, out of the profits of the trade, to a succession of great personages who acted as viceroys of Canada, though they never dreamed of going there. In 1614 the troubles in France reached such a point that the king called the States-General to meet, in order to consider the nation's needs. The clergy, the nobles, and the common people, known as the Third Estate, made up the three bodies in the States-General. They sat apart, debated, discussed grievances, made reports, but they had no power to act. Champlain was there and gave testimony in regard to the evils relating to the fur-trade.

Little was done until a really great man arose—the Cardinal Richelieu. He was a stern ruler, grimly resolved to make the king the one supreme authority in France. More than one proud noble went to the block because he defied the policy of the relentless churchman. Richelieu intended to make France great in trade. He was impatient of the disputes among the traders to Canada. The best thing to do, he saw, was to end their rivalries by uniting them in one great company and to give

it large powers. There were to be one hundred shareholders, and the head office must be in Paris, where Richelieu could watch it. Thus was formed in 1627 the Company of New France, called also the Company of One Hundred Associates, or partners. It was made owner of the whole valley of the St. Lawrence, and it was pledged to bring out in each year at least three hundred colonists, who must be all Frenchmen and Roman Catholics. Hitherto France had had such slight power on the sea that the current nickname for her ships of war was the "sardines of the ocean"—the minnows among whales. Now, declared Richelieu, France must become powerful on the sea and the leader of Europe.

5. The English at Quebec.—England, the neighbour and enemy of France in the old world, was now in the new world, also, her neighbour and enemy. In the year before the founding of Quebec, she had founded the colony of Virginia. One day in 1613, the remnant of the French who lingered at Port Royal in Acadia, after De Monts had failed there, were startled by the arrival of an English force from Virginia, which destroyed nearly all that was left of the settlement. In 1620, a company, chiefly of English peasant people, landed from the ship *Mayflower* on a hard coast south of Canada, and called the colony Plymouth, since Plymouth was the port in England from which they had sailed. Thus was founded New England. During the following winter half of these poor people died of privation and disease. But since they had no other home, they made the new land the centre of all their hopes and efforts, and the colony which they founded grew at last into a great state. In 1621, just after New England was founded, James I gave a charter for the founding of Nova Scotia or New Scotland. In this Sir William Alexander, a scholar and a poet, was to be leader, and each of the chief holders of land was to have the rank

and title of Baronet of Nova Scotia. Since the charter granted to Alexander all the territory between the St. Lawrence and New England, Nova Scotia was, from the first, the enemy of French claims in Canada. For a time, however, it looked as if England and France might live side by side in peace, for Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I, who became king of England in 1623, was sister of the king of France. But the two nations were deeply divided on the question of religion, and when the young queen went to Tyburn in London to pay a tribute to the Roman Catholic martyrs, executed on that spot in the time of Queen Elizabeth, her Protestant husband was very angry. He sent away all the queen's French and Roman Catholic servants, and she broke the glass in the windows of her chambers in the royal palace that she might call after them a tearful farewell. Then France and England drifted into war.

These things profoundly affected Canada. Champlain had been long uneasy in his lonely outpost at Quebec. Efforts to promote agriculture had failed, and the little town was starving. In 1628 it was known that the hostile English were at Tadoussac, but it was hoped that a French fleet might arrive in time to save Quebec. One morning in July, 1629, when Champlain's hungry people were out fishing or were digging in the forest for roots to eat, a servant rushed into his presence with the alarming news that the English were coming. There in the Basin of Quebec were three English ships. Soon an English officer was sent ashore with the demand for instant surrender. The leaders, Captains Louis and Thomas Kirke, declared that they should sleep in Quebec that night. It was of no use for Champlain to warn the English to put no foot on shore and to beware of his cannon. The English knew very well what they were about. They had captured the ships sent out by the new Company to rescue Canada, and Quebec was

helpless. Accordingly, when the English promised the honours of war to the little garrison and to carry them to France, Champlain surrendered, and soon again crossed the sea, this time a captive. That day the English flag was raised over Quebec. There, one hundred and thirty years later, it was again raised; and there it floats still.

Quebec had fallen, and New France seemed doomed. But far across the sea England and France had already agreed upon peace. Less than five years had passed when, on a May day in 1633, Champlain returned to Quebec. There was joy among the few French already there, joy among the savages, who had found the English stern and cold, joy on all sides because of the loved leader's return. But time had left its mark upon him. He resumed his work, but for him there were to be no more rough journeyings. Not long after, on Christmas Day, 1635, sorrow reigned at Quebec, for Champlain was dead. Somewhere, it is said, under the pavement of the Basilica at Quebec his ashes lie, and on one of its pillars the visitor of to-day is reminded that the first, perhaps the greatest, hero of New France was here laid to rest.

CHAPTER V

THE JESUIT MISSIONS AND THE IROQUOIS

1. The Missionaries in Canada.— In the town where Champlain was born there was a house of a branch of the religious order which looked back to St. Francis, the best loved of the religious leaders of the Middle Ages, as its founder. These Franciscan brothers, or friars, known as Recollets, adhered strictly to the rule of their founder. They were very poor; they begged their bread; and they spent their days in work among the needy and the suffering. For them Champlain had great respect, and when, in 1614, he had sought missionaries for Canada, he had turned to the Recollets. They accepted gladly his request, and four of them sailed with him to Canada. On arrival the adventurous Father Le Caron decided to go at once to spend a winter among the Hurons. When Champlain warned him that the life there was hard, Le Caron answered that this was what he had expected, and to the Hurons he went. On the way, near the spot where now stands Montreal, was celebrated what was, as far as we know, the first mass in Canada. The pagan Indians looked on in wonder. Then Le Caron made his long journey by canoe to Lake Huron, himself toiling at the paddle and helping to carry the heavy packages over the portage. He never faltered. But the mission field was large; many priests were required; the cost was great; and the Recollets were poor. Others were eager to take up the task, and, before Champlain died, the Jesuit Society had a house near Quebec, and Jesuit

priests had begun their long labours for the Indians. It was not their first experience in what is now Canada. They had toiled in the little struggling colony at Port Royal. Now they were planning work for half a continent.

Their founder, Ignatius Lōyōla, had been a soldier; and the one great principle of the Order was that the members should obey, as the soldier obeys, without

A Jesuit Missionary Among the Hurons

question. Its head, like the head of the modern Salvation Army, took the military title of General, and the members had a long training in obedience. When the command should be given, they were prepared to go to any part of the world. The age was one of fierce religious strife. On some of the ships sailing to Canada in Champlain's time there had been Protestant crews, and these sang lustily in the very harbour of Quebec

their Protestant hymns, in defiance of their Roman Catholic rivals. In France the struggle between the Roman Catholics and the Protestant Huguenots had been long, but the Catholics had triumphed. In winning this victory the Jesuit Society had played a great part. Its missionaries were full of fiery zeal and were resolved to win the world for their faith. When Champlain died, they were in control at Quebec, with a savage continent as their mission field.

The field was all their own, for no Protestant was allowed to settle in Canada; during a hundred and fifty years New France was wholly Roman Catholic. When Champlain's successor, the devout Montmagny, a knight of Malta, arrived at Quebec, one of his first acts was to show his missionary zeal by standing as godfather to an Indian convert of the Jesuits. The colony had become in reality a mission. In religious circles in France it excited eager interest. The yearly reports of the Jesuits, the *Relations*, which are still preserved and fill many volumes, were printed and scattered widely. Men of noble birth volunteered for the hard and perilous work of the Canadian wilderness. Refined and gentle women sailed for Canada. The voyage itself was a great adventure, lasting sometimes for three or four months. Among the most conspicuous buildings in Quebec to-day are the Convent of the Ursulines, a school for girls, and the Hôtel Dieu, a hospital. Both were founded in eager religious zeal within five years of the death of Champlain, and since then their activities have never ceased. From the first the nuns lived busy lives. Scores of Indian children, dirty, neglected, and half-starved, were placed in their care. When the dread disease of smallpox spread among the Indians, many dragged themselves to Quebec. From contact with their dirt and squalor the nuns did not shrink, and they spent sleepless nights among the sick and the dying. To the helpless

children they taught church doctrine. Reports of the dire need went back to France, and in the society of the great there were renewed interest and zeal for this work of charity in Canada.

2. The Founding of Montreal and the Danger from the Iroquois.—In those days men came to Canada with zeal greater than that of the crusading knight of old. It was by a leader of this type that Montreal was founded. The position at the foot of the first great rapid made it inevitable that here should grow up a centre of trade. Ships could come thus far up the river and no farther, and down to this point the Indians could readily paddle their canoes, laden with furs for trade. In Champlain's writings, widespread in France, the need of a settlement at Montreal had been urged. Though the place was suitable for trade, it was to be above all a mission station, and the proposal stirred deep interest in France. A society was formed, the Society of Our Lady ("Notre Dame") of Montreal. It secured from the Company of New France a grant of the great island of Montreal. Devout ladies gave large sums of money. They planned to provide a hospital, a school, and a college. By this time the Iroquois

THE SIEUR DE MAISONNEUVE
The monument by Philippe Hebert R.C.A., in the Place d'Armes, Montreal

war parties haunted even the outskirts of Quebec itself. A post at the more extreme position at Montreal would be remote and lonely and would invite attack. But the obvious danger excited only the greater zeal.

A brave leader was needed and was found in the Sieur de Maisonneuve, an old soldier who had fought on many a battle-field in Europe and had now burning zeal for the work in Canada. He was to have with him forty men and a few devoted women. Late in 1641 the company reached Quebec, to find there sour looks, for the governor did not like the founding of a rival town, over which he should have little control. When the terribly real dangers at such an outpost were described to Maisonneuve, his answer was that he should go on if every tree were an Iroquois. In May, 1642, near the strand of the river at Montreal, the new-comers took part in a solemn mass; and thus was born what is to-day the greatest city in Canada. Its history was to be written in blood. For half a century the Iroquois were a deadly danger. We need not wonder that settlement was slow. The man who built his log cabin even a few miles beyond the defence of Montreal might, at any hour, hear the savage war-whoop and find his wife and children scalped before defence was possible.

Here we are face to face with the chief problem of early Canada—how to soften the savagery of these terrible natives. When the war fever is once aroused, it is not easily subdued. The Iroquois had come to think themselves the destined masters of the world which they knew, and they were resolved to suffer no rivals. They attacked in succession the neighbouring tribes, and they destroyed them one by one, until, as far west as the Mississippi River, there was no enemy left. The French had come when this drama of war and conquest was in a critical stage. There was a time when Champlain had brought together Huron and Iroquois in council and had

led them to agree to peace. But the leaders could not control the young warriors. It was a point of honour in savage life to avenge in blood the slaying of a relative, and the fierce feud was always breaking out, no matter what agreement leaders might make. Two things might stop the wars of the savages. One was the destruction by one side of all its foes, so that there should no longer be an enemy to fight. The other was to bring to the Indians the spirit of peace inspired by the Christian religion, and to end the thirst for blood. The first tragic method was that of the Iroquois. The Jesuits tried the second. They died as martyrs in the effort to convert the savages, and they failed; but they wrote a chapter of agonizing interest in the history of Canada.

The Jesuits hoped to keep the tribes isolated in their villages and there to teach them to be good Roman Catholics. To the Jesuits the trader was a menace. He would carry brandy to the savages; he would cheat them; he would bring to them, not the best, but the worst, things of Europe—its vices and its diseases. What the Jesuits desired was to keep the Indians remote from the traders and under their own guidance, and to lead them to give up their brutal savagery, their lust for war, their torture of their enemies, their cannibalism. The influence of the Jesuit Society was, therefore, exerted to give to the priests and their helpers, and to these alone, free access to the Indian villages. No doubt the Indians needed the goods of Europe—axes, muskets, and blankets. But, as the Jesuits thought, it was enough that the Indians should go down once a year to Montreal or Quebec, taking their furs to barter with the traders; there was no need for the traders to go farther inland. To bring colonists to Canada, to clear the forest, and to build up towns and villages on the European model, was no part of Jesuit policy. They were thinking of saving the souls of the darkened natives, of helping them to be docile

sons of the church. There was urgency, for the Jesuits believed that vivid torment in eternal flame awaited every one who died a pagan. To baptize the savages was the first step in making them Christians. Zealous priests would sometimes secretly put even a drop of water on

WOMAN POUNDING CORN IN A HOLLOWED LOG
ARROW MAKER
MAKING A MAPLE-SAP TROUGH FROM A BASSWOOD LOG BY FIRST BURNING IT OUT AND THEN FINISHING IT WITH A STONE ADZE
WOMAN WEAVING BASKET
PAPOOSE
HUNTER MAKING FIRE WITH A DRILL

A Mohawk Indian Family Gathered in Front of Their Elm-bark Lodge

From a group at the Royal Ontario Museum

the head of a child or of a sick person and murmur the formula of baptism. The baptized were then members of the church and sharers in its spiritual privileges.

3. The Huron Mission.—It was from the Hurons, allies of the French, that the Jesuits hoped most. Some of the Indians, and especially those nearest Quebec, lived only by hunting and had no villages or cultivated fields; but the Hurons had settled homes and practised a primitive agriculture. On the banks of a small stream, flowing into what is now Matchedash Bay, a minor inlet of the great Georgian Bay, the Jesuits founded the mission of Sainte Marie. For safety, a wall, partly of masonry, surrounded the inclosure, and at each corner

stood a large cross. There was a little church. The dwelling-houses of the Jesuit Fathers would lodge about sixty people. Outside the inclosure were cultivated fields, from which the French took excellent crops of Indian corn. Fish were abundant in the river. Other stations, such as St. Ignace and St. Louis, were not far distant. It was at Sainte Marie that the priests came often together for counsel and prayer. Thither, too, came hundreds of Indian visitors. It is on record that in a time of famine the Jesuits lodged and fed six thousand Indians in a single year. The influence of the priests was far-reaching. They had enemies, for the fickle Hurons were ready to impute to the magic of the new-comers the blame for any misfortune, such as an epidemic. When smallpox broke out, the missionaries met with dark looks from their own Indians, and their lives were in daily peril.

In half a dozen Huron villages the church bell, sometimes hung on a tree, rang daily, and the work seemed to prosper. The Jesuits spared no labour. In some way they managed to bring even cattle into the Huron country, and they had also pigs and chickens. As yet no horse was found, but the barnyard of Europe was being reproduced in the Canadian wilds. The prospect seemed fair. But the Iroquois would not have peace. They had already murdered more than one missionary, when, in 1649, they made their supreme effort. A thousand Iroquois set out on the war path, and there followed a succession of horrors. Two Jesuit fathers, Brébeuf and Lalemant, were at the mission of St. Louis, when, in the early morning, the Iroquois burst in with wild yells. The Hurons, at bay, fought savagely, and the Iroquois, after losing many of their warriors, in the end decided to retire. Before going, they tied to stakes in the bark houses of a captured village, men, women, and children,

set the bark on fire, and went off with the shrieks of the tortured in their ears. For the two Jesuit priests they reserved special cruelty. During a whole afternoon and through the long night the torture continued. Brébeuf was a man of noble birth. He had a powerful frame and an indomitable spirit, but Lalemant had been sickly from childhood. The torture was unspeakably savage. A necklace of red-hot hatchets was hung round Brébeuf's neck. Boiling water, in mockery of baptism, was poured over the martyrs, and they died in agony. From this awful blow the Hurons did not recover. Some of them fled to the far west, others went eastward with the French. The visitor to Quebec to-day will find in the neighbouring village of Lorette the well-marked features of the Canadian Indian. To this point the French guided most of the remaining Hurons, and still, nearly three centuries later, their descendants live at Lorette, taught, as of old, by the church which went to them in their days of savagery. Even to the Iroquois in their own villages the Jesuits dared to go, and some of them perished by brutal torture.

JEAN DE BRÉBEUF

4. The Failure of the Company of New France.— During this period of trial Canada did not prosper in trade and industry. The Company of New France failed to carry out its obligations. It was pledged to bring to Canada and to establish on the land some four thousand colonists during the first fifteen years of its

charter. This it never did. It failed also to fulfil its pledge to support priests and teachers for the settlements. After the Company had existed for thirty years, there were only two thousand French in Canada. The Company showed no enterprise in respect even to the one source of wealth for which it cared—the fur-trade. Its methods were backward. By its charter it was owner of a vast region, stretching from the Atlantic to the sources of the St. Lawrence in the far West. Here was an empire to be developed. Yet the Company did little even in the region about Quebec. It made, indeed, huge grants of lands to its own members. But these did next to nothing to develop their grants. They were mere speculators, waiting to sell when they could get their price. The Company of New France was, in truth, incompetent and corrupt, and its days were numbered.

It was the strong act of a king which ended the life of the Company. To the throne of France, in 1643, had come a boy not yet five years old, whom the world knows as Louis XIV. He was to reign for the almost incredible period of seventy-two years. And he really carried on the government. When, in 1661, his great minister, Mazarin, died, Louis announced that henceforth he should be his own chief minister. He had perfect confidence in himself. He made his court the most brilliant in Europe and France the leader of the world in arms and letters. At Versailles, near Paris, still stands the vast palace which Louis built and in which were housed the many hundreds of courtiers whom he gathered round him. He was the central sun to give light and warmth. If Louis, in trying to direct his vast realm, had set himself an impossible task, he gave to it at least steady industry. When he began to inquire about Canada there was little to gratify him. He found that trade and settlement languished, and he acted with the decision of a despotic ruler.

One morning in 1663 the shareholders of the Company of New France awoke to find that they must resign their rights. A decree of the king rebuked them for their neglect and cancelled their charter. The Company thoroughly deserved its fate. Louis had spent long hours in reading the reports from Canada, and he had decided himself to take over the government. No sooner, however, had the king destroyed the old Company of New France than he created a new Company even more powerful in the rights it received. The Company of the West Indies was chartered by the king in 1664. It was intended to work on a vast scale. Portions of Africa, South America, and the West India Islands, and the whole of New France extending from Hudson Bay to Florida, all were granted to this Company with the full right of ownership. It was to work for the glory of God, to supply priests, and to shut out heresy. It alone might trade in sugar to the West Indies. It alone might carry goods to Canada and trade in furs and supplies. No sooner were these terms made known than the harassed traders in Canada began to protest that they would be ruined. The king made one great change. It had been intended that the Company should appoint and pay the governor and other officials, but Louis XIV now kept this power in his own hands. He himself was to control Canada.

5. Canada under the Rule of Louis XIV.—The wisdom and the unwisdom of the despotic king are seen, the one in the great plan, and the other in the blind and ignorant manner of carrying it out. The Company, with a secure monopoly and no fear of rivals, soon grew slack. Meanwhile, however, a new day seemed to have dawned for Canada. There were stirring scenes at Quebec. The king had appointed the Marquis de Tracy as his Viceroy, to go both to the West Indies and to Canada. After a year in the West Indies, Tracy arrived at

Quebec in the summer of 1665. On the decks of his two ships were a brilliant company of young Frenchmen of good family, and—what had not before been seen in Canada—two hundred soldiers of the French regiment Carignan-Salières, the vanguard of the thousand more who were to follow. At last, at last, men said, France was taking up in earnest the work in Canada. Processions filed through the streets of Quebec, church bells rang, Te Deums were sung. In succeeding summers French ships were arriving, and they brought many colonists. The king paid for everything. He even provided wives for the bachelor Canadians, for he sent out a hundred girls who were quickly married.

Along forest pathways the news was quickly carried of what was happening at Quebec. The astute Iroquois made note of it, and in the autumn of 1665 sent envoys from three of the five tribes to Quebec with offers of peace. The two other tribes, the Mohawks and the Oneidas, still held aloof, and against them the French decided to strike a rapid and telling blow. In February, 1666, in the dead of winter, when the rivers were frozen and the snow lay deep on the ground, a column of many hardy Canadians, with some of the newly arrived regular soldiers and a few friendly Indians, in all about five hundred men, set out on snowshoes and marched, by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George, to the heart of the Iroquois country. Their deadliest enemy was not the cold, but the danger of a thaw, which might melt the snow and ice on which they marched. The thaw came; rain began; and the soldiers

Louis XIV

were obliged to turn back without striking an effective blow. Sixty men perished on the return march. It looked like a defeat. But the Iroquois had found that the arm of France was long enough to reach far, and were more ready to talk of peace.

To make peace assured was not, however, easy. At the moment when it might seem near, some reckless savages would commit outrages and murder. Accordingly, the French decided to end the danger. In the autumn following the winter failure, there was a warlike pageant on Lake Champlain and Lake George such as those lakes had never before seen. Three hundred boats dotted their surface. Half a century earlier Champlain had here startled the savages by the deadly effect of fire-arms. Now more than a thousand men had come to end the Iroquois threats, which had never ceased since Champlain's encounter. It was a difficult march. There were deep ravines. The forest paths were rough, the rivers were unbridged, food was scarce, and danger lurked in the enticing shade. The Marquis de Tracy, elderly, stout, and in failing health, was with the force, and sometimes had to be carried. It was a new experience for the gilded youth of France to have their shoulders blistered from carrying packs on their backs. But the autumn air was exhilarating, and at no time is the forest more beautiful. Above all, the expedition succeeded. The French reached the Mohawk villages and were surprised at what they found. One village was surrounded by stout palisades twenty feet high. There were excellent wooden houses and great stores of Indian corn, reaped from well-cultivated fields. But the coming of the French host had created a panic, and the defenders had fled. The French destroyed the Mohawk villages and burned even the crops in the fields. One thing more they did. With solemn formality they took

possession of the country of the Mohawks in the name of the King of France. Had that claim been made good, French would now be the language of a great part of the State of New York.

MADELEINE DE VERCHÈRES
From the statue by Philippe Hébert

The long strife with the Iroquois lies in the background of the whole history of France's effort in Canada. At the beginning, in 1609, the Iroquois fought the French; and at the end, a century and a half later, in 1760, Iroquois allies were with the British army which finally struck down the power of France in Canada. In the cottages of French-Canadians to this day are retold heroic incidents of the long struggle. In 1660 Montreal was in deadly peril. Seven hundred Iroquois warriors had spent the winter on the Ottawa, which flows into the St. Lawrence, and were planning a descent on the little frontier town. Adam Daulac, or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, and sixteen other volunteers, showed the spirit of the Jesuit missionaries who braved martyrdom. They feared they would perish, and, in the presence of the awe-struck inhabitants, they took the sacrament and devoted themselves to the task of checking the Iroquois. At the foot of the Long Sault Rapids on the Ottawa, they made their stand behind a palisade, and were joined by some forty Huron Indians. The Iroquois came, at first two hun-

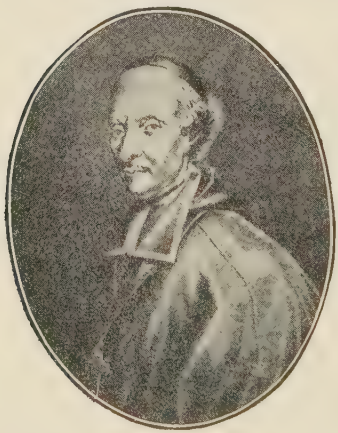
dred, and for three or four days the dauntless band held them at bay. Then five hundred more Iroquois arrived. The French fought on for more than a week, starved and thirsty, until at last they were overwhelmed by mere numbers and perished to a man. The explorer, Radisson, passing the spot later in the year, found the charred remnants of these heroes. They had saved Montreal, for the Iroquois retired.

The story of Madeleine de Verchères is less tragic. About twenty miles below Montreal stood the fort and blockhouse of Verchères. In late October, 1692, the seignior was absent, and his daughter Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, was the oldest member of the family at home. Suddenly forty or fifty Iroquois appeared. The only two soldiers in the fort hid in terror. Somehow Madeleine closed and barred the gate of the fort, and then for a week she held out. She kept the few people with her busy in firing off guns and shouting to one another, as if they were a large company, and at last rescue came, and the savages were baffled.

CHAPTER VI

LAVAL AND FRONTENAC

1. The Work of Laval, First Bishop of Quebec.— The most enduring impression which France made in the life of Canada was that of her religion. It is potent to this hour. As the visitor to Quebec reaches the top of the stiff climb from the Lower to the Upper Town by Mountain Street, he is confronted by an imposing figure with mitre and crozier, standing, as it were, to receive and bless him on arrival. It is the statue of François de Laval-Montmorency, the first Bishop of Quebec. He belonged to an ancient family of France, and the consciousness of high birth helped to give him a habit of command. From childhood he had been intended for the priesthood. Families of influence were then able to get important posts in the church for mere youths. The great Cardinal Richelieu had been a bishop at twenty-one. Laval was a canon at fifteen, long before he could be ordained. When his two elder brothers perished in battle and he became the heir to the family estate, an effort was made to get him to abandon a clerical career. But he handed over his inheritance to a younger brother,



MONSEIGNEUR DE LAVAL

and in due time was ordained a priest. He adopted a rigorous mode of life in imitation of his model, St. Francis. Even when he had become a bishop, he still wore a coarse hair shirt next his skin, and, like the saint of an earlier age, suffered torture from the irritation. He slept on a hard bed, sometimes haunted by vermin, and he ate sparingly of the meanest food. His clothing was worn and shabby; and, poor as it was, he received it at Quebec, like a beggar, as a gift from the seminary for priests which he himself had founded. He had an iron constitution, and for forty years during summer and winter rose at two in the morning. His portrait reveals in every feature the ruling prelate. If his life of self-denial was based on the example of St. Francis, his spirit of mastery was that of Ignatius Lōyōla, the founder of the Society of Jesus.

It was in 1658 that Laval arrived at Quebec, after a terrible voyage which occupied four months. He was already a bishop in rank, but not yet had he been given the see of Quebec. The rival town of Montreal resented the idea of a bishop at Quebec. To-day the two dioceses are quite independent of each other. Laval showed at once the resolve to bring all New France under his authority. The day came when New Orleans, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, was subject to the Bishop of Quebec. Always the Jesuits were zealous supporters of the Bishop. At Montreal was entrenched the rival Order of St. Sulpice. It had secured the grant of the whole island, and its priests did not always give a docile obedience to the policy dictated from Quebec. At first Laval and the Governor of New France worked in harmony. But in time friction arose. The colony was ruled by the Governor, the Intendant, and the Bishop. The Governor was the official head of the colony and was usually a noble, who kept up the ceremony due to the representative of the king. Not he, however, but the

Intendant, was in charge of the business side of the government. If they agreed, all was likely to go well; if they quarrelled, as often they did, there was trouble. When the third person with authority—the Bishop—was a man like Laval, his voice was potent in secular as well as in spiritual matters. Laval demanded at the hands of the successive governors honours which made him their equal. Under his lead the clergy became a kind of moral police, eager to hunt out any slackness in the laity. They made a great outcry when a play was performed at Quebec.

The question was then acute of checking the trade in brandy. For this fiery liquid the natives had a consuming passion. This the traders soon found out, and they played upon it to their own profit. An Indian, with the rage upon him for drink, would sell anything he had for brandy—his cabin, even his wife and children. When intoxicated, he was a wild beast. The free use of brandy in an Indian village meant desolation of every kind—fighting, the tearing out of eyes, mutilation, murder. When wild with drink, an Indian would readily torture and kill captives of another tribe, and thus bring on savage warfare. There is no wonder that the missionaries loathed the liquor traffic, and that Laval used all his influence to destroy it. He would have allowed missionaries, but not traders, to live among the Indians, and would have prohibited entirely trade in brandy.

The ideal of Laval was not consistent with plans to make Canada a populous colony and to build up in America a great French state. The acute mind of Talon, who became Intendant in 1665, was busy with efforts to bring in settlers. After the failure of the Company of New France, he was appointed to carry out a new policy. The great need, as he saw it, was to secure colonists. When some came, he demanded more, and proved so insistent that at last Colbert, the king's

minister in France, wrote sharply to say that he could not depopulate France for the benefit of Canada. Had even five hundred colonists been sent out each year, Canada might have had half a million people by the year 1760. In such a case the British would probably never have been able to conquer the country. Talon himself laid out some attractive villages and built houses for the new-comers. He aided the farmers to secure seed and live-stock. The horse now became common, and soon no settler was happy unless he had two or three horses. Talon began ship-building and encouraged fisheries, thus making use of the noble forests and the teeming waters of Canada. He began mining and reported that he had found coal near Quebec. He built a brewery. He improved the roads. To encourage marriage, he forbade bachelors to trade with the Indians. He devised ingenious modes of taxation to help the revenue. Under him Canada was alive.

JEAN TALON

It is a mistake to think that church and state were always at odds in New France. Though at times there was acute strife, for the most part they worked together. Since the church received about one fourth of the lands granted in Canada, it had far-reaching interests in both trade and industry. It was long before regular parishes were created, so that practically all the clergy were missionaries under the complete control of the Bishop. In most European countries the clergy were supported by a tax on the produce of the land, known as the tithe. It was often as much as one tenth, but in Canada it was

one twenty-sixth, and it was levied on grain only. Crops such as beets, potatoes, and cabbages did not pay it. To this day it is levied, but it has never provided a very large income for the clergy. At first the tithe was paid into a central fund controlled by the Bishop, but later the Governor, Frontenac, declared that it should be paid directly to the priest in charge of a parish, and this was done as parishes were created.

2. Feudalism in Canada.—The granting of land in Canada, like the church system, came from France. In older days in Europe, when a successful conqueror was able to secure a great tract of land, he granted holdings to his chief followers. He would protect them in the possession of their land if they would swear to come to his help in time of need. The system was called feudalism. It was on feudal terms—seigniorial tenure—that land was granted in Canada. There was a picturesque ceremony at Quebec whenever a lord, or, to use a word from the French, a seignior, acquired a grant. The seignior with his head bare and his sword and spurs removed, knelt before the governor, swore homage to the king, and pledged himself to obey him and to perform the service called for by the terms of his holding. To military officers, to leading civilians, even to religious orders, larger grants of land were made. In time there were some three hundred seigniors in Canada, and they were expected to be active in securing settlers, in clearing the forests, and in efforts for the well-being of the country.

The system was not ill-suited to a new country. Little of the pomp of lordship was there, in truth, about the seignior. He was usually poor, and, at first at any rate, he lived as simply as those to whom he made grants of his lands. His holding was extensive. There were seigniors with as many as twenty miles of frontage on the St. Lawrence River. The smaller seigniories had hardly less than six or eight miles of river frontage. At first dense forest covered these immense tracts. To the

king the seignior paid no money for his grant. He swore only to do his duty faithfully. If his holding should be sold to some one else, the king was to receive one fifth of the selling price—a right which was in fact usually waived. The actual settlers received lands from the seignior in holdings of from fifty to a hundred acres. Canadian feudalism certainly favoured the man without capital. The settlers paid down no money for their land.

A Seigniorial Mill at Verchères on the St. Lawrence River

Usually for the first five years, until they had built their houses, they had no annual dues to pay. The seignior was generally regarded by the settlers as their social superior. He had usually the authority of a magistrate and could try them in his court. Some seigniors had even nominal power to impose the death penalty, but in Canada the seignior never exercised this power. The settler in French Canada, moreover, was not willing to

concede what was readily conceded in France—that he was a vassal, with the seignior as his master. The Canadian called himself simply an *habitant*—a dweller on the land; he was not the serf of any lord. The older spirit of feudalism never gained any real footing in Canada.

In the early days the seignior was expected to give much, and he received little. It was his duty to provide a mill where the habitants might grind their grain. To this mill they must come, and they might not go elsewhere; but at first the cost of the mill was usually beyond any return from it. The habitant, when once established, paid small dues. The annual payment for about fifty acres of land would be ten or twelve sous (or cents) and a bushel of grain, or perhaps half a dozen chickens. If an habitant sold his holding, the seignior might make a little, for he had the right to one twelfth of the price, though usually he took less. In early times there were but few transfers of land. What the habitant really paid for his land was the few sous and the grain or poultry brought to the manor-house of the seignior on St. Martin's Day in November. That was a great day on the seigniory. Some of the larger ones had in time hundreds of habitants, and on this day the roads were alive with their vehicles. There was much cackling of captive chickens handed over as dues. In the manor-house the seignior received his visitors. It was customary to offer them brandy or some other liquor. The day was one of friendly festivity.

The seignior had the right to a special pew in the church. In formal processions he came immediately after the curé. Sometimes he built the church at his own cost, and, in that case, he had the right to select the parish priest—a right which the bishop did not like. The good seignior was a respected leader, and on one day in the year the habitants paid him special honour. This was the first of May, when they planted a May-pole

before his door. Again was there merry-making. The life of the villagers of old Canada was, on the whole, joyous and friendly. Few of them could read, and their agriculture was primitive. But they were gay and hospitable. They had an independent spirit, they smoked their home-grown tobacco in content, and there was no strife about religious opinions for they were all of one faith. Only a rare Protestant, and, we may add, no newspaper, was to be found in Canada during the period of French rule.

Canada, with English and Iroquois almost ceaselessly hostile, needed above all to think of defence; and the Intendant Talon was keen to use the land system for this purpose. After the successful work of the Carignan Regiment in humbling the Iroquois, Talon urged that its officers and men should remain in Canada. He desired especially that they should receive grants of land on the Richelieu River, the military route to the Iroquois country, and that seigniors and habitants should be organized as a military force. The king agreed to pay a year's salary and a year's supply of food to every officer and man who would accept this plan; and twenty-five officers and several hundred men settled in Canada. The officers became seigniors, and some of their names—Sorel, Chambly, St. Ours, for instance—are now names of towns and villages. The plan worked for a time. Few of the officers, as it proved, made good leaders in farming, and they drifted into other callings. Many of the soldiers, however, continued as habitants. The government at Quebec named a captain of militia in each parish. Sometimes, but not always, the seignior was given the office. The captain of militia was the agent of the government. He directed the making and repair of roads and bridges. He drilled the habitants, and, when war came, it was more often he than the seignior who marched away with the local company.

Every year there arrived at Quebec large quantities of wine and brandy. For what purpose? Laval pictured the tragic scenes in an Indian village when brandy was to be had. The answer of Talon was that without brandy French trade with the Indians would languish. The English and the Dutch traders sold brandy, and the savages had an eager desire for it and would trade only with those who supplied it. If the Indians traded with heretics, they would have the added danger of religious error. The French must trade in the fiery liquid if Canada was to prosper. The reasoning was, of course, challenged. The savages, it was said, knew their weakness and that brandy was their destruction, and would prefer to trade with those who did not bring a deadly temptation. Both sides agreed that the traders, if left free, would ruin the savages. Accordingly, any Frenchman remaining in the woods for even twenty-four hours without a license from the government was to suffer the penalty of death. But this forest life was alluring. Young men from France preferred, to the humdrum of garrison life, or a primitive farm, the adventures of the fur-trader. It was a free life; the restraints of civilized society would be thrown off; there was sport, for game was abundant; and fortune was to be found in the profits of trading. These "runners of the woods"—*coureurs de bois*—

A Coureur de Bois

became a problem to the rulers of New France. They were often bold, reckless men, not easily restrained, and most of them, of course, traded freely in brandy.

3. The Rule of Count Frontenac.—The world of fashion at the Court of Louis XIV showed keen interest when, in 1672, it was announced that Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, was about to go out to Canada as Governor. He was a famous soldier, who had been a general at the early age of twenty-seven. On many a battle-field in Europe had he fought, and, when a general specially able had been needed to war on the Turk, Turenne, the greatest soldier of his time, had selected Frontenac for the task, and Frontenac had discharged it with credit. He was married to a lady of fashion, and the world had it that the union was not happy. Frontenac had always lived in the brilliant circle of the Court. He had fine manners and polished wit, but he had also a hot and jealous

FRONTENAC
From the statue by Philippe Hébert, R.C.A., at Quebec

temper. He loved display and ceremony, and he was boastful and extravagant. This last quality had kept him poor. To go to a country like Canada, chiefly wilderness, seemed little suited to a man of Frontenac's training, but the countess, it was said, preferred that the ocean should be between her and her husband, and there was, moreover, in Canada, a prospect of retrieving ruined fortunes. This could not be done from the Governor's meagre salary, but he had chances to share the profits of the fur-trade if he chose to use them, and the practice was so well understood as hardly to be frowned upon.

Perhaps the real reason for sending Frontenac to Canada was that France was now resolved to take seriously the task of building up a great empire in America. The Company of New France, with its vast monopoly, had failed; its successor—the West India Company—was bankrupt. Louis XIV took personal control of Canada, and Frontenac wrote directly to the king for instructions. In Europe Louis XIV was supreme. England was now, in some respects, a vassal state to France. Its king, Charles II, was in the pay of Louis and was only waiting for the hoped-for day when, with the aid of his cousin of France, he might avow himself a Roman Catholic and revive that faith in England. Thus was it natural that, with his star rising in Europe, Louis XIV should desire to be master of America. Every French explorer who ventured into any new region in the West was likely to have among his effects plates engraved with the name and arms of the king of France, which he might set up in newly explored regions as symbols of France's sovereignty.

Now, fifty-two years old and in the prime of his eager activity, Frontenac arrived at Quebec. The hour seemed favourable to his influence. Laval was absent in France, Talon, the Intendant, was about to leave, and Frontenac

would find no curb on his authority. When he saw the superb position of Quebec on a high rock overlooking the mighty flood of the St. Lawrence, his mental note was that the place was suited to be the capital of a great empire. A great empire—of that Frontenac was always thinking, with himself the high and mighty ruler on behalf of the king. Yet, while bearing himself with great dignity, he met and talked with all classes. One of his first acts was to summon the leading people of the colony to meet him in what he called the States-General. In France the clergy, the nobles, and the Third Estate, consisting of the professional and trading classes, made up the three Estates, and their representatives were occasionally called together in the States-General to give advice to the king. It was not easy to find an order of nobility in Canada, but Frontenac summoned the chief holders of land. He welcomed the assembly with stately pomp, and in a fatherly address exhorted the members to be good Christians and to serve the king faithfully. Talon, the retiring Intendant, frowned on the meeting and refused to attend. Soon, too, word came back from France that the king desired no such semblance of a parliament, but would himself be sole master.

Frontenac was keen to see the colony for himself. Behold him then in the summer of 1673 setting out on a great journey. To crouch motionless in a canoe of birch-bark was not, as he said, quite a regal posture in travel, but he adopted it and came in time to like it. It was nearly two hundred miles to Montreal, and here he was received with military parade. But he intended to go much farther. Beyond Montreal was still only wilderness, but the region had vast promise. Since Tracy's time there had been peace with the Iroquois, and now Frontenac was resolved to build a fort at the gateway of the Iroquois country. The site was at the head of the St. Lawrence, where the city of Kingston now stands.

Priests frowned at this invasion of the mission country by arms and commerce. But Frontenac knew what he was about. Already, it seems, he was taking an active part in the fur-trade. He sent word to the Iroquois to meet him at what was to be Fort Frontenac, and for that place he set out with two brilliantly painted barges armed with small cannon, followed by a multitude of canoes. In the presence of awed Iroquois chiefs, already gathered, Frontenac landed on the strand, where was to be the new fort, with a pomp such as Louis XIV might have used in visiting a great French city. He met the Indian chiefs in council and smoked with them the pipe of peace. But he did not call them brothers; he assumed the dignity of a father and addressed them as his children with such tact and authority that they liked it, and he was able to influence them as a parent does a child. "Onontio" was their word for governor, and ever after Frontenac was the great Onontio.

4. Frontenac's Quarrel with Laval.—Laval returned to Canada in 1675, with now the title and authority of Bishop of Quebec. With him came a new Intendant and a fast friend, Duchesneau. Frontenac was no longer sole master, and friction was soon acute. In France it was usual, when the governor of a province attended church, to show to him ceremonial marks of respect. Frontenac, a good Roman Catholic, had demanded almost regal honours and protested fiercely when he received, as he claimed, less than his due of respect. He disliked the Jesuits and denounced them as spies and busybodies, as at heart more eager to get the furs than to save the souls of the natives, and as traitors who secretly encouraged the Iroquois to attack the French. Angry denials, of course, there were. Frontenac said the brandy trade must go on; otherwise the trade in furs, in which he was interested, as Laval well knew, could not go on. Laval, for his part, declared that he would excommunicate any

one taking the deadly liquor to the Indians. Both sides appealed to the king. The question of the brandy was solemnly debated in France, and at last the king decided that it was a matter for the state, not the church, to settle in Canada; and Frontenac had really won.

Frontenac's temper was such that he must rule. The French governors of Acadia and Newfoundland had been ordered to report to him, but he found that Perrot, Governor of Montreal, disputed his authority. One of the great privileges to be secured in Canada was a license to trade in the interior. Perrot had granted such licenses and denied Frontenac's right to check him. The answer of Frontenac was to summon Perrot to Quebec and to keep him in prison for nearly a year. The penalty of trading with the Indians without a proper license was death, and Frontenac hanged, in full sight of Perrot's prison window, a *coureur de bois* who had dared to defy the Governor's authority. In the Sovereign Council at Quebec, which Louis XIV now ordered to be called the Superior Council, since none but he was sovereign, sat the Governor, the Bishop, and the Intendant, with seven other persons of little authority. According to French usage the Intendant had been ordered by the king to preside, but when Duchesneau claimed this right, Frontenac burst out in furious protest. The Bishop stood with the Intendant. The quarrel spread through the little capital, and rival partisans even fought in the streets. Frontenac declared that spies invaded his own house. Duchesneau barricaded his doors against possible attack. He charged Frontenac with a corrupt share in the fur-trade; Frontenac answered with a similar charge; and both probably were right. The odd thing is that the king allowed the quarrel to go on for five years without saying the decisive word to settle it. Then, at last, in 1682, he took strong action. He dismissed both Governor and Intendant and recalled them to France.

Frontenac, recalled in disgrace, seemed to be a ruined man, but this, as we shall see, was not the case; his day came again. He had been engaged in the age-long quarrel between church and state. Few will deny that Laval was right in trying to save the natives by checking the trade in brandy. But Frontenac had gained the point that it was the state which should have control in the matter. He had also carried out a policy, hateful to the missionaries, of creating forts and trading-posts in the interior, and Fort Frontenac was the monument of his victory. He had so awed the Iroquois that peace endured while he was in Canada. When he was recalled Canada had about ten thousand inhabitants. The number is small, but from them are descended most of the three million French-Canadians dwelling to-day in the United States and Canada. Frontenac had inspired a new zeal for discovery. La Salle, the great explorer, a remarkable man, of whom we shall hear presently, was Frontenac's ardent friend and took command at Fort Frontenac. He, like Frontenac, dreamed dreams of France's mighty empire, to be based on the work of the hardy discoverers to whom we now turn.

Frontenac Pg. 97.

Corn. to Canada again 1689.
alled to Indians, punished some
and praised others. Then made
war on English because he said
hey encouraged the Indians
allowed French to trade in
interior with Indians which was
not supposed to be allowed.
Died 1698. Quebec.

CHAPTER VII

THE EXPLORERS

1. The Discoveries of Radisson and the Founding of the Hudson's Bay Company.—France was fortunate in holding the gateway of the St. Lawrence. That mighty river drains nearly half a continent. It springs from remote sources in the far West, and its lure to explorers is the romance of the early history of Canada. Eager minds were asking about the regions which lay beyond the Great Lakes. To the north and to the west of these vast bodies of fresh water, fed by many rivers, stretched great open plains and lands covered with forest. The region offered a fascinating problem. Was this western land the outer edge of Asia, and, if one advanced into it, might he find the peopled cities, the rich temples described by Marco Polo, and, instead of brutal savages, the staid pomp of life kept up by mandarins in China? No man seemed to know. Champlain had heard of a sea to the north and had spent a toilsome summer trying in vain to find it. Later, in 1634, when he was near his end and could no longer go himself, he sent Jean Nicolet, who had lived among the savages for many years, to find out more about the West. Nicolet reached the river which flows from Lake Superior into Lake Huron, at Sault Ste. Marie, where many Indians came to fish and might be induced to trade. He passed through a narrow strait into Lake Michigan and found another fishing ground at Michilimackinac. He wandered about in what is now the State of Wisconsin. He heard of a mighty river sweeping southward in a great flood. This river, the French thought, might carry them to the Pacific Ocean. The prospect was alluring, the desire to know more was keen. But exploring was costly. The

king of France would not pay for it, and the explorers had to live by trading in furs, which, from time to time, they took back to Canada. Moreover, the savage tribes were of uncertain temper. Many an unknown fur-trader, it may be, had ventured into that region, never again to be heard of. Nature and man combined to guard the mystery of the West.

Wealth was to be gained by the fur-trade, and this fact stimulated discovery. By 1660 the fur-traders were bringing back exciting reports. The career of a youth, Pierre Esprit Radisson, from Three Rivers, lying half way between Montreal and Quebec, shows both the danger and the fascination of the life. We have his story, as told by himself, and some things in it are disputed. One day in 1656, he tells us, he was out shooting near Three Rivers, with two companions. He separated from them, and, turning homewards toward evening, stumbled on their dead and mangled bodies. The lurking Iroquois murderers seized Radisson himself, and carried him a captive on the long journey to their remote village in what is now the State of New York. Radisson, a youth of seventeen, won the admiration of the Indians by his courage and agility. Instead of sulking, he made himself useful to his captors. He faced boldly young men who tried to tease and torment him When, on arrival in the Iroquois village, he had, as was the custom for captives, to run the gauntlet between two long rows of savages, eager to strike him with clubs and whips, he steered his course so skilfully that no one was able to hit him. This aroused the admiration of a great chief, who adopted him and thus saved him from a horrible death by torture. Then he escaped and was within a mile or two of Three Rivers, when he was again taken by the lurking Iroquois. They carried him, with many other prisoners, back to their village. There were horrid tortures to death of the captive French, of women as well

as of men. The slow agony of Radisson had begun, when again he was saved by the great chief. For safety he now smeared his face with paint and lived and acted like one of the Iroquois. The life had its fascination, but when, as an Indian brave, he had visited the Dutch at Fort Orange (now Albany), he had felt again the desire for civilized life. He was young and strong, and one morning early he set out to run from the Iroquois village the long distance to Albany. All day and all night he ran, and there was no one swift enough to follow. On the late afternoon of the next day the slim, exhausted youth was safe with the Dutch. Within a few months he was back in France.

His family was, however, in Canada. He had felt, moreover, the charm of the Canadian forest. Soon he was again at Three Rivers. From there he made trip after trip to the interior. For a time he was once more a captive of the Iroquois. But the alluring West was calling him. No European knew as yet what lay beyond the Great Lakes. The spring of the year 1659 saw Radisson and his brother-in law, Groseilliers, crossing the country west of Lake Michigan. They reached at last the object of their desires—a great, swift river which reminded them of the St. Lawrence. They knew not whence it came or into what sea it flowed. For years still the French believed that it flowed into the Pacific Ocean. No doubt it was the Mississippi River. France had reached out to another great water highway, and Radisson is the first to tell us of the mighty stream which rolls its turbid flood to the Gulf of Mexico. He crossed the river, and, brave man that he was, moved freely among the savage and fickle tribes. He called the country pleasant, beautiful, fruitful. Why, he asked, should the people of Europe live in crowded misery and poverty when here such riches were offered to them?

He is the first to speak of the wonders of the Great North-West, of the boundless prairie land, which to-day millions have made fruitful by their labour.

Radisson's eager desire was to find the sea at the north—the sea, as we know, where Hudson had perished. He was back at Quebec in 1661. By this time the governors were chary about giving licenses to *coureurs de bois* to go to the interior. Most governors insisted on a large share of the profits of trade. Accordingly, when Radisson and Groseilliers asked for a license to trade with the Indians, they were refused, except on terms which they scornfully rejected and which would have robbed their trading of profit. They defied the law and went to Lake Superior without a license.

The life was exciting. There was fighting with Iroquois, who tried to ambush them. By November they had reached the west end of Lake Superior. The two men, alone and half starved, built a tiny fort in that remote land, where never before had a white man been seen. They had to watch closely. The region was populous with savage tribes, and the news spread widely of the arrival of these strange beings. When Radisson went out to hunt, Groseilliers, the older man, stayed to guard the cabin. In all their wanderings they had managed to keep their stores—how, it is hard to say. They had goods for trade. Above all, they had firearms, which aroused wonder and led an old Cree Indian to declare, in a great council, that they were terrible men who could make the earth quake. It was as easy, however, to consider them devils as gods, and to try to kill them. The savages coveted the kettles and other things from Europe. For the long months of winter the two white men lived among Cree and Sioux Indians. We have a grim light on the wandering life of the savages, when we learn that as food became scarce, many Indians starved to death. But these brave Frenchmen kept their

nerve. As winter advanced they followed a trail northward, dragging on sleds their stores, always collecting valuable furs, which, to use the hunter's phrase, they "cached," or hid, in some safe place, to be gathered later. Far into the north they went. When spring came they reached the Bay of the North. We shall never be certain, but it is quite probable that it was Hudson Bay.

The two bold adventurers retraced their steps to the North-West, and the spring of 1663 saw a moving sight. Radisson had persuaded the Indians to go to Montreal to trade, and now, sweeping down the shores of Lakes Superior and Huron and then across to the upper waters of the Ottawa, came the two white men with some hundreds of Indians in canoes laden with furs. There was much interest at Montreal at the arrival to trade of this great horde. But when the two Frenchmen went on to Quebec, they were met by the menacing Governor, with a scowling face. They had broken the law; they had gone without leave into the interior; and they must pay the penalty. Their furs were worth in the money of to-day some hundreds of thousands of dollars, the reward of incredible toil and danger. But now Groseilliers was even sent to prison for a time. Most of the furs were seized for taxes and fines, and not one tenth was left to the men who had made the beginning of a wonderful movement. They had reached the upper waters of the Mississippi; at its mouth, before so very long, the French flag was to fly; they had reached the far north and commenced the fur-trade in the vast region about Hudson Bay; and their reward was to be treated almost as outcasts.

The two men were not without resource. They turned their backs on France and found their way to England. The result was that in 1668 two ships sailed from England for Hudson Bay. On one was Radisson, on the other Groseilliers. Gales drove back the ship bearing Radisson; the other vessel went on to Hudson Bay,

and a year later it returned to England heavily laden with furs. The great English trade with Hudson Bay had begun. London made much of the Frenchmen. A leading figure there was the dashing Prince Rupert, a cousin of the king, who had made a brilliant record in the civil war some twenty years earlier. He was keenly interested in the work of discovery, and he and others still hoped to find, by way of Hudson Bay or the Great Lakes, the long-sought route to Asia. For profitable trade also they hoped. The result was that in 1670 King Charles II put his hand to an amazing document. To Prince Rupert and seventeen other persons, to be known as the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," the king granted a vast territory. They were to own all the lands watered by streams flowing into the Bay, they were to have the sole right there to trade, and the sole authority there to rule. The region was to be known as Rupert's Land, and, as we now know, it stretched from Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains. Thus easily had Charles II created the Hudson's Bay Company and granted it an empire as its endowment. We need not inquire by what right he did it. The Company endures to this day, the owner of vast lands, and conducts a great business in the region given to it so light-heartedly two and a half centuries ago by the Merry Monarch. The hard toil of the two Frenchmen bore plentiful fruit, to be reaped by England.

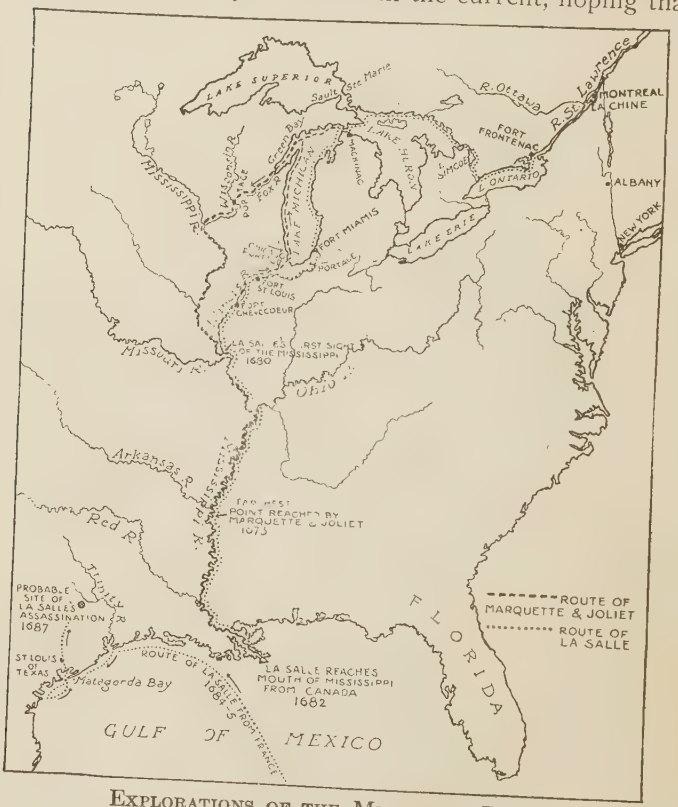
2. Marquette and Joliet on the Mississippi.—At the moment when the king of England was thus declaring himself master of what is now the Canadian West, France, too, was reaching out. In the summer of 1670 Jean Talon, the Intendant of Canada, took steps to secure the whole interior of the continent and to shut the English into a narrow strip on the sea-coast. He sent Saint-Lusson, a French officer, to take possession of the western country. Saint-Lusson spent a winter on the

way; but in June, 1671, he was the central figure in an imposing ceremony at Sault Ste. Marie. A huge cross had been prepared, and now it was planted in the ground with solemn ceremony. Beside it were raised the arms of France. A crowd of Indians stood about when, in a loud voice, Saint-Lusson proclaimed that all that region, including both what was discovered and what remained to be discovered, belonged to the king of France. A priest addressed the gaping Indians in a harangue in which he dwelt upon the greatness of Louis XIV. He adjusted his words to the taste of the savages. Louis XIV has no equal on earth; he possesses cities and storehouses of vast extent; great armies serve him; he fights in the midst of his warriors, and is covered with the blood of his enemies, which flows in streams at his blows. Charles II claimed an empire by the scratching of a pen; Louis XIV by this dramatic ceremony. It is the title given by Charles II which holds good to this day.

JACQUES MARQUETTE
From a Portrait in the Château de Ramezay, Montreal

Late in the autumn of 1672 there arrived at Michilimackinac a hardy young man named Louis Joliet, the son of a wagon-maker at Quebec. At the fort awaiting him was a Jesuit priest of delicate form but of indomitable spirit, Jacques Marquette. By orders of the Governor of Canada the two men were to explore the great river. In the spring of the next year, with all eagerness, they started down the west shore of Lake

Michigan, and a month later they had paddled down the Wisconsin River and were sweeping southward on the broad flood of the Mississippi. Whither did it lead? Day after day they drifted with the current, hoping that



EXPLORATIONS OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

it would bring them to the waters of the Pacific. The scene was fascinating. They saw feeding on the shore deer and immense herds of buffalo. There were many birds, and the summer warmth was pleasant. For long days they saw no human being, but when at last they

came in view of an Indian village and ventured to land, they heard much to disgust them. The people were barbarous and declared that the regions farther on were haunted by savage men and demons, who would kill strangers at sight. The peril from man, at least, was real. But the explorers went on. One day they found their canoes heaving in a swift current dotted with floating trees. They were passing the mouth of the Missouri. They passed the Ohio and the Arkansas. But after a month they decided to turn back, fearing less the savages than the Spaniards farther south. Of one thing they were now persuaded—that the waters of the great river reached, not the Pacific, but the Atlantic.

3. La Salle's Journeys to the Mississippi.—Such was Canada's first exploring of the Mississippi. Marquette, a saint in character, soon died. Joliet became seignior of the great island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and stayed in the east. As yet no one had followed the Mississippi to its mouth. It was a man from Canada who solved this great mystery. René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, a member of a rich family of Rouen, was only twenty-three when, in 1666, he reached Canada, drawn there by the fact that his elder brother was a Sulpician priest at Montreal. The Sulpicians, owners of the island of Montreal, a great part of which they retain to this day, saw character in the remarkable young man and made him a large grant of land. La Salle talked so much about reaching the far East by going up the St. Lawrence that his seigniory was called in derision China—Lachine—a name still retained. Not for La Salle was the monotony of a settler's life. He was eager and ambitious, and soon he sold his seigniory to work at the fascinating task of discovery. In 1669 we find him at the mouth of the river Niagara. He heard the roar of the great cataract, but did not pause to see it. Instead, he pressed on to the south-west,

reached at length the upper waters of the river Ohio, and floated a long way down that stream. La Salle was a cold, reserved man, who took counsel of no one and held to his own plans inflexibly. He was high-minded and devout, but he lacked skill in managing men. Now, on the Ohio, his men left him, and he had to turn back. He had discovered the Ohio, but he had not solved the problem which haunted his mind of finding a route to the East.

Nearly ten years later, La Salle was once more making a supreme effort. He had gone to France, he had been made a noble by the king, he was the ardent friend of

THE EARLIEST PICTURE OF NIAGARA FALLS, DECEMBER, 1678

The figure on the left is Hennepin, the priest, who accompanied La Salle. From the sketch in Hennepin's Travels

Frontenac, and he had received a grant of land and was in command at Fort Frontenac. It was a good place for trade, but La Salle was never content to settle down to trade. The king had given him a privilege which cost France nothing; he might explore the West at his own

expense, and he was to have a monopoly of the trade in buffalo hides. Late in 1678 La Salle, in a small vessel, sailed away from Fort Frontenac for the West, his mind filled with plans to create a great empire for France. His ship was wrecked near Niagara. In any case he could not have taken her farther, for the mighty cataract barred the way. A priest with La Salle describes the torrent, foaming over a precipice, more, as he declares, than six hundred feet high. La Salle decided to build a new vessel above the cataract, and he spent the winter eagerly occupied in this task. The *Griffin*, of some forty-five tons burden, was launched in the spring, and La Salle sailed in her the length of Lake Erie, and on from there to Lake Huron and to Lake Michigan. Here in the autumn he loaded the ship with furs and sent her back to sell the precious cargo at Montreal. A disaster followed. Never again was the ship heard of.

CAVELIER DE LA SALLE
After an engraving in the Library, Rouen, reproduced by Gravier in his "Life"

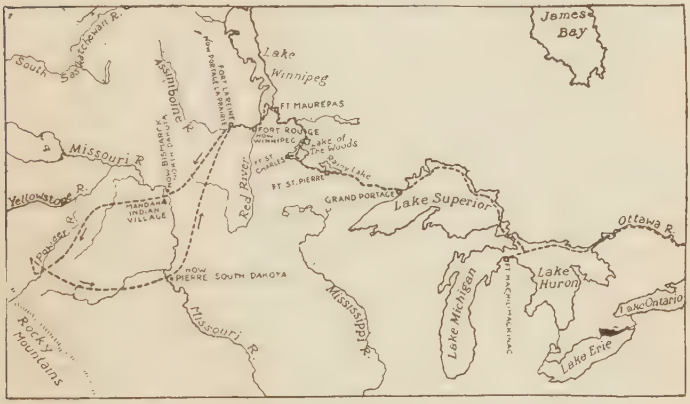
Soon La Salle, anxious about the fate of the ship and also about his own fortunes, left his party behind in what is now Illinois, and set out to walk in the dead of winter a thousand miles to Montreal, in order to get needed supplies. The courage of the man is seen in this killing work. Discontented men tried to murder him; rivals, jealous of his trading privileges, tried to ruin him; his country gave him no effective support. None the less, in 1680, he went again to the West, this time

by a route leading from what is now Toronto to Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron, and, late in that year, he reached, by way of the Illinois, the great flood of the Mississippi. No farther then did he go, but early in the spring of 1682 he was afloat on the Mississippi, and he paddled along its length to its mouth. On a low, marshy shore, near the salt water of the Gulf of Mexico, La Salle held a solemn ceremony. He proclaimed Louis XIV sovereign of the vast region extending from the mouth of the Ohio to that of the Mississippi. The land was to be known as Louisiana, in honour of King Louis. For five years still La Salle laboured to found a colony. He had effected little when he was treacherously murdered by one of his own men. But France soon made good her claim, and in Louisiana her tongue is still spoken though her political authority is gone.

4. La Vérendrye in the Far West.—There still lay an undiscovered country—the far western land stretching to the Pacific. That there were difficulties in the path of exploration we realize, when we find a stretch of three hundred years after Columbus before Europeans were able to cross North America from sea to sea. From the Mississippi the natural route was by way of its tributary, the Missouri, which flows its long length eastward from sources in the Rocky Mountains. But savage tribes dwelt about the mouth of the Missouri, and the French explorers were forced to work farther north. From Three Rivers had come the first known explorer, Radisson, to see the Mississippi, and it was the son of a governor of Three Rivers, the Sieur de la Vérendrye, who first made known the far West. Forty years after the murder of La Salle, in 1687, we find La Vérendrye in the region north of Lake Superior. An old Indian told him that he had himself paddled down a river, rolling its tide westward, and at last reaching a great sea, on the shores of which dwelt many

people. To La Vérendrye's eager mind, this sea could be none other than the Pacific. His king gave him a monopoly of trade in the region to be explored, but no penny of money. To pursue his work of discovery, he had to engage in the fur-trade and to induce merchants in Montreal to furnish the needed capital. Rival leaders disliked his monopoly and whispered libels about him, and it was costly to keep up the large company which he needed.

In 1731 La Vérendrye struck westward from Lake



THE EXPLORATIONS OF LA VÉRENDRYE AND HIS SONS

Superior. Game was abundant. It was easy to secure furs, and it was necessary to build forts in which to guard them. In 1732 La Vérendrye was on Rainy Lake and there built a small fort. A stream flowed out of the lake westward, and he floated down Rainy River to the Lake of the Woods. Here he built a second fort, a hundred feet square, with a chapel and a watch-tower. He cleared some land about the fort and planted wheat—the first wheat of which we hear in what was to prove a great granary of the world. When winter came, some

of the party continued on snow-shoes the task of exploration. They followed a river, the Winnipeg, flowing westward, as they hoped, to a populous land on the sea. Day after day, through the silent forest, over the creaking ice and the deep snow, the party pressed. The way seemed long. They thought they had gone more than four hundred miles, when at last they stood on the shore of a vast body of water, its shores piled with ice, its aspect chill and forbidding. The water was fresh. It was not the sea; it was the shallow waters of Lake Winnipeg which they saw.

Such is the beginning of the story of La Vérendrye in the North-West. Like La Salle, he had to make hurried, toilsome journeys to Montreal to steady his support there, and he was always sending down furs to appease his clamorous creditors. Three sons went with him to the West. One, to his bitter grief, was murdered by the Sioux Indians. But on, ever westward, he pressed, engaging in trade, though above all eager to reach the western ocean. Where now stands Winnipeg he built the tiny Fort Rouge. He pushed up the Assiniboine River, and near where now stands Portage La Prairie built Fort La Reine, named in honour of the queen of France, who might give him needed support. He found no great river flowing westward. That western land is in truth tilted to the north and east, and great rivers could not flow to the west. Since he could not paddle westward, at last he decided to advance on foot.

In October, 1738, with a company of about forty, half of them Indians, La Vérendrye set out southwestward from Fort La Reine. The Indians told him of a remarkable people, dwelling on the banks of a great river, and it was chiefly the river that he sought—the river on which he hoped to float to the Pacific. He reached the villages and found much of interest, but, two months later, ill, and in the bitter cold of the

Christmas season, he set out on the long and weary march across the prairie, back to Fort La Reine. What he had found was the Missouri River, flowing eastward, not westward, and barbarous Indians, the Mandans, going about naked even in the chill autumn, expert thieves, eager for the knives and trinkets of the Europeans, but knowing nothing of a great ocean. Even then La Vérendrye was not beaten. He had left two men among the Mandans to learn the language, and he intended to return and to go farther.

THE BROTHERS LA VÉRENDRYE IN SIGHT OF THE MOUNTAINS (POSSIBLY THE ROCKIES)

Return he himself never did, for he was growing old. He remained at his post at Fort La Reine, but, in the spring of 1742, his two sons, François and Louis, set out almost alone on the old search. They reached the Missouri and advanced on south-westward, passing from tribe to tribe, sometimes in danger of their lives. Week after week they pressed on, and at last on New Year's Day, 1743, they saw far in front of them soaring mountains. They reached the timbered slopes of the foot-hills, and they knew that one hope at least was ended, for these mountains barred the way. They could not float down-stream to the great western ocean.

Because the savages were at war with one another, the two brothers could not go on, and, with regret, they gave up the plan to find what lay beyond the mountains. They did not know that to reach the shores of the western ocean many weeks of laborious effort across mountain passes and turbid rivers would be necessary. We are not sure, indeed, that they had even reached the Rocky Mountains. It may be that they saw only what we know as the Black Hills. They spent the rest of the winter in the lands bordering on the Missouri. Before the brothers turned homeward, they performed a ceremony which meant that they claimed that country for France. On a hill by the Missouri River they built a pyramid of stones, and in it they buried a plate bearing the names of the king of France and of the governor of Canada. In 1913, a school-girl in Pierre, South Dakota, stumbled upon this plate, dated April 2, 1743, which had lain untouched for one hundred and seventy years.

When the brothers were back with their father at Fort la Reine, in July, 1743, all saw clearly one thing—no river flowed from the prairie country into the western ocean. Spain had long known about the great range of mountains in California, and it was clear that this mountain barrier extended to the far north. Though the date is uncertain, it was probably French fur-traders, going up the great Saskatchewan River, who first reached that mighty range of mountains. La Vérendrye carried on a vigorous trade with the Indians, and it was not long before the British at their posts on Hudson Bay became aware of a change. The Indians, they found, were not going to the Bay as once they had gone. They were securing supplies from the French and without taking the long journey to the sea. The matter must be looked into, the Hudson's Bay Company said, and in 1754 a certain Anthony Hendry went from Hudson Bay into the West to see what the French were doing. He found them doing

a great deal. They had a fort on the Saskatchewan where is now Le Pas. Hendry went on up the river and across the prairie. Now he was half-starved; "neither bird nor beast to be seen . . . nothing to eat;" now he revelled in abundant food from moose and buffalo. He visited Blackfoot Indians near where Calgary now stands, and there, on a clear day, in full view, were the snowy peaks of the mountains. Hendry admits that the French understood the Indians better than did the English. France might have mastered the far West but for remote happenings elsewhere. Forces were in truth gathering which meant the ruin of her power in America, and we turn now to the last chapter in the story of France's empire in America.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RIVALRY OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND

1. The Alliance of the English with the Iroquois.— During the many years in which the French were taking the risks of adventurous discovery in the West, the great problem of the mastery of the continent was unfolding itself. Was it France or was it England which should hold North America? If we ask why they could not divide it between them, the answer is that no one seems to have thought this possible. Century-long enemies in Europe, divided now in religion, the two states were relentlessly hostile. At first the Dutch had been the neighbours of the French in the Iroquois country. It was a dark day for French power when the English secured New York. They had long denied the right of the Dutch to the Hudson valley. In 1664, when the two nations were at peace, rugged Dutch Peter Stuyvesant, in command at New Amsterdam, which is now New York, had a startling experience. An English squadron sailed in and demanded instant surrender. Resistance was useless, and the English secured the great colony of New York without firing a gun. The beautiful Hudson River was theirs; so also was the vast region bordering in the north on Lake Ontario from the Niagara to the St. Lawrence. Never was an empire won more easily. Had the Dutch remained, they, like the French, would have been rivals of the English. Now France had to face her enemy alone. The far-seeing in Canada urged that France could seize New York. The inhabitants of that place, absorbed in trade and industry, were not warlike, and French military opinion held that they could

be easily conquered. But why not buy New York? The English would not value greatly so recent a conquest. Louis XIV already had the king of England in his pay, and Charles II always needed more money. The harbour of New York would give the French a much needed winter port. New England would be isolated and in time mastered.

Nothing came of the grandiose plan to seize or to buy New York. The English proved, instead, rivals in trade more dangerous than had been the Dutch. Their cloth was both better and cheaper. Their rum from the West Indies cost less than the French brandy. The Iroquois found that a beaver skin bought from the English twice as much as it did from the French, and they expected to profit by this in trade with other Indians. The French drifted into deadly enmity with both the English and the Iroquois who dwelt in New York, and whom the English claimed as English subjects. This was the situation when Frontenac left. He had known how to awe even the Iroquois. But no one came after him who could exert his influence. And, meanwhile, the Iroquois grew more jealous and angry. Explorers and traders like La Salle were inducing the western Indians to go to Montreal to trade. This was to injure the Iroquois. They were the most powerful Indians east of the Mississippi; their villages lay on the main route from the east to the west; and they intended that trade with the west should be controlled by them. Every fleet of canoes which went from the Great Lakes by way of the Ottawa to Montreal was the cause of bitter resentment to the Iroquois. They had, they said, better and cheaper English goods, and it was for them to levy the tolls of trade.

La Barre, Frontenac's successor, had not the imposing courage and dignity of Frontenac. When he asked the Iroquois why they had butchered the Illinois—western allies of the French—the arrogant answer was: "Because

they deserved to die." Clearly the Iroquois might come to think that the French, too, deserved to die. La Barre asked their chiefs to meet him at Fort Frontenac, but they refused to come to him and said that he must go to them. He yielded and went to a council in the country of the Iroquois. There was much high-flown oratory in the Indian style, but, in effect, they told him that his threats and bluster did not dismay them. Clearly he was not the man for a difficult part, and Louis XIV soon recalled him.

The Marquis de Denonville, his successor, was no better and stooped to base treachery. There were two friendly mission villages of Iroquois near Fort Frontenac. Louis XIV had found that the Iroquois captives made excellent galley slaves in France, and Denonville was anxious to win favour with his royal master by sending him some lusty red men. He invited the friendly Iroquois to a banquet and then seized them. The elder Iroquois were killed; the younger were made prisoners. A French officer, the Baron Lahontan, tells us with what horror he saw these victims of treachery at Fort Frontenac. They were tied helpless to stakes and their naked bodies were pestered by flies. He saw their tormentors burning the fingers of the captives in the bowls of lighted pipes. Some of them were tortured to death; others went as slaves to France. Such was the treatment by a stupid governor of Iroquois friends; Iroquois enemies noted it all and in due time exacted a ghastly vengeance. On an August night in 1689 they fell upon the village of Lachine, near Montreal, massacred men, women, and children, and carried off many prisoners, whose fate would be slow torture by Iroquois camp-fires. A thrill of horror ran through the colony. Denonville was panic-stricken; he had founded a post at Niagara, and both this and Fort Frontenac he now abandoned and destroyed, and for safety he recalled his people to Montreal.

2. The Return of Frontenac and War on the English.—In the presence of threatened ruin Denonville, the incompetent, had already been recalled, and in 1689 Frontenac came back, for Canada needed a man. He was now seventy and not softened in spirit. The hostile Jesuits were dismayed by his return; others, we are told, were as eager for his return as the Jews had been for a deliverer from Roman mastery in the time of Christ. He came back, and he set to work. It was bitter to him to learn that Fort Frontenac had been blown up. He had brought back as a peace offering the survivors of the Iroquois galley slaves, but even this did not appease the Iroquois. They were bent on war. When Frontenac sent a French officer to them, they beat him and burned alive two of his attendants. Frontenac had to bide his time. The great thing was to hold the western Indians to the French side, and in the summer of 1690 there was a lively gathering at Montreal. Many Indians had come down from the far interior to trade. It was a moment of tense passions. Camp-fires blazed on the strand. Frontenac, majestic in bearing, moved among the savages. He now took his seat with their chiefs in council. When a Huron orator, with bitter memories of what his people had suffered, begged that the French would never, never make terms with the Iroquois, Frontenac spoke. The Iroquois, he said, should be brought to their knees; he would never fail his allies in fatherly care. Suddenly he seized a tomahawk and led the savage assembly in a wild war dance. It was a strange act for a courtier fresh from the refinement of Versailles. But Frontenac knew how to appeal to the Indians. Their fear of the relentless Iroquois united them now with the French.

The vital struggle was not really, however, with the Iroquois. These, with their scant numbers, for they had fewer than two thousand warriors, a show of strength could awe. The English were the real enemy. Events in Europe had now brought France and England to the

deadly struggle destined to end in the ruin of France's power in America. In 1689 the English drove out their Roman Catholic king, James II, and put on the throne the Protestant, William of Orange. Louis XIV, the steadfast friend of his cousin James, refused to recognize William as king, and war broke out. It is a striking fact that, for more than a hundred and twenty-five years after this, every great war, no matter how begun, ended in a struggle between England and France. During that time the two nations were in bitter rivalry for supremacy in Asia and America. Frontenac had been charged to destroy English power in America, root and branch. On reaching Canada, when he returned in 1689, he was to go with sixteen hundred men to capture Albany. Then he was to advance down the Hudson. At its mouth a squadron of French war-ships would be in waiting to seize New York, then little more than a village. Had not a few English ships taken it from the Dutch a few years earlier? The English, themselves recent intruders, were to be deported. Those of them who were Roman Catholics might, indeed, remain if they would become subjects of Louis XIV; but all the Protestants were to lose their lands and to be removed. After New York, New England was to be overrun, and in North America France and her faith were to be supreme.

Such was the French policy in 1689. Frontenac soon realized that the plan to take New York was visionary. There were nearly twenty thousand Dutch and English in the colony, and he had not half as many people. But he struck hard blows. From the borders of Maine to the heart of New York, French and Indian raiders haunted the outlying English settlements. In Frontenac's first winter three raiding expeditions, one from Montreal, one from Three Rivers, and one from Quebec, set out, and grim terror spread among the English. The raiders all told on their return the same story. They had marched on snow-shoes through the forest and crept

cautiously near the doomed English settlements. Then in the darkness a rush was made. The war-whoop awakened the terrified villagers. The defenders were shot in the light of their burning houses or thrown living into the flames. Women and children were killed in their beds or as they knelt shrieking for mercy. And a few hours later the assailants were on the way back to Canada, carrying many human scalps, dragging a few miserable captives, and boasting of a victory.

3. The English Attack on Quebec.—It was warfare ignoble enough, but now for a long time it swept along the frontiers. In 1690 the English at Boston decided to end the French menace by taking Quebec itself. Their leader, Sir William Phips, one, it is said, of a rough frontier mother's family of twenty-six children, had been a carpenter in Boston. When marriage with a rich wife gave him ease, he turned to a strange adventure. It was known that Spanish treasure-ships had been sunk in the West Indies. Usually efforts to find and recover such treasure proved fruitless. But Phips knew what he was about. He secured aid in England. Himself a bold, strong man, he once put down a mutiny on his ship by attacking the leader with his fists. More than once his search for treasure failed. But in the end he succeeded, and actually secured some three hundred thousand pounds from a sunken Spanish ship. His own share was sixteen thousand pounds. Phips, now a rich man living in Boston, was made the leader in an attack by sea against the French. The little Acadian capital, Port Royal, which Champlain had helped to found, was astounded one day when Phips sailed in and demanded its surrender. He told the inhabitants that they must either take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary or lose their property. He pocketed the silver forks and spoons of the governor, pillaged the church, and then sailed away, leaving a garrison behind.

By the middle of August his squadron had sailed for Quebec, with twenty-two hundred men on a Puritan crusade against a Roman Catholic people. He set out late, and it was mid-October when the startled watchers in Quebec counted thirty-four English ships appearing under spreading sails in the broad Basin. Phips sent ashore an envoy to demand surrender. Frontenac's answer was to take the envoy from his boat before he could reach shore, to blindfold him, and to cause him to be led through streets noisy with the beating of drums and the blowing of trumpets, so as to make a few men appear to be a great garrison. When the bandages of the messenger were removed, he found himself before Frontenac and his officers in the castle of St. Louis. Taking a watch from his pocket, the envoy said that he was ordered to give Quebec an hour to surrender. Frontenac's answer was to order that the man should be hanged, since his leader, Phips, was a pirate and his alleged king, William, was a usurper. When those about the Governor pleaded for mercy, he seemed to yield, and at last he sent away the messenger with the word that he would answer from the mouth of his cannon. Phips, unlike the English sixty years earlier, did not take Quebec. During a week he planned various attacks, but he had come too late in the season. Winter was near, and he had no pilots for the difficult river. Soon he sailed away, and, after much buffeting by the sea, he reached Boston, which mourned over the defeat as a scourge of God.

4. The Success of Frontenac.—For the time New France was not only safe but aggressive. Frontenac had in his service a man whose exploits, had they been in the old world, would have given him wide fame. Charles Le Moyne of Montreal had eleven sons, every one of whom either died young in battle or won distinction. The third son, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, was a sailor, trained in the French navy, but he also

delighted in the rough life of adventure on land. In 1686 he had joined an overland expedition to Hudson Bay to attack the posts established by the Hudson's Bay Company. England and France were then at peace, but this did not matter. The French regarded the English as interlopers, and Louis XIV had ordered that their forts on Hudson Bay should be swept away completely. One hundred men set out in March on snow-shoes from Montreal. Up the Ottawa, past the spot where the capital of Canada now stands, and on over Lakes Temiskaming and Abitibi they marched. When spring came, they had to make canoes to descend by water to Hudson Bay. The English were expecting no attack and deemed themselves alone in those remote solitudes, when suddenly, on a June night in 1687, the French, after their march of six hundred miles, dashed in on the fort at Moose Factory. In a few minutes all was over. The French took in succession all the five posts stretched along Hudson Bay. Iberville sailed to Quebec in an English ship, with a rich cargo of furs as booty.

PIERRE LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE

When open war broke out in 1689, Iberville was a member of the raiding party sent by Frontenac to the heart of New York. Later he overran the English settlements in Newfoundland. He went often to Hudson Bay. In 1697, in his single ship the *Pelican,* he was attacked there by an English squadron of three ships. The cannon echoed over the silent shores of the great

Bay. One English ship fled, one sank, the third Iberville captured; and soon he sailed away to France with an immense booty of furs. Later he founded the French colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. When he died at the age of forty-five, he had not only seen thrilling adventures but had linked Louisiana with Canada. In the annals of the English colonies there is not his like. These colonies were weak because they would not unite. They sowed and reaped, traded, wrangled in their petty politics, and had no thought of the wider policy of empire. Men like Iberville, on the other hand, had plans to win for France the best part of what is now the United States and Canada. Yet in the long run the English were to triumph because, wherever they went, they took root firmly by tilling the soil, while in many places the French only traded in furs and passed on.

It was some years before Frontenac could teach the Iroquois the needed lesson, but in the end his skill did not fail him. The horror at Lachine had happened in 1689. Cruel warfare on both sides, with the massacre by the Iroquois of helpless settlers, then swayed to and fro for years. The Iroquois became the scourge of Canada, and the embittered French sometimes made a public festival of burning Iroquois prisoners; Frontenac himself issued invitations to see an Iroquois roasted; soldiers and civilians of Montreal turned out to the torture of four Iroquois by burning. The French offered bounties for Iroquois or English scalps. When all efforts at peace failed, Frontenac decided, in 1696, to strike a heavy blow. He was now an old man of seventy-six, but still fiery and masterful. His forces gathered at Fort Frontenac, and at last, with some two thousand men, he marched from the south shore of Lake Ontario to smite the most relentless Iroquois tribe, the Onondagas. His strength had failed him so that he could not walk over the hard trail, but fifty of his allied Indian warriors carried him on their shoulders, seated in

a great war canoe. The Onondagas did not wait to fight this crushing force. They burned their chief village and fled. There was nothing for the French to do but to return. But the Iroquois had been humbled, and trade with the interior was soon safe. Yet just at this moment Frontenac seemed to have failed. The clergy had won at Court. He was ordered to permit no traders to go to the savages, who must visit Montreal to trade. Only the missionaries were to live among the Indians. Frontenac did not obey the order. He began to rebuild Fort Frontenac, and he allowed the traders to go on as usual.

The Peace of Ryswick, signed in 1697, settled nothing finally. The Iroquois refused to be bound by it, and not until three years later did they agree to peace. By that time Frontenac was gone. Full of years he died at Quebec in 1698. Checked, as it seemed, by his enemies, he had yet triumphed. Before long France was rebuilding her abandoned posts and founding new ones. At Fort Frontenac and Niagara fluttered again the *fleurs-de-lis*. Detroit was founded, controlling the route from Lake Erie to Lake Huron; Sault Ste. Marie guarded the entrance to Lake Superior, as did Michilimackinac that to Lake Michigan. In the far south New Orleans was soon to become a vital French centre; and there to this day flourish the language and the manners of France. It seemed that the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, the Great Lakes and the far West, the land from Hudson Bay in the north to the Gulf of Mexico in the south—all, all were to be French.

CHAPTER IX

THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF FRENCH RULE

1. The British Conquest of Nova Scotia.— From time to time great rulers have loved to think of themselves as becoming masters of the world. In our own time it was a German Emperor, a century ago it was Napoleon, and two centuries ago it was Louis XIV. Louis had yielded to England's demands that he should not try to put his grandson on the throne of Spain, and that he should recognize William III as lawful king of England. Yet in 1700 Louis put his grandson on the forbidden throne, and a year later, when the deposed James II lay dying, Louis went to his bed-side and there, in pity, as it seems, for fallen greatness, he promised James to acknowledge his son as king of England. This was to flout England, and it meant war. Just at this time William III was killed by a fall from his horse. The dull, good Queen Anne came to the throne, and war began in 1702. William had led his own armies. Those of Anne were led by John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, one of the greatest soldiers whom England has produced. Louis XIV had believed that he could defy England and master Europe. For fifty years his armies had been victorious. But now on many a bloody field Marlborough defeated the armies of France, and Louis lived to rue this, his last war.

The war brought the beginning of the end of France's power in America. No sooner had it broken out than again began horrors on the frontier. In August, 1703, Indians crept in on the village of Wells, in Maine, and butchered or carried off even its women and children.

In February of the following winter, a young member of the Canadian noblesse, Hertel de Rouville, led silently at night on snow-shoes a party which burst in on Deerfield, a village in Massachusetts, killed forty or fifty men, women, and children, and dragged away captive more than a hundred miserable people. This was what Louis XIV's defying of England meant on the frontier of the English colonies, and it stirred resentful passions, which glowed until France's power fell. New York was still a weak English colony, but New England now had traditions stretching back for nearly a hundred years and was ready for a stiff fight. From the pulpits of Boston came fiery denunciations of France, and Boston struck the first effective blow.

The French region known as Acadia included what are now New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. As we have seen, it was at Port Royal in Acadia that, nearly twenty years before the founding of New England, France had begun a colony. This colony English from Virginia had destroyed in 1613. But the French held on in Acadia. It did not matter that the English called the land Nova Scotia, and that James I had granted it to his well-beloved Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, and founded an order of Baronets of Nova Scotia, who were to be the feudal settlers of that domain. France, in the end, held Acadia and made Port Royal its capital. The Acadians were simple farmers, who lived contented, ignorant, and remote from the world. Their farms were scattered over the beautiful district which we now know as the Annapolis Valley. There followed a confused period in Acadia. Two Frenchmen, Charnisay and La Tour, claiming great feudal grants from the French king, engaged in rivalry so acute that it ended in civil war, and, to make matters worse, the English took a hand in the strife. In 1667, however, England admitted France's right to Acadia, and that land settled down to its remote

obscurity. It was the war begun by Louis XIV in 1702 which made it once more prominent and ended its history as a possession of France.

In the year 1708, just after England and Scotland had united to form Great Britain, Marlborough won the great victory of Oudenarde. While London was rejoicing over the victory, a Scot named Samuel Vetch arrived from Boston to urge that, by seizing Canada, a further deadly blow could be struck at France. The idea seemed good, and, with the promise that he should be the first British governor of Canada, Vetch returned to Boston. There was delay, but in 1710 the first step was taken. Port Royal was a den for French privateers, which harried the trade of New England, and now Boston thought it was time to end this menace. Men and ships came from England. The fleet sailed away, and late in September it passed the difficult entrance of what we now know as Digby Basin and was in front of Port Royal. It was of no use for Subercase, the French commander, to fight. The place had been miserably neglected by France, and he declared that he needed a mad-house for the queer people about him in his remote garrison. When the English landed some fourteen hundred men and began to bombard the town, he agreed to surrender and received the honours of war due to a brave foe. Port Royal now became Annapolis, in honour of the British queen, and Vetch was made Governor. The British flag replaced that of France, and at Annapolis it floats still.

2. The British Failure to Conquer Canada.— Annapolis was, however, only a beginning. Canada, too, must fall—a task beyond anything yet attempted. In the summer of 1711, there came to Boston a British fleet, which carried about twelve thousand men, nearly half of them soldiers. Great was the excitement. In command of the soldiers was General "Jack" Hill, brother

of Queen Anne's favourite, Mrs. Masham. In command of the fleet was an admiral little known—Sir Hovenden Walker. By a turn in politics Marlborough was in disgrace, and Hill and Walker were not the type of men whom he would have chosen. At the end of July some seventy ships sailed from Boston with nine men-of-war at their head. Their destination was Quebec. The

Church of Notre Dames des Victoires, Quebec

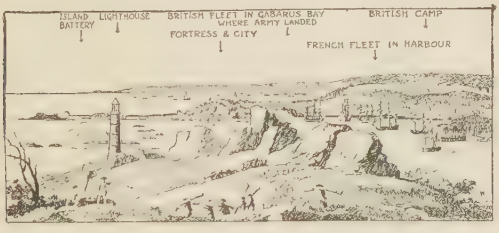
admiral was nervous, for he knew little of the dangerous waters of the St. Lawrence in which he was to sail. He had heard startling accounts of the cold of Canada, of rivers freezing solid to the bottom, of mountains of snow, and of men starving to death in that hard land. The weather proved good, but it took three weeks to

reach a point west of the great island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Trouble began when an east wind with fog blew up, and Walker lost his bearings. He was nearing the north shore when he thought his ships were near the south shore. On the dark night of August 22nd wrong orders were given, so that the ships were headed straight for the shore. Some of them struck the rocky Isle aux Oeufs, and no fewer than eight transports carrying soldiers broke up. The night was made awful with the cries of drowning men. Nearly a thousand perished. This was enough for the timid admiral and the incompetent general. They might still have gone on to Quebec. All the war-ships and eleven thousand soldiers and sailors remained, but the leaders decided to abandon the expedition, and the great fleet scuttled back to England. Not for two months did Quebec learn what had happened. Then the hundreds of dead decaying on the shore of the desolate island revealed the tragedy to some chance visitors. To this day the little church of "Notre Dame des Victoires" at Quebec, so named in thanksgiving for the deliverance, is a monument to the belief that God had saved Canada. Boston, on the other hand, mourned as once more disciplined by a divine chastening.

None the less did the French power now receive a telling blow. Both sides were weary of war. Marlborough's victories had humbled France, and Britain demanded, in America, at any rate, the fruits of victory. France, she declared, must give up all claim to Hudson Bay, to Newfoundland, and to Acadia. To retain Acadia, at least, France struggled hard. But on this question New England was aroused. Already the British flag floated over Annapolis, and New England said that not again should that place harbour the hostile ships which made even a New England fishing-boat insecure when it put to sea. France had to yield, but she did so with the resolve that she would later recover

what now she gave up. The Treaty of Utrecht was signed in 1713. France ceded to Britain her claim to Hudson Bay, to Newfoundland, and to Acadia. But there was a tag to each act of cession. No boundaries were defined for the regions bordering on Hudson Bay, and the door was left open to disputes. In Newfoundland France insisted on retaining her ancient fishing rights—the only thing that gave to her anything there which she valued. She yielded Acadia "according to its ancient limits," but no one quite knew what were these limits, and France was resolved to make them as narrow as possible. Above all, she retained the two large islands off the coast, Saint Jean—now Prince Edward Island—and the island of Cape Breton. This island is separated by only a narrow channel from Nova Scotia, and it commands the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. That Great Britain should, in the hour of her success, have left it to France is strange indeed, for France made it at once even a greater menace to British commerce than had been Port Royal.

3. The French Stronghold of Louisbourg.—France was thus still resolved to master North America. She



LOUISBOURG
From a drawing made on the spot in 1759

held the gateway at Quebec, and she held Cape Breton. Boston had dreaded the raiders from Port Royal, but now had a worse grievance. On Cape Breton France

began to build the great fortress of Louisbourg. It had a spacious harbour, easily defended, and it could be made a terror to the trade routes of the North Atlantic. To-day it lies in ruins because it became such a terror. While it stood, New England did not breathe freely. Upon it France spent vast sums; the very bricks which we see now in its roofless walls were made in France and carried at great cost across the sea. Louisbourg threatened New England. Fort Frontenac threatened the colony of New York. France held the Mississippi, and she claimed the Ohio. She pushed into the North-West and threatened the trade of the English on Hudson Bay. The elements of acute strife were active and menacing. Yet for a long time was there peace. During most of this time England was ruled by Sir Robert Walpole, a bluff squire who hated the loss and carnage of war and cultivated the friendship of France. In the end it was with Spain that war broke out in 1739. France became Spain's ally, and in 1744 joined in the war after thirty-one years of peace.

Early in 1744 Louisbourg had news which led to the quick fitting out of two armed vessels and the hurrying on board of six or seven hundred fighting men. War with Britain had broken out. The ships sailed westward, and a few days later the eighty men in the weak little British fishing-station of Canseau were sternly summoned to surrender. They did not know of the war and were forced to yield, but the French agreed to send them to Boston and meanwhile took them to Louisbourg. There, with eyes and ears alert, the prisoners came to see that Louisbourg was not so strong as it seemed. When they reached Boston they told of strife and even mutiny in the garrison. Shirley, the Governor of Massachusetts, was a man of ideas, and now he resolved to attack Louisbourg. A colonial army under a Maine trader, William Pepperell, was to assault it by land and was to be aided from the sea by a British fleet under

Commodore Warren. New England raised about four thousand men, and they were at sea in transports so early in the spring of 1745 that they had to wait for the ice to break up before they could land near Louisbourg. Then began an amazing siege. The fine weather favoured the attacking army. The New Englanders, chiefly traders and farmers, knew little of the science of war, but they worked with consuming energy, and practice soon made their fire deadly. Their cannon knocked holes in nearly every house in Louisbourg, while off the harbour a British squadron made relief from the sea impossible.

The result was that, after a siege lasting for seven weeks, Louisbourg surrendered. New England was both proud and bitter, proud of a signal success, bitter at the French for outrages committed by their Indian allies and for the harrying of New England trade. The colonies were, therefore, resolved that never again should the French flag float over the fortress. But float there again it did. France tried to retake Louisbourg. About half the French fleet sailed for America in 1746, but it met with a succession of disasters. Lightning struck several ships; later the powder magazine on the *Mars* blew up and shattered that ship; a deadly pestilence broke out, which killed nearly three thousand men; the chief admiral died suddenly; his successor committed suicide; and the man who succeeded him was later taken prisoner by the British. Sailing back to France, the fleet was scattered by terrific storms, and only a remnant reached port. Louisbourg seemed safe in the hands of its captors. But in far India France took and held Madras. Thus it happened that, when peace was talked of, France offered to exchange Madras for Louisbourg. This offer, in the end, Britain accepted by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed in 1748. The French flag came down at Madras and again went up at Louisbourg.

Great was the anger of the New Englanders. They cared nothing for Madras ; yet to save that place for England, the old menace from Louisbourg to their trade was restored. Britain, they said, had betrayed them, and that cry was an ominous portent of the later cleavage of the American Revolution.

CHAPTER X

THE END OF FRENCH RULE.

1. The Last Struggle for Canada.—An indecisive peace is dangerous, for it causes each side to believe that, with only a little more effort, it might have won, and it fosters the desire to try again. Britain lost no time in showing that she intended to tighten her grip on Nova Scotia. She resolved to build a fortress which should rival Louisbourg. Peace was made in 1748. In the summer of the next year a British squadron anchored in what we know as Halifax Harbour. Hitherto the chief inhabitants of Nova Scotia, called by the French Acadia, were the French settlers. Now this squadron brought British soldiers and settlers with their wives and families. Britain was at last settling Nova Scotia with British people. The new-comers were charmed with the spacious harbour, capable of holding the fleets of the world. Vast quantities of stores were landed on the beach. Soon the trees of the encircling forest were falling under the axe, and there followed the hewing of timbers and the movement and bustle of building. Sites for houses were allotted, and before winter came the semblance of a town had been created. Lurking Micmac Indians watched the amazing work, and many an incautious settler was waylaid and scalped by these allies of France. But Halifax had been begun, and from that day it has been the unconquerable British stronghold of the North Atlantic under the same proud flag which floated over it on the day of its founding. The French well understood that it was a challenge to Louisbourg.

At almost the moment when Halifax was begun, an expedition set out from Montreal to assist France's claim to the whole West. She held the region about the Great Lakes, she held the Mississippi, but her hold on the Ohio was doubtful. The two English colonies, Virginia and Pennsylvania, claimed lands watered by that river. So

THE FOUNDING OF HALIFAX

now France decided to end all doubt. A company of about two hundred men passed from Lake Erie to the upper waters of the Ohio, saying to all who heard that the Ohio and its bordering lands belonged to the French. The Indians, so ran the boastful talk, could no more stop this than could flies or mosquitoes. The French would come in numbers as the sand of the sea-shore. Soon the French were building forts to secure the Ohio country. When news of these doings reached Virginia, the annoyance and alarm were great. Dinwiddie, the Lieu-

tenant-Governor, a rugged Scot, chose the best man he could find to warn the French that armed forces from Canada must not invade the Ohio country. The man was a young Virginia colonel named George Washington, in time to be much heard of in the world. The French brushed his protests aside, took him prisoner, and sent him back to Virginia. In the spring of 1754, five or six hundred men from Canada built, where now stands the great city of Pittsburgh, Fort Duquesne, so named in honour of the Governor of Canada. France was taking her last decisive step to shut in the English to a strip of the Atlantic coast.

All this meant war between France and Britain. Neither, however, wished to be the first to declare war. Each delayed in order to secure allies in Europe, and war began long before war was declared. The summer of 1755 saw active warfare from Halifax to the Ohio, though each side still protested an eager desire for peace. In the Ohio country, when General Braddock, with an army fresh from England, marched on Fort Duquesne, he was attacked in the forest and killed. George Washington rallied the forlorn remnants of his force and led them back to Virginia. This success of the French won them the support of the Indians in the west, and from the Ohio to the Saskatchewan the star of France was in the ascendant. Two months later in the east, on the borders of Lake George, French and English had an all-day battle with losses of some two hundred on each side. The Iroquois fought with the English, and when Dieskau, the French commander, was taken prisoner, only with difficulty did the English keep their allies from boiling and eating him. On the high seas Admiral Boscawen, with a strong squadron, attacked French ships trying to reach Canada. At Halifax a deadly pestilence carried off many of his men, and he lost two thousand before he reached England. And all this still in a time of supposed peace.

2. The Expulsion of the Acadians.—Long before, in the time of Frontenac, the French had planned to occupy New York and to deport its inhabitants. Now the turn of the English had come to do a similar thing. The Acadians in Nova Scotia, speaking French, Roman Catholics to a man, would, in any case, have had little in common with the Protestant English, and they had been stirred up to angry hostility. Paid agents of France were among them, telling them that the British would soon be driven from Acadia, and that they must not swear allegiance to George II. The Abbé Le Loutre, missionary to the Micmac Indians, told both them and the Acadians that not only their perishable bodies but also their immortal souls would be in danger if they should accept the rule of the British heretics. The French paid money to the Indians for every English scalp taken to Louisbourg. They declared that the Acadia ceded to Britain ended at the narrow isthmus which cuts off the peninsula of Nova Scotia from what is now New Brunswick, and dared the British to go beyond it. When, in 1750, the British occupied the little village of Beaubassin at the isthmus, Le Loutre set fire with his own hands to the village church and forced the Acadians to burn their houses and take refuge with the French.

Thus in 1755, when the grip of war was tightening on the two nations, the British had to consider what to do about the Acadians. Ten years earlier these had aided the French. They still claimed the right to be at least neutral and refused to take a full oath of allegiance to George II. A stern and hard decision was reached at Halifax. That place, in fear of attack from the sea by a French fleet, dreaded having hostile Acadians in its rear on land. Louisbourg was still stronger than Halifax, and a hard fight was certain. Lawrence, the Governor, was nervous. From London he was told to be moderate and tactful, but the danger, he thought, re-

quired extreme measures. Thus it came about that on the Acadians, the dupes of Le Loutre, a terrible blow now fell. At Grand Pré, near Annapolis, the Acadians in the neighbourhood were ordered to come to the church on the 5th of September. Then the dread decision was announced; their farms were forfeited, and they themselves were to be deported. Ship-load by ship-load they were sent away, it scarcely mattered where, so long as they left Nova Scotia. To points in the various English colonies, to England, and to France, were carried the miserable exiles. Many died, most sank into hopeless poverty, and their sufferings form a bitter memory.

3. The Victories of Montcalm.—The expected declaration of war followed in 1756, and both sides prepared for the final struggle. France was happy in having a leader of genius. The Marquis de Montcalm belonged to the old nobility of France. He was now forty-four, a devout churchman and an experienced soldier who had seen many campaigns in Europe. He had courtly manners and tastes for reading and country life. Early in 1756 he arrived at Quebec. His task was difficult. The British in America outnumbered the French twenty to one. The weakness of the British was that they had no unity; one colony was jealous of another, and each thought mostly of its own safety. France had a union apparently complete. Yet, as Montcalm soon found, something was lacking. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the Governor, was Canadian-born and jealous of leaders from France. He was a vain busybody, who yet had supreme authority; for the General was subject to orders from the Governor.

Montcalm's plans were thwarted by this well-meaning but foolish man. Vaudreuil believed that he alone had the tact and skill to inspire the Canadians to fight, and that he alone could control their Indian allies. The western tribes rallied to the French side and flocked in

thousands to Montreal. But each tribe considered itself an independent nation, free to obey or to disobey Montcalm's orders. He came to feel an intense disgust for the coarse savages, with their painted faces, their half-naked bodies draped with dirty skins, their barbarous methods in war, which involved the scalping of living and dead and the massacre of prisoners, followed by the eating of their bodies. Vaudreuil, hardened to such things by long familiarity, condemned the refined aloofness of Montcalm and thought to make sure of the Indians by permitting savage license.

THE MARQUIS DE MONTCALM

Within a short time Montcalm gained victories which made his name a household word not only in America but also in Europe. He had that best quality of a general —the alertness which took nothing for granted and led him to look after everything relating to the efficiency and the comfort of his men—their arms, their clothing, their food. In August, 1756, by rapid and secret action he surprised the British at Oswego and took sixteen hundred prisoners. Vaudreuil said that the success was due to his own skilful foresight, and boasted that the victory made the Indians secure allies. In the next year Montcalm made a bold advance into the heart of the colony of New York and captured Fort William Henry at the head of Lake George. After the English had surrendered, the Indians butchered more than fifty prisoners and hurried homeward with two hundred others, whom

they intended to torture and kill at leisure. We have a terrible picture of them sitting around a camp-fire, roasting on long sticks the flesh of an Englishman, and then eating it. At Montreal they boiled and ate an Englishman, with the whole town looking on, and also compelled some of his fellow-prisoners to partake of this horrid food. In the next year, 1758, Montcalm won his third great victory. With fewer than four thousand men he lay at Ticonderoga, between Lake George and Lake Champlain, when the British general, Abercrombie, a leader, as was said at the time, "infirm in body and in mind," attacked him with fifteen thousand men and was driven off with the loss of two thousand.

4. The Revival of British Efforts under Pitt.— Assuredly the war was not going well for Britain, and of this the nation became keenly aware. It knew, too, that its politics were corrupt. Now, in their need, the British people turned to a man whom they trusted fully. William Pitt had many faults, but every one felt that he loved his country and that no one could corrupt him. In 1757 he became Secretary of State for War. Honourable war, as he said, he loved. He had been a soldier, and he knew how a campaign should be carried on. His fierce energy and the astounding vigour of his speeches made him a terror to slackness and stupidity. Hitherto generals had been chosen by favour. Pitt chose them for competence. Younger

Sir Jeffrey Amherst

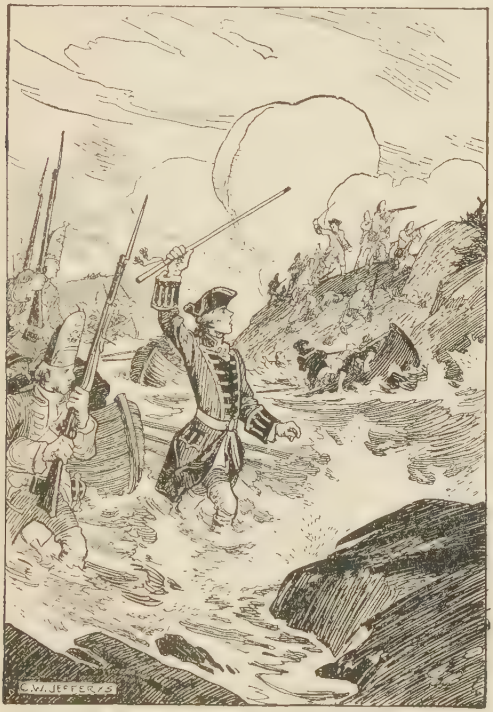
men suddenly came to the top. General Amherst, just past forty, was made Commander-in-Chief in America, and his second in command was James Wolfe, aged thirty. In May, 1758, there was an animated scene in the harbour of Halifax. Forty war-ships and scores of transports were there with an army of twenty thousand men—the greatest yet seen in America. Nearly twelve thousand of them were British regulars, and most of the rest were raised in America. When this great array sailed for Louisbourg, that place was doomed. The defenders fought well, but the fortress fell at the end of August, and the English took six thousand prisoners. In due time they destroyed Louisbourg utter-

RUINS OF THE FORTRESS OF LOUISBOURG AS THEY APPEAR AT THE PRESENT DAY

ly, and to this day it remains in ruins. In 1758 there was a similar story in other quarters. In August Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, fell to the British; in November Fort Duquesne in the Ohio country. All that remained to France was the St. Lawrence region, with Quebec and Montreal as its keys.

Montcalm's successes had not blinded him to the gravity of his position. He spent the winter of 1758 at Quebec, content to be far from Vaudreuil, who remained at Montreal. Those were Quebec's last days under French rule, and Montcalm saw much to disquiet him.

He was a lonely man, far from his family and his loved Château of Candiac, and months passed without any news. At Quebec he found the society of cultivated women, and this he enjoyed. But there was another type of society, lavishly ostentatious, from which, after

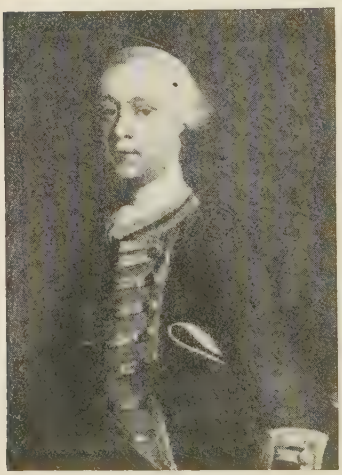


THE LANDING OF WOLFE AT LOUISBOURG IN 1758

a time, he withdrew. The gambling was furious, and some of his officers were being ruined. When he looked deeper he saw something worse—gross and startling corruption. Men with small official incomes were able to live extravagantly and to play for large sums. Their

leader was the Intendant, François Bigot, in whose hands was the civil government of Canada. He had polished manners; he was clever and agreeable; above all, he was competent. Montcalm liked him, but he came to understand that this man, over whom he had no control, was carrying out a gigantic system of plunder. He was robbing government stores, drawing pay fraudulently for scores of people who rendered no service, getting extravagant prices for contracts given to his accomplices, and issuing paper money, for which France was liable, to secure commodities used chiefly for his own profit. All the time he was able to deceive his superior, the fussy Vaudreuil, and Montcalm could do nothing.

5. Wolfe's Victory at Quebec.—A deadly peril was now coming from the sea. In June, 1759, the greatest fleet hitherto seen in American waters was steering a careful course up the St. Lawrence. There were forty-nine men-of-war and more than two hundred other ships, and they carried about thirty thousand men. The great array spread out for miles, and we can imagine the wonder and alarm in the Canadian villages as this mighty armada, under its snowy sails, filed slowly up the river in full view. The British had a far-reaching plan. Three forces were to invade Canada; one under Amherst against Montreal, by way of Lake Champlain; a second

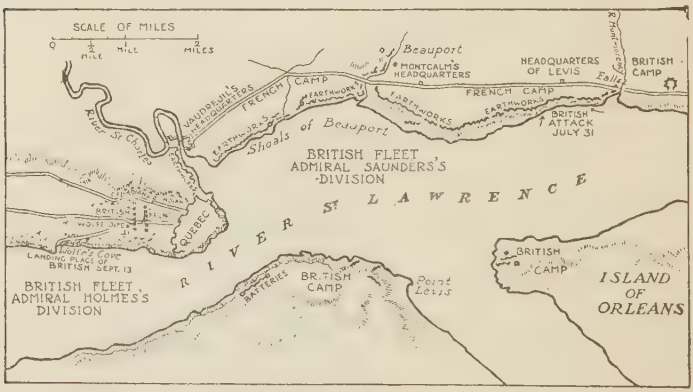


General Wolfe

by way of the Upper St. Lawrence; the third, this great force, was to assault Quebec. Admiral Saunders was in command of the fleet, young General Wolfe led the army and confronted Montcalm. History has linked the names of Wolfe and Montcalm in permanent union. Wolfe was the younger by fifteen years, and his tall, spare form, wasted by disease, stands in vivid contrast with that of his smaller but vigorous rival. Yet were the two men alike. Both were deeply learned in military science, both were skilled and tactful leaders. Genius was pitted against genius. Montcalm defended while Wolfe attacked. Montcalm had forces much inferior, many of them so ill-trained that Wolfe derided them: "Five feeble French battalions mixed with undisciplined peasants," he said, but led by a "cautious and wily old fox," who knew better than to offer open battle.

The two leaders played skilfully the great game of war. Wolfe, Montcalm decided, might land his army anywhere he liked, except on the north shore near Quebec, where an assault might quickly shatter the feeble defences. Wolfe landed part of his army on the island of Orleans five miles across the Basin of Quebec, but that did him no good. He landed an army on the north shore seven miles east of Quebec, but could not advance on the city past the great gorge of the Montmorency River. He tried a frontal attack on the Beauport shore two or three miles east of the city, but was driven off with heavy loss. He landed an army at Point Lévis opposite Quebec, and from there shattered the houses of the town with his cannon. But Montcalm held on amid the ruin, and Wolfe was beaten if he could not enter Quebec. When September came he was almost in despair, for the fleet must soon get out of a river which would be ice-bound in winter. At last a bold ruse succeeded. Part of the fleet, laden with soldiers, sailed up for miles past Quebec. On the night of September 12th,

the remaining ships kept up a furious fire on Montcalm's lines below Quebec, as if a landing there was imminent. Meanwhile, with his army in small boats, Wolfe was floating silently down the river close to the shore. A mile above Quebec, at what is now Wolfe's Cove, there was a quick landing, a dash by the path up the cliff, an overpowering of the weak guard, and then, in the dim gray light of the morning of September 13th, some five thousand men in red coats, a long, thin line, were drawn up, with the walls of Quebec only a mile away across the Plains of Abraham.



THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC

The thing had come which Montcalm had dreaded. Wolfe's army was there ready for an assault on the town, and Montcalm preferred to meet him before rather than behind the feeble walls. He brought up his forces from the Beauport shore, and before ten o'clock his line faced the British line stretching across the plain. The issue was decided in fifteen minutes. Wolfe's men held their fire until they were only forty yards from the French. Then there was a shattering volley and a bayonet charge. The French broke and fled. The brief struggle was costly. Wolfe lay dying on the field, and

Montcalm, carried back to Quebec, died before the morning. There are few scenes more pathetic than those of the day after the battle. On a man-of-war lay the body of Wolfe, in the first stage of its sad journey to the grave in England. In Quebec a sorrowing crowd filled the Ursuline Chapel, where was laid to rest the body of Montcalm in a grave made in part by the explosion of a bomb-shell.

6. The Fall of French Power in Canada.—After four days Quebec surrendered, and with Quebec really

THE BRITISH ARMY AT DAWN CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS ABOVE WOLFE'S COVE

fell Canada. The war dragged on for a year. The British fleet sailed away, and the garrison at Quebec under General Murray faced a terrible winter, for they had not learned how to take the Canadian climate.

Disease, the old, fatal scurvy, broke out, and many hundreds of British soldiers were laid away in the soil of Canada, silent witnesses of the cost of victory. As spring came, the Chevalier de Lévis, the successor of Montcalm, descended from Montreal to attack Quebec, precisely as Wolfe had attacked it, and Murray fought, precisely as Montcalm had fought. He led his army to

MONTCALM, WOUNDED, ENTERING QUEBEC BY THE ST. LOUIS GATE

fight outside the walls, and on April 28, 1760, in the battle of Sainte Foy, he was beaten as Montcalm had been beaten. But Quebec did not surrender. When the ice blocking the river broke up, the British fleet returned to Quebec, and then New France was doomed. The French retreated to Montreal, and on that place the Eng-

lish closed in. Slow, deliberate Amherst had lingered too long on Lake Champlain in the previous year. Now he brought his army down the St. Lawrence from Oswego; Murray took his army up the St. Lawrence from Quebec; and a third army advanced by way of Lake Champlain. Early in September the three armies were united before Montreal.

The Chevalier de Lévis had now fewer than three thousand fighting men. The British had more than

Wolfe's Monument and the Plains of Abraham

twenty thousand. To surrender was the only possible course for the French. On one point Amherst was inflexible. The outrages by the savages on the French side had stirred his deep anger, and for the outrages he held the French army responsible. He had, he said, so restrained his own Indians that they had committed not one lawless act. Now, because of the barbarities of the

Indian allies of the French, he refused the honours of war to the defeated army, and also required its members to agree not to serve again during the war, though he was willing to carry them back to France. On other points Amherst was generous. The French in Canada, he promised, should never be deported as had been the Acadians; they should have the right to retain their property and to engage in trade; they should have full liberty for their religion; but they must become loyal subjects of the British king. These terms the Governor, Vaudreuil, accepted, and on September 8th, 1760, all that France had in Canada was ceded to Britain. One by one the French battalions marched to the appointed place and laid down their arms. A few days later the weaponless soldiers were embarked in British ships and sailed away to France. Canada had become a British land, a fact confirmed by the Treaty of Paris, signed in 1763.

CHAPTER XI

THE FRENCH IN CANADA UNDER BRITISH RULE

1. The Conspiracy of Pontiac.—To the French gentleman in Canada, steeped in the traditions of France, it must have been a strange experience to find himself by a turn of fortune a subject of the British king. For a few, possibly half, the change was too much, and they returned to France. But the habitant remained. Not for him, poor and ignorant, was there a migration across the sea because France's cause was lost in America. His spirits were not greatly affected by the change. He longed for peace. While France ruled he had had many years of war; led by the captain of militia of his village, he had been called away to fight. It was perhaps a century since his ancestors had come from France. He had no direct ties with the home land of his race. He was Canadian and Canadian only. During the war it was the gossip of the camp that Vaudreuil, the Governor, a Canadian, and Montcalm, the General, a Frenchman, had quarrelled. The habitant was likely to take sides with his countryman, the Governor. The Canadian officers, he knew, resented the airs of superiority of the officers from France. She had proved rather a step-mother than a mother, and now, when her power had fallen, and the British were without a rival, he could at any rate have peace under the new regime. It was thus not long before the habitant tilled his farm and smoked his pipe with content under British rule. He was freer than ever he had been before. There was no longer the corrupt Intendant, Bigot, to plunder him.

If the French were content under British rule the western Indians were not. Quebec had no sooner fallen than a British officer, Major Rogers, with a small company of soldiers, was sent to the interior to take over the French posts and to make prisoners of the French garrisons. Late in the autumn of 1760, Rogers arrived at Detroit with some two hundred men. At first the French commander would not believe that the cause of France was lost, and he showed fight, but he was convinced by written instructions from Vaudreuil. There were some settlers along the river and a good many Indians near the fort. Soon strange things happened. One day the French flag over the fort came down, and the British flag went up. The small French garrison marched out, and the British marched in. Then the French soldiers entered boats and soon disappeared down the river on the long journey to the coast and from there to France. The French had gone; the British had come; and to the Indians the change was unwelcome.

The recent war had revealed to the Indians the English as stern. Amherst would not tolerate the slightest disorder on the part of his Indians; but the French had been more indulgent. The Indians were allies of France, not subjects, and were accustomed to be coaxed and humoured. Annually the French king had sent them presents, which they had come to look upon as a kind of rental for the soil owned by them, but which, as they said, they permitted the French to use. Would the British recognize any such claim? At first the Indians were hopeful, and had visions of rivers of rum to drink, of cheap British muskets, and of rich presents from a new and bountiful king. But soon the outlook was not promising. Within a year after the fall of Montreal, the English were masters of all the French posts. They were not so ready as the French had been to fraternize with the Indians and to speak their language. They seemed cold, reserved, and sus-

picious. Indians loafing idly round the posts were told roughly to get out. The hoped-for presents from the British king were not forthcoming. Now there were more soldiers at the posts than had been kept under French rule. The British demanded angrily from the savages the return of British prisoners still held captive. There was the note of mastery, and out of Indian resentment came the conspiracy of Pontiac.

He was a chief of the Ottawa tribe and lived near Detroit. By sheer ability he had made himself a leader. There were statesmen in the forest as there were statesmen in the capitals of Europe. The methods of the forest were savage. Pontiac's policy was to pledge the tribes to destroy the British, but at the same time to profess devoted friendship to them, to gather warriors near each fort, and suddenly, when the British were off their guard, to massacre them and restore the old status of the tribes as allies of the French. The land beyond the Mississippi France still claimed. It had not been ceded to Britain, and there French traders were still active; France, they assured the Indians, would soon come back greater than ever, and the arrogant English would disappear. All through the west ran the whispered plotting. When peace between France and Britain was signed in 1763, George III became sovereign of the vast region from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and Pontiac and his fellow conspirators were vowing that never would they accept the mastery of haughty Britain. The land was not hers but theirs.

The storm broke in 1763, and all through the west ran furious massacre. Alexander Henry, a fur-trader from New Jersey, had lost no time after the fall of Montreal, for, in the next year, he was taking laden canoes to the west by the route up the Ottawa, which for many generations had been used by the French traders. He was at Michilimackinac when the bloodshed

began; and there he saw with his own eyes horrible Indian treachery and massacre. One day the chiefs invited the British at the fort to watch a match between two tribes at the Indian game of lacrosse. The match was outside the fort. Near the gates hovered Indian onlookers, some of them squaws, well wrapped up in flowing blankets. The players on both sides in the exciting game gradually edged up to the gate. Suddenly the ball was thrown over the palisade into the fort. The Indians grabbed the weapons concealed under the blankets of the onlookers, and a hideous massacre of the British followed. Only by great tact did Henry manage to save his own life.

Similar incidents happened elsewhere. At Detroit, the Indians, led by Pontiac, made a determined effort. But they were confronted by an able officer, Major Gladwyn, who, in some secret way, managed to know what they were plotting. Pontiac, with treachery in his mind, came by agreement on a certain day for a friendly conference within the fort. Gladwyn was on his guard. He knew that among Pontiac's followers there had been much filing off of the long barrels of their weapons, and that each warrior carried a shortened musket. At the fort on the appointed day Pontiac found guards stationed everywhere. When he asked the meaning of this, Gladwyn charged him with his intended treachery and defied him. Pontiac went away, still with murder in his heart. Soon Detroit was surrounded by the savages. They murdered Gladwyn's agents who went out to treat with them. Help was slow in coming. For nearly a year Gladwyn held on and so suffered from lack of food that destruction seemed at times to be inevitable. When, at last, rescue came, the savages professed a change of heart and were anxious to be received as friends. Pontiac himself, who had dreamed of checking the might of Britain, was treacherously murdered by one of his own people.

2. General James Murray and the Trading Class.— At Quebec, meanwhile, the British were facing the task of governing Canada. The first Governor was General James Murray. All the people living in Canada were French, except the soldiers, and the traders who had flocked into the country, chiefly from the English colonies, in the hope of rich rewards in the new territory. These colonists had lived where the trader was the most important person and had taken their part in the work of government. But now at Quebec they found themselves despised. Murray belonged to an ancient Scottish family, and he had the contempt of the aristocrat of his time for the trading classes. He regarded himself as the protector of a conquered people, whom he liked much better than he liked vulgar traders from the colonies. These had, for generations, looked upon the French in Canada as enemies, and now they were full of the pride and passion of victors. Canada, they cried, was at last under British rule, and its destiny should be placed in the hands of the British new-comers. The French had lost and must pay the penalty.

General James Murray

Canada had only recently secured its first newspaper. During the whole of the French period, there was no printing-press except, possibly, one used for printing paper money. In 1764 began, however, the Quebec *Gazette,* continued to this day under the changed name of *The Chronicle.* It pledged itself in impressive capitals, to the support of Liberty, Virtue, and Morality, and

to avoid Party Prejudice and Private Scandal. Not for forty years still did the French element have a newspaper in their own language, and then, when *Le Canadien* appeared, the English thought it a sign of disloyalty and rebellion. To Murray the traders said that they had always been accustomed to have a legislature which made their laws, and they demanded that one should now be set up in Canada. When Murray asked them whether the French, who outnumbered them by fifty to one, should hold office, the answer was an emphatic "No." Roman Catholics had no votes either in England or in New England. Why should they help to rule in Canada? Murray pointed out the absurdity of letting a few new-comers control the country, and exhausted his adjectives in denouncing the traders as the most licentious and immoral people in all the word. They retorted in kind, and asked him why he favoured a conquered people, the recent enemies of his nation? As to character, why did he go so little to church and how did he spend his Sundays?

Canada had, in truth, been conquered by the soldiers, not by the traders, and, during the four years after the surrender in 1760, the soldier ruled the country. In many cases soldiers were quartered in private houses. It seems as if the soldier is popular only when there is fighting to be done to save the state. The bodies of some thousands of British soldiers lay rotting in the soil of Canada; during the conspiracy of Pontiac many scores of soldiers had died, often after cruel tortures by the savages. But the Quebec traders hated the soldier. Murray's tone of contempt for the traders had been echoed by his officers, who were often unwelcome intruders in the houses where they were billeted. The rule of the soldier could not last for ever, and, in 1763, the British government issued a Proclamation under which military rule was ended in Canada. Then Murray be-

came civil Governor, though he still held the military command at Quebec. Soon the civil magistrates were inflicting heavy penalties upon soldiers charged before them with disorder. A bitter magistrate at Montreal, named Walker, had been waiting for his chance. As the law stood, a soldier might not be quartered in the house of a magistrate. A certain Captain Payne was billeted in a house where a magistrate lodged, though he was not the householder. For insisting on his claim, Payne was thrown into gaol by Walker's order. Payne's fellow-officers were furious. One night armed men entered Walker's house in Montreal and in the scuffle cut off his ear. He claimed that they intended to kill him, and that they left him for dead. Great was the outcry. Every soldier was apt to be regarded as a robber, and, if he entered a shop, to have a pistol pointed at him. Though arrests were made, the Walker outrage remains a mystery to this day. The furious quarrel between soldier and civilian spread far, and years later we hear echoes of it both in England and in the English colonies.

3. The Concessions of the Quebec Act to the French.—Until 1766, Murray, impulsive, hot-tempered, generous, carried on the government; but the trading element had gained a point, when, at their demand, he was recalled to England in 1766. Then Guy Carleton took charge, and in 1768 he was made Governor. He played a great part in the history of Canada. He had fought with Wolfe and had been his intimate friend. This Irishman had lived in a country where the majority were not of his Protestant faith, and he had learned to be tolerant. Like Murray, he showed great sympathy for the conquered French. At the time, it was believed that kindness would induce them even to turn from the Church of Rome to the Church of England. Carleton was stiff and formal. There is no evidence that he was a very able man. But he was an honest man, who had

a high sense of duty and knew his own mind. The politics of England at that time were corrupt. In many cases offices went to unworthy men because they had been useful tools in the game of politics. Some officials of a bad type were sent out to Canada, and they were guilty of extortion from the Canadians, dazed under a new ruler. Carleton himself set a high example. There was, he said, "a certain appearance of dirt, a sort of meanness, in exacting fees on every occasion," and so he cut off all his own fees—an act which had a very startling effect in the official world. Like Murray, he flouted the idea that the affairs of Canada should be handed over to an assembly in which sat only men British by birth and Protestant in faith. He, too, hated democracy, and he despised traders as an inferior class. Government, he said, was no affair of theirs: "Let them stick to their shops." Rarely, indeed, was a trader invited to the table of the stately general. His merit was that he proved a just man. Soon he made up his mind that, since Britain held America as far south as Florida, British settlers would prefer a climate softer than the Canadian, and that only the French inhabitants would be likely to remain in Canada.

Sir Guy Carleton
Lord Dorchester

Carleton's policy, therefore, was to give the French as much consideration as possible. Little of it had been theirs under France; now, if treated wisely, they would, he thought, be loyal subjects of King George. They had been disarmed, and they were sick of war. Since re-

newed war was probable only if France tried to regain her power, they were not likely to encourage that design. Under France they had been obliged to accept paper money almost worthless; under the British they received, for what they sold, silver and gold, and this was a solid argument in favour of the new rulers. Carleton was keen to make the French contented and happy. He had been in England for some time, giving counsel to the government, when, in 1774, Parliament passed the Quebec Act, which seemed to effect all that he desired.

The measure was generous to the French. There were disputes as to whether Canada was still under French law or under the English law of the conqueror. The Act declared that the French civil law should remain. This meant that the seigniors held their lands under the old feudal rights. The French criminal law was abolished, since it was harsh and permitted cruel punishments. Now Canada came under the English criminal law, which forbade torture, and allowed an accused man to be tried by a jury of his fellow-citizens. All this favoured mercy. To the church were continued the rights which France had conceded. The priest could collect his tithe. Money voted in a parish for church buildings could be levied, like a tax for a school, on all the parishioners. For a long time the fur-traders going into the interior had been subject to the government at Quebec, and now the whole region north of the Ohio, as far west as the Mississippi, was added to the Province of Quebec. No legislature was to be set up. The French knew and cared little about the right to vote, and to give it to the English alone would have been unjust.

Such was the Quebec Act. It aroused opposition in many quarters. The English colonies did not like it. They were Protestant; this Act, they said, made the Roman Catholic Church so powerful as to be a danger

to them. They had quarrelled among themselves for the ownership of the lands north of the Ohio; this Act annexed them to Canada. They clung to the right of their people to vote, and to the power of their legislatures; this Act yielded nothing of the kind in Canada; and agitators in the English colonies were saying that the next step would be to take away their own self-government. Already feeling ran high about Britain's claim to tax the colonies, and the American Revolution was near. It is not clear that the Canadian habitant had any enthusiasm for the Act. He had been exulting in a new freedom from the rights of seignior and priest. Now he found restored the old land system and the church's power to tax him whether he wished or not to pay. The English traders disliked the Act, because it seemed to hand Canada back again to the French. It entrenched in Canada the language, the religion, the laws of France. There was much grumbling in the warehouses of Quebec and Montreal at soft kindness to a conquered enemy.

From the day of the passing of the Act there has been no doubt of this at least, that French Canada, become, by a turn of fortune, a British colony, would preserve its French character. To this day the Canada settled by France remains French, with the English-speaking element in the minority. English is not often heard in the Legislature which sits at Quebec. The laws of Quebec, alone of Canadian Provinces, are still modelled on those, not of England, but of France. Religion in Quebec is what it was in France when that land was still the devout daughter of the Church of Rome. Nearly two million people in Canada of French origin still cling with enduring tenacity to the language, the laws, and the religion which were learned from France. They remain a nation within a nation. But this is not really the fruit of the Quebec Act. It was inevitable. No force known to man could have compelled the conquered people to

abandon their religion or their language. If they had been bullied and coerced, they would only have clung the more tenaciously to these things. They might have been driven from their homes and scattered far, as were the Acadians, and as Louis XIV would have scattered the English in New York. But this would have violated solemn pledges given by Great Britain. The truth is that France had planted in the valley of the St. Lawrence seeds of her own social life, and there the fruit flourishes to this day.

CHAPTER XII

SIR GUY CARLETON CONFRONTS THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

1. The Outbreak of Revolution in the English Colonies.—The Quebec Act, which aimed to make the French-Canadians content, might well have begun a peaceful era in Canada. Carleton returned to Quebec at the end of the year 1774. He was now to be Governor of a vast territory extending as far west as to the Mississippi, and to be in command of all the forces in this region. While in England the elderly bachelor had proposed to Lady Anne Howard, daughter of the Earl of Effingham, but she had refused his offer, since she was in love with Carleton's nephew. With tears she told her younger sister Maria, then only eighteen, that she had rejected "the best man on earth," and Lady Maria's comment was: "The more fool you. I only wish he had given me the chance." The remark reached Carleton's ears, and the younger sister accepted him when he proposed. This small girlish figure, erect and dignified, became the centre of a little court at Quebec, the first vice-regal court in British Canada graced by the Governor's wife. Lady Maria had seen much of the French Court at Versailles, and the French in Canada were pleased with one who knew so intimately French ways. She insisted on regal ceremony at Quebec.

On the first day of May, 1775, the Quebec Act came into force. That morning early risers in Montreal saw a startling thing. The statue of George III was found daubed all over with black. Around the king's neck was hung a necklace of potatoes and a cross. And there, in

French, for every one to read, was the inscription: "Behold the Pope of Canada and the English fool." What did this attack on the king mean? In truth, it meant the most serious crisis which the British Empire had ever faced, years of civil strife, the invasion of Canada by men of English blood and English speech, the overrunning of a great part of Canada by hostile armies, the capture of Montreal, the prolonged siege of Quebec. It meant that Carleton himself should be for a time a fugitive, that habitants whom he had befriended should fail him, and that the one thing which he could do was to hold on, never to think of yielding, and, in the end, to win success by sheer tenacity of purpose. The defilement of the statue of the king meant the coming of the American Revolution and the creation of the republic of the United States.

Trouble with the English colonies had long been brewing. For ten years the British government had been met in Parliament by the insistence on lower taxation. The war in which France had lost Canada had resulted in a heavy British debt, and the British land-owners, paying taxes chiefly out of their income from land, demanded relief. An army was still kept in the English colonies. Why, it was asked, should these colonies not help to pay for it? They had greatly benefited by a war which had removed from them the menace of France. The colonies were asked to help, but they did nothing. Then, after a pause, the British Parliament took action. In 1765 it passed the Stamp Act, which made stamps on business papers in the colonies necessary, just as a stamp is now necessary to make a cheque valid. The money for the stamps was to be collected by British officials in each of the colonies, and was to be used to pay a part of the cost of the British army in America. It was fair that the colonies should play the man and pay for their defence; but they flamed up in anger at being taxed

by any authority other than that of their own legislatures. In face of this anger the British Parliament quickly repealed the Stamp Act. But the landed classes in England still clamoured for relief and insisted that the colonies should do something. Accordingly, the plan of taxing them was again tried, and in 1767 Britain undertook to collect in colonial ports a duty on paints, glass, tea, and a few other things. Again, when the anger in the colonies was acute, the taxes were removed, but that on tea was left, to assert the right of the British Parliament. When, however, in 1773, great quantities of tea were sent to American ports, the ships were not allowed to land their cargoes. No one, said the colonists, should pay a duty on tea levied by Great Britain. At Boston the tea was simply tossed into the sea. This made Britain angry. She closed Boston harbour and thus ruined its trade; she sent there ships and soldiers. The colonists, for their part, tried to organize the continent to meet what they denounced as outrageous tyranny, and in 1774 the first Continental Congress met at Philadelphia.

Soon there was bloodshed. General Gage, who had served in Canada, was in command of the British forces at Boston. The colonists were collecting arms at Concord, some sixteen miles away, and on the evening of April 18th, 1775, Gage sent eight hundred men to march secretly by night and arrest two agitators, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and to seize the arms at Concord. The march was not secret, for messengers from Boston aroused the country; and when, in the early morning, the troops reached the village of Lexington, near Concord, they found that Hancock and Adams had fled, and they saw there on the village green sixty or seventy armed farmers, barring the way to Concord. When these refused to disperse, the British fired and killed eight and wounded nine. As the British column was on its way back to Boston, it was attacked from behind trees and buildings. Nearly one hundred soldiers were killed, and

twice as many were wounded. This—the first bloodshed in the impending war—stirred hot passions. From that time every British red-coated soldier in America was the object of violent hate.

News travelled slowly by the forest pathways, and three weeks after Lexington this event was not yet known in the small British garrison at Fort Ticonderoga, lying between Lake George and Lake Champlain. Ethan Allen, an enterprising leader in Vermont, which lay across the narrow lake from the fort, saw his chance and gathered quickly some two hundred men. In the early morning of May 10th, they made a sudden dash into the fort. With the sounding phrase: "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," Allen ordered the Commander, whom he found in bed, to surrender. Some miles farther north on the lake lay Crown Point, with a dozen men and a hundred and thirty guns. This fort, too, was quickly taken. The whole of Lake Champlain was at once in American control. Soon Montreal was in deadly peril, and at Boston the cannon taken at Crown Point and Ticonderoga were bombarding the British.

Carleton had seen trouble coming, but the crisis found him ill-prepared. In England it was supposed that he could easily raise a large force of French-Canadians, and soon he was ordered to enlist six thousand for service in the war. It must have been with a grim smile that Carleton received this order. Neither the British traders nor the habitants showed any eagerness to serve. Of the two the habitants have the better record, for in the end more than a thousand enlisted. It was, however, some time before Carleton met a single recruit from the habitants, and then he handed the man a guinea as a reward for the refreshing sight. Many an habitant knew no reason why he should fight for his new British master. He had been forced to become a British sub-

ject, but he had no love for Britain, the ancient enemy of his country. He wished to remain neutral, as the Acadians had wished to remain neutral, and to join neither side. But the leaders of the French-Canadians were of a different mind. The seigniors and the clergy had no desire to join the revolted colonies. They were well content with the Quebec Act, which restored to them their old privileges. Yet this Act was bitterly attacked by the Americans. In the Continental Congress at Philadelphia in 1774, and again in 1775, the Act was denounced as threatening freemen with the despotism of French law and what was called the odious tyranny of the Roman Catholic Church. Seigniors who held their privileges under French law, and priests who clung to their church, turned a deaf ear to appeals to attack Great Britain, when invaders so alien to the Canadians in outlook attempted to seduce them.

2. The American Invasion of Canada, and the Fall of Montreal.—The English colonies never doubted that Canada would join them. They had made up their minds that Britain was a tyrant, and that every land ruled by her was eager to throw off an intolerable yoke. This would seem especially true of the French in Canada, made British subjects against their will. Hitherto the New England colonies had borne the brunt of the dispute with Great Britain. It was the New England men who fought at Lexington and who held General Gage shut up in Boston. It was New England men who on June 18th occupied Bunker Hill, from which they could pour a deadly fire upon the British in Boston itself, and who, before they were driven from that point, shot down one third of the trained British regulars attacking them. New England, however, could not carry on the war alone. The other colonies must join in the task, and they must have a common leader. So, a few days before Bunker Hill, John Adams, a member from Massachusetts of the

Continental Congress, rose to make a startling proposal. The colonies, he said, must be united. The South must join with the North. They must have one leader, and this leader he was prepared to name. One man alone in the Congress habitually wore uniform, as if he knew that inevitably the dispute must end in a fight. He was tall and distinguished in appearance. He had a wide reputation. Twenty years earlier, he had served with Braddock when that ill-starred general had tried to drive the French from the Ohio. He was the best known soldier in America, and he was from Virginia, so that he could link the South with the North, and his character commanded general respect. His name was George Washington.

Washington took command of the army before Boston. But in regard to union something remained still to be achieved. Canada, Washington thought, was vital to the American cause. If Britain continued to hold the St. Lawrence, she could make Quebec a powerful fortress, store there military supplies, and, whenever she liked, send troops by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George to the heart of the colony of New York. The colonies could not dispute Britain's mastery of the sea, and if a British fleet should enter the mouth of the Hudson at New York, and at the same time a British army should reach from Canada the upper waters of the Hudson, the two forces could hold New York, cut off New England from the other colonies, and then crush each section in turn. The remedy was to gain Canada. The Congress, which had denounced the religion of the Canadians, now appealed to them not to let such differences keep them from uniting in a great cause. Washington was certain that an American army had only to appear in Canada to be welcomed by an oppressed people, longing to be free, and he planned a twofold attack on the British in Canada.

Carleton faced a critical situation. The year before he had sent two British battalions to aid Gage at Boston and had left himself with only about a thousand men. He was helped by divisions among his foes. To them it was a new idea that a colony should not control entirely its own forces. Here now was Washington, a Virginian, claiming the right to direct New Englanders in the effort against Canada. Ethan Allen was a Vermont colonel and in no way disposed to be ordered about by one who until yesterday was only a Virginia colonel. The volunteers who came in to join the Americans at Ticonderoga were of all types. Few of them had uniforms, and those from the more cultivated centres of New England were prone to deride the frontiersmen, who seemed less like soldiers than like the savages against whom they had waged war in their remote settlements. It took three months—from May to August—for the colonial force to pull itself together. But by the end of August it was time for Carleton to look out. Richard Montgomery commanded the Americans. He was an Irishman, known to Burke and Fox, the leading Whig statesmen in England. As a British officer he had taken part in the British conquest of Canada. Now, not without searching of heart, he had taken the colonial side, and he intended to have both Montreal and Quebec.

Montgomery advanced on Montreal. To that place Carleton went when, late in August, he could get free from his business at the Capital. Quebec he thought safe. Two small ships of war lay there, the British had command of the sea, and there seemed no other line of attack than that by way of Lake Champlain, which he was defending. He did not know the resourcefulness of the American mind soon to be revealed. Meanwhile, at Montreal the outlook was heart-breaking. Most of the traders seemed to favour the invaders. The Indians, still a factor in war, were holding back or even joining the

enemy. Disaster followed disaster. Montgomery was nearing Montreal. The fort at St. Johns held out under an able officer, Major Preston. But Montgomery sent a force on past St. Johns to attack the strong fort at Chambly, and, on October 20th, this place, which might have held out for weeks, made a cowardly surrender. After this St. Johns was doomed, and on November 3rd, Preston, with some seven hundred men, also surrendered. The bitterness of it was that trained and equipped British regulars had to yield to a motley horde of volunteers. A week later and Montgomery had reached the St. Lawrence and had taken possession of both sides of the river. It was only a matter of time when the town should fall.

With no hope left at Montreal, Carleton intended to take his last stand at Quebec. He could not go thither by land, for the enemy held the roads. His plan was to sail with the little flotilla of eleven ships which he had at Montreal. The Americans had no naval force to stop him. But even Nature seemed in the league against him. For days a strong east wind kept the ships from sailing. At last, on November 11th, the wind changed; Carleton said farewell to the few followers he was leaving in Montreal, and set out. The next day the wind was again adverse. Worse than this, the enemy had batteries commanding the narrow channel near Sorel, and it was impossible for the ships to pass. Their fate was sealed, but Carleton was not yet ready to give up. He dressed himself as an habitant, in gray homespun, with rough home-made boots—*bottes sauvages*—on his feet, a red tuque on his head, and a red sash round his waist. It was a chill November night when Carleton dropped quietly into a whale boat. The men rowed noiselessly until the narrow passage near Sorel was reached. Enemy camp-fires were blazing on the shore. The men drew in the oars and lay down; helping "to keep way on" for steering by paddling with hands reached over

the side. Like a derelict log the boat unnoticed floated with the gurgling waters past the danger spot. A few minutes later, its occupants were rowing with all their might to security in a British armed ship at Three Rivers. Carleton was safe, and, as the event proved, when Carleton was safe, Quebec and Canada were safe. His little fleet surrendered at Sorel, but in due time another fleet was coming.

3. The Siege of Quebec and After.—Carleton reached Quebec on November 19th. "We saw our Salvation in his Presence," wrote a diarist of this time. Now there was a leader who would never yield. But, meanwhile, a new danger had appeared. Next to Washington, Benedict Arnold was the most resourceful leader in the American Revolution. His treason at a later time earned the contempt of both sides, but this should not blind us to his great ability. He had proposed, and Washington had approved of, a plan to take Quebec by surprise. The advance was to be by a route deemed by ordinary people impossible. In mid-September Arnold, with some eleven hundred men, set out to march from the sea-coast through the mountainous wilderness of Maine by way of the Kennebec River, and, having crossed the height of land, to descend the Chaudière River to its mouth on the St. Lawrence, seven miles above Quebec. The march was chiefly through an uninhabited region, and the intention, nearly achieved, was to surprise Quebec. The difficulties were terrible. The men had to drag heavy boats past rapids and over bogs. When in October the weather turned bitterly cold at night, they had to sleep on wet ground in frozen clothing. Some three hundred turned back. Others fell ill. Provisions were lost from leaking boats, and men starved to death. But Arnold pressed on, and at last reached Lake Megantic, out of which flows the Chaudière. Then, to secure aid for his men perishing from disease and starvation, he pressed on

with a few companions. His five boats swept down the wild river, and he lost three of them with all their contents. But he reached French settlements, and the habitants readily supplied and drove back cattle to meet the famishing army. The wonder is that Arnold reached the St. Lawrence with seven hundred worn men. Until a few days earlier his approach had been unknown, but now Quebec was on guard. He paraded his ragged following on the south shore of the river in full view of Quebec. The difficulty was to get across, for Carleton's deputy, Cramahé, had removed the available boats to the north shore. But Arnold was not to be beaten. He managed to gather canoes and rowboats, and, in the dense darkness of the night of November 13th, he braved in these small craft the surging currents of the St. Lawrence, passed between the two men-of-war watching for him, and landed his force a little above Quebec. The next day his men, cheering and defiant, stood on the Plains of Abraham. It would have been madness, with his small and ill-armed force, to assault Quebec, and so he retired to wait for Montgomery to join him.

It was this situation which Carleton found at Quebec. In due course Montgomery joined Arnold, and then the Americans settled down before the fortress. There were five thousand people in Quebec, and of these more than three thousand were non-combatants, some of doubtful loyalty. The besieging army, some eighteen hundred, about equalled Carleton's force in numbers. He had recruited settlers and traders as a militia. On December 6th, Montgomery demanded the surrender of Quebec. It was useless, he said, for Carleton to put on a bold face; he had "a few of the worst troops who ever styled themselves soldiers," and nearly every one in Quebec, he said, was friendly to the American cause. Carleton's reply was that the only word which he would receive from rebels in arms was an entreaty for the king's

pardon. No other answer could Montgomery draw. Carleton would make no reply to proposals under a flag of truce, and at last Montgomery had to attach letters to arrows and shoot them into Quebec. Carleton's silence enraged Montgomery. He made fiery threats of showing no mercy, and he promised his men that they should be allowed to loot Quebec. It was cold work to lie out before Quebec in mid-winter, and before dawn of January 1st, 1776, Montgomery tried to carry the place by assault. Carleton had an inkling of what was coming and had barricaded the roads to the Lower Town both

Cape Diamond
The Citadel

St. Charles River

A View of Quebec, in 1760, from the Opposite Shore
From the Drawing by Short

from the west and from the east. Fifty men with four small guns loaded with grape and canister blocked the road from the west. A wild snowstorm was raging as Montgomery, at the head of a column, marched to the Lower Town by the road below the cliff. There was a

pause before the barricade. Suddenly from the barricade the cry rang out: "Fire!" and guns and muskets shot into the advancing column a first and then a second time. The five hundred assailants turned and fled. At the same time, on the other side of Quebec, Arnold led an attack. There was stiff fighting in the streets of the Lower Town, but the Americans were beaten at a cost to them of three hundred casualties and four hundred prisoners. With daylight the question ran—Where was Montgomery? The answer came when Carleton sent out parties to rescue the wounded and find the dead. A frozen hand was seen as if beckoning from a snow-drift before the western barricade. It was the hand of Montgomery.

In spite of defeat the Americans did not abandon the siege. Wild storms piled up against the walls of Quebec snow-drifts so high that it was almost possible to walk in on them. Carleton had to keep digging his defending guns clear of the snow. He burned the suburbs of Quebec in order that the enemy might not creep in under their protection. The Americans never again tried an assault, but they threw shells into Quebec, and within the walls they had on foot plots to aid them to capture the city. Carleton knew that if he could hold out until spring a British fleet would come, and that the Americans were helpless to do anything against sea-power. He let his men indulge their humour, and one day they put on the walls a conspicuous wooden horse before a bundle of hay, and the enemy could read the lettering—that when the horse had eaten the hay Quebec would surrender.

Meanwhile, the American Congress was deeply moved by the death of Montgomery. To the Canadians, still supposed to be ardent for the American cause, Congress sent word: "We will never abandon you to the unrelenting fury of your and our enemies." They decided to instruct the Canadians in the true principles of the patriot cause. So behold, in the spring of 1776, three American

commissioners on the way to Montreal. There was Benjamin Franklin, the most astute man of his time, and with him a small printing-press for the circulation of news and ideas among the Canadians. There was Mr. Chase of Maryland, a colony in which the Roman Catholics were strong, and there was a great Catholic landowner, Carroll of Carrollton, suave and genial, to impress the Canadian seigniors. To aid him came his brother, a Roman Catholic priest, in time to become an archbishop, who could appeal to the clergy. The American cause was hampered by lack of money. The Congress had no power to raise taxes. In Canada the British paid for supplies in hard coin, while the Americans had to use paper money. The habitant well understood the difference. When Franklin's party offered paper money to the ferryman to carry them across the river to Montreal, he refused to move until he was paid in good coin. The same thing happened when the party ordered cabs in Montreal. Under Bigot Canada had had more than enough of paper money which proved worthless, and the continental dollar was already of dubious value.

Franklin found that he could do little in Canada. The Canadian Bishop Briand was iron against appeals to join the Americans. He knew that no other rule would yield to his church rights which the British had yielded in the Quebec Act. The habitants were no more willing to fight for the Americans than for the British. And then came the decisive event which settled the long future of Canada. At Quebec, on May 6th, it was reported to Carleton that gun-fire could be heard down the river. Every one was on the alert, for this might be the long-hoped-for deliverance from the sea. Hundreds of soldiers and civilians watched from the ramparts of Quebec, and there, sure enough, could be seen over the intervening land the masts of a ship. She sailed out into the Basin of Quebec. Fears there had been lest she might be an

enemy ship, but now she ran up the British flag. Quebec went wild with joy. Within a few hours more ships arrived. Among the ships was one which had brought relief to Murray when besieged at Quebec in the spring of 1760. For the second time British sea-power had not failed Canada.

There was work to do quickly. The American army on the Plains of Abraham had watched with dismay what was happening. Carleton called for volunteers to go out to attack the Americans, and he sent with them some of the newly arrived troops. They found the American camp deserted. In the panic, dinners had been left cooking, arms had been thrown away, letters and clothing had been scattered about. The news was carried quickly to Montreal, and Franklin hurriedly left to report to the Congress at Philadelphia. The American army, flying from Quebec, in time pulled itself together, and a month later fought a brave but fruitless fight at Three Rivers. But its efforts were hopeless. The habitants were now unfriendly. Smallpox was carrying off many soldiers, and there were few doctors and medical stores. In nearly every American tent was a dead or a dying man. There was only one route southward. Ten thousand Americans had come, and the adventure cost them half of this number. And they did well to go, for thousands of disciplined troops had arrived at Quebec.

Not an American soldier was left in Canada, and sound policy dictated that the Americans should be harassed in their retreat. But they had gone up Lake Champlain, and Carleton had no ships in which to follow them. On Lake Champlain was the most resourceful of foes, Benedict Arnold. His aim was now to gain time and to keep the great British force from invading New York during that summer. He had some ships, and he had built more. Carleton used every resource he could to collect and to build ships to carry his army on the lake.

But workmen were few, and even with the utmost urgency his flotilla was not ready until early in October. Then he advanced up the lake. He and Arnold had faced each other on land at Quebec, and now they did the same on the water. He defeated Arnold, but that agile leader managed to land his force and to get away southward.

All the time the autumn nights were growing colder, the leaves were falling, and winter was drawing near. Before the end of October, Carleton could have taken Fort Ticonderoga, but he asked himself whether, with his ships useless in winter, it would be wise to try to hold so advanced a post in enemy country. His answer was "no," and he retired and went into winter quarters. It is hard to say whether he was right or wrong. But his act cost him his post. An enemy in England, Lord George Germain, the minister directing the war, rebuked Carleton for his failure to take Ticonderoga and appointed General Burgoyne to command the army which invaded New York in the following summer. Carleton asked to be relieved of his office, and in 1778 he returned to England. A Swiss officer, Sir Frederick Haldimand, governed in Canada in Carleton's stead. After some years Carleton was to come back, but his great services were ignored then; and they are half forgotten still.

CHAPTER XIII

THE EXILED LOYALISTS

1. The Hunting Down of Loyalists in the United States.—The Americans had been driven from Canada, but none the less they won the war. When, in 1777, Burgoyne led an army from Canada to the Hudson River, he was unable to go farther, and in the end was forced to surrender with his whole army. It is of special interest now to remember that thousands of German soldiers, hired to serve Great Britain, marched along the roads of Canada side by side with British regiments. It was, on the other hand, ominous for Canada that French soldiers marched with the Americans. France, humbled to the dust when she lost Canada, had longed for the day of vengeance. She hesitated and delayed; but, after the disaster to Burgoyne, she made up her mind, and in 1778 sent an army to America. Washington still clung to the hope of securing Canada, and now it seemed as if the French in Canada would be certain to join the French from France against Britain.

The most conspicuous Frenchman with Washington was the young Marquis de Lafayette. He was rich and of an ancient line, and all Europe was talking of his bold and generous course in hurrying in the early days of the war to fight on the side of the Americans. Washington planned to send Lafayette with an army to Canada. This, however, came to nothing. Instead, for a time, fortune seemed to favour the British, and it looked as if they might win the war. In 1780 Benedict Arnold turned traitor, and nearly succeeded in handing over to the British the defences of the Hudson River. It was

France who saved the American cause. When, in 1781, by a brilliant march from New York to Virginia, Washington shut up the British General Cornwallis in Yorktown, there were two French soldiers to one American under Washington's command. A French fleet cut off Cornwallis from rescue by the British fleet, and he surrendered with his whole army. It was one of the decisive events of history. When the British Prime Minister, Lord North, heard the news, he cried out with truth: "O God, it is all over!" and all over it was. The British Empire had broken up, and the United States took its place among the nations.

It was surely by a strange turn of fortune that the colonies which Britain had founded should break away, while to her remained New France on which she had so long warred. The die was cast. Canada had withstood the Revolution. It was British, and was destined so to continue. It became now a refuge for thousands of unhappy people, exiled from their former homes in the English colonies because they had opposed the war for independence. The story of the Loyalists is one of sorrow and suffering. The most ruthless kind of war is civil war. There could be no hedging. Those who stood for the king's cause were angrily denounced as enemies of liberty. Edward Winslow, of Boston, who was forced into exile, said that he "received every species of insult and abuse which the utmost rancour and malice could invent." It is likely that the sympathies of at least one third of the colonists were with the British side. But when, in 1776, the Declaration of Independence was made, every one who would not support it was liable to the stern penalties of treason. Committees watched every move of suspected Loyalists. We hear of Loyalist clergymen dragged from their pulpits and maltreated; of Loyalists who were whipped through the streets and had their ears cropped; of other Loyalists covered with tar

and then rolled in feathers taken from their own beds, or held astride of the sharp edge of a rail and made to take a rough ride which involved acute pain; or held under the water and brought to the surface to breathe and then ducked again; or tied roughly to a post, with some dead animal dangling by them. Charles Lynch, of Virginia, led in inflicting the type of dread punishment on Loyalists which we still know as lynching. Decent people did not encourage these barbarities, but even the mild Washington said that the best thing the Loyalists could do was to commit suicide. John Adams, who became the second president of the United States, said that they ought to be hanged. Benjamin Franklin, the grave philosopher, had no pity for them.

2. The Migration of the Loyalists.—Such are the passions of civil war. When they could, the Loyalists retorted in kind. Their opponents, they said, were the scum of the earth—quacks, cobblers, barbers, convicts, hardy knaves, stupid fools. In the south, in particular, each side was guilty of horrid massacre. But the Loyalists, who had promised themselves a day of vengeance when they should be victors, lost the war and had to suffer the dire penalties of the defeated side. Even after the war the bitterness against them was frantic. In hell, wrote one versifier, the most evil spirits would turn in loathing from an Englishman; George III, to whom the Loyalists adhered, was a crowned ruffian, his statesmen were scoundrels, his sailors were pirates, and his people were degraded slaves. In the early days of the war Boston had been held by the British, and the Loyalists were then on the stronger side. But even before the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, 1776, the British were forced to evacuate Boston, and they dared not leave the Loyalists to the fury of their foes. On March 17th, 1776, there were stirring scenes. The American army surrounded Boston on the landward side, and

the Loyalists had to get away by sea. In the harbour lay many British transports, and in these General Howe, the British commander, collected both his army and the Loyalists. There were at least eleven hundred of the latter, and many of them belonged to the most honoured families in Massachusetts. They were hurried down to the ships. Those were happy who could secure a horse and cart to carry their effects. Many trundled theirs in

Loyalist Fleet Leaving Boston, March 17th, 1776

wheel-barrows or carried their belongings on their backs to the water-side. Soon the laden ships sailed away with the sorrowing exiles. Never before, said an observer, had so many ships sailed at one time from Boston. The Loyalists had to abandon their houses and lands. Families like the Pepperells, descended from the conqueror of Louisbourg, lost vast estates. The exiles were carried to Halifax, and few of them ever again saw their former homes.

The British government found Sir Guy Carleton a handy man when any hard job was to be undertaken, and in the last days of the war he again crossed the sea to take command in America, with headquarters at New York, securely held by the British since 1776, owing to their command of the sea. During the seven years of war Loyalist property had been scattered to many owners. Great estates had been broken up and sold in small lots. Greedy neighbours had sometimes informed on Loyalists in order to get their property. Some of the States had secured large sums from confiscations. The British demanded, as one of the conditions of peace, amnesty to the Loyalists and the restoration of their property. But to this Franklin and the other peace-makers on behalf of Congress would not consent. Was it not Britain, they asked, who had begun the war? Would she pay for the death and ruin she had caused? Would she even pay for property destroyed by Loyalists in many a destructive raid? In any case it is always difficult to restore property once scattered and sold. This Loyalists had found in England when their king, Charles II, came back and failed to recover for them property seized under Cromwell. Franklin now said blandly that Congress had no authority in respect to the Loyalists. It was a matter for each individual State to decide. None the less, in Article VI of the Peace of Paris, signed in 1783, the United States definitely promised the release of Loyalists still held as prisoners, and that there should be no further seizure of Loyalist property. It was promised, too, that the States would be urged to restore the property taken from the Loyalists. Nothing, however, was done.

Thus it happened that peace brought no relief for the Loyalists. A Loyalist, it was said, was "a thing with its head in England and its body in America, and its neck ought to be stretched." We can imagine the feelings of

the people of Stamford, Connecticut, at the prospect of the return of a Loyalist named Frost. During the war he had been driven from the town under penalty of death if he should return. He took refuge in New York, but in due time came back. One Sunday morning the meeting-house of the Reverend Dr. Mather was surrounded by a party led by Frost, and some fifty of the congregation were hurried to boats and carried as prisoners within the British lines, to be jeered at by former friends whom they in their day had driven out. The signing of peace would not make it possible for Frost to return to Stamford. The story of one Loyalist who ventured to return to his former home to see his parents is the story of many. He was arrested, his head and eyebrows were shaved, he was covered with tar and feathers, with a special lump of oozing tar on his shaven head. Then he was paraded through the town with a pig's yoke about his neck to which was attached a tinkling cow-bell. Boston, the centre of the culture of New England, declared that no Loyalist should ever have "lot or portion" there, and invited other towns to take similar action, which they did only too readily. Worcester declared that Loyalists were criminals who had revelled in "tumult, ruin, and blood." When not expelled, the Loyalists were usually social outcasts. They had to pay special taxes. They could not vote or hold land, or sue a debtor, or keep arms, or serve on a jury, or be lawyers or physicians or schoolmasters. And only slowly did the passion against them die out.

Every colonist who had served in any way on the British side was branded as a Loyalist, and the sorrowful task of Carleton was to get these people safely away. From all directions they drifted into New York. Some came by sea from the far South. Many were forced to set out by land on the dreary way to exile. Some of them were educated and formerly well-to-do, while others

were ignorant and poor. Congress tried to hurry Carleton, but he said sternly that he should hold New York until he had placed on board a ship the last Loyalist to claim his protection. More than thirty thousand refugees crowded into New York. What was to be done with them? Whither should they go? They must, in truth, scatter far, since no one British colony could receive suddenly so great a number. The only territory left to Britain on the mainland, with English-speaking people, was Nova Scotia. It was easily reached by sea, and naturally thousands of the refugees turned their faces toward Nova Scotia. Halifax was soon overcrowded. At Annapolis, the scene of the first French colony, there was on one day a quiet village with about a hundred people; shiploads of Loyalists arrived, and on the next day Annapolis was overcrowded with six hundred people.

On the opposite side of the Bay of Fundy the fine St. John River drained an unsettled region, and thither came thousands of Loyalists. The small sailing-ships from New York were usually more than two weeks at sea. Of two hundred and nine people on one ship, one hundred and seven were children. The sea was often stormy, and the discomfort was great. There were two log huts at the mouth of the river where now stands the city of St. John. The Loyalists were landed amid the rough stumps of trees recently felled. When the ships sailed away, says one of these exiles, "I watched the sails disappearing in the distance, and such a feeling of loneliness came over me that, although I had not shed a tear through all the war, I sat down on the damp moss with my baby in my lap and cried." For many the first winter was terrible. We are told that even "strong proud men cried like children, and, exhausted by cold and famine, lay down in their snow-bound tents to die." On the other hand, we have glowing accounts from some of the beauty

of their new surroundings, the noble trees, the flowing river, the promise of fertility. "I am in perfect health and high spirits," writes Edward Winslow, "nor shall any rascally vicissitudes . . lower them." "We cut yesterday," he writes later, "with about one hundred and twenty men, more than a mile through a forest hitherto deemed impenetrable . . There opened a prospect superior to anything in the world, I believe, . . . the most magnificent and romantic scene I ever beheld."

3. The Hardships of the Loyalists.—For the unhappy victims of civil war the British government did what it could. In 1783 it appointed a commission to inquire into their losses and to compensate them. But government action is often slow, and it was little comfort to men who, with their families, were outcasts in the wilderness, to know that some day they might be paid for what they had lost. It was the present which was urgent. This immediate relief was not wanting. Food and clothing the British government supplied. Ten years after the war ended, there were Loyalists who were still being fed and clothed at the cost of the government. It supplied saw-mills and grist-mills for Loyalist settlements. It furnished timber for houses and bricks for chimneys, nails, axes, saws, hoes, and spades, sometimes even cattle to supply the farms. Church bells were sent out from England, to call the scattered settlers together to worship God. But it was not easy to distribute these things evenly. Places to which ships could go received more than the remoter spots inland. The British government spent in all something like six million pounds in the task of relief.

Tragic mistakes were made in the choice of settlements. We know in our own time that the hopeful spirit of pioneers will lead them to picture the rise of a great city at some favoured spot. Shelburne, in Nova Scotia,

is to-day a quiet little seaport with a fine harbour. Chiefly because of this harbour, imagination pictured the rising on its shores of a city which should rival Halifax. Hither, in the autumn of 1782, came one hundred and twenty Loyalist families with hearts beating high. The government helped them, gave them all the land they needed, supplied lumber for their houses, and agreed to furnish them with food for a year on the same basis as that of supplies to the army. In the next spring four thousand settlers arrived, enabled to do so by Carleton's protecting hand at New York. They were joyous at being again free to make their own homes and live their own lives. "We knelt down," said one of them, "my wife and I, and my two boys, and kissed the dear ground and thanked God that the flag of England floated there." Such was the passion of patriotism of these harried people. A town was laid out. Each settler was to have a farm of fifty acres in the country, a site for a house in the town, and also a lot on the harbour, for fishing and shipping were to be among the chief industries. Soon there was the clatter of building. The government supplied skilled workmen, and in a single summer a considerable town of wooden houses sprang up.

It took the name of Shelburne from the British Prime Minister of the day. Within a year or two the place had ten thousand people. Never, even in our own day, did a new town grow up more rapidly. Ships were building. There was a good trade in fish and timber. No fewer than three newspapers appeared. Some regular soldiers were stationed there, and a gay crowd listened to the military band on summer evenings. There was wine in the stone cellars over which stood the houses of wood, and with this the dignified hospitality of men and women who knew the ways of the great world. Then slowly the truth became clear. This was not the spot for a city. The farming land was poor. The fishing was disappoint-

ing. Trade died out. One by one the families drifted away, sadder and poorer. Judge Haliburton, the creator of *Sam Slick*, saw Shelburne when it stood like a deserted city. There were streets and houses, and in the houses furniture and trunks with abandoned clothing. It seemed as if the inhabitants must be there sleeping, as in the quiet of the night. But they were gone. Later the houses were torn down or fell down. There were gaping holes which had been cellars, crumbling chimneys, and a deserted churchyard with its mouldering dead. "All," says Haliburton, "told a tale of sorrow and of sadness which overpowered the heart."

The story of the Loyalists is not, however, one of failure. Men who had had the courage of their opinions to face communities angry and even bloodthirsty were not to be dismayed by the tasks of new settlement. The Loyalists who went to the St. John River realized that it was a far cry to distant Halifax when they needed prompt action by the government, and so they founded a separate colony, New Brunswick, with its capital, Fredericton, at some distance from the sea. Sir Guy Carleton's brother was made Governor, and he held office for nearly thirty years. The officials were for the most part men of culture. St. John, at the mouth of the river, grew into an important seaport. Many Loyalists found their way by sea to the older Canada. During the winter of 1783-84 the government at Quebec was caring for six or seven thousand Loyalists, and Sir Frederick Haldimand, the Governor, found that he had a heavy task on his hands. The Loyalists often expected too much, but often, also, they received too little. Farther west, in the region about Lake Ontario, thousands of Loyalists settled. They came by various routes. Some journeyed by sea from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to what was thought a land of greater hope. Others arrived by way of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence; others by

crossing Lake Ontario from the State of New York; others by way of the Niagara River. Perhaps in all sixty thousand people of English origin took refuge in the whole of what is now Canada. The number is about equal to that of the French-Canadians who became British subjects at the time of the cession.

In the wilderness of what was soon to be Upper Canada, the Loyalists, exiled and penniless, had to make

A Party of Loyalists on the Way to Canada

new homes. Some of the new settlers were disbanded soldiers who, in the wandering life of the army, had learned dissipated habits and were unfit for the steady and trying labour of the pioneer. But stiff firmness of character made the leading Loyalists pioneers of the right type. They were not to be turned lightly from a purpose. They cut down trees and built their log cabins, often with the howling of the wolves in their ears at night. Most

of them had to hew their furniture from the rough wood of the forest. The flat top of a tree stump sometimes served as a table. From docile Indians who loved to lounge about the cabins of the new-comers, these learned to make of deer-skin durable clothing for men and women alike. They wore home-made boots. They spun linen for themselves. They had to cut roads through almost trackless wastes. Sometimes it was from fifty to a hundred miles to the nearest place where they could sell their produce or buy their supplies. It was hard to educate their children, for schools were few. But they per-

A Pioneer Sowing Grain in His New Clearing

formed their tasks, and many of them, made strong and not weak by hard labour, lived to a ripe old age. The Loyalists are the chief strain in the ancestry of the people who to-day inhabit Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario, and from these provinces their descendants have passed to play a leading part in the life of the Canadian West. One of their enduring memories is that their

ancestors were exiled from the United States. The old bitterness is gone, but the resolve remains that Canada shall always be a British state.

The Quebec Act had so enlarged the Province of Quebec that it extended as far west as the Mississippi River and included what is now Ontario. In this vast region the civil law was French law, the privileged church was the Roman Catholic Church, and the type of government was arbitrary. This might do, when nearly all the people of Canada were French, with no experience of self-government. But the new-comers had long enjoyed in their former homes full political freedom, and obviously the Quebec Act did not give them the kind of government which they required. Action was not long delayed. Again Sir Guy Carleton proved the handy man for the British government. He understood Canadian problems thoroughly. He knew the French. He knew the Loyalists, for he had been their chief protector and friend. He was the one leading British general in the American war who had met with no failure. So it was fitting that, with his experience, he should be sent to solve the new problem. He now became Lord Dorchester, and in 1786 he returned to Canada.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SETTING UP OF THE TWO CANADAS

1. Loyalist Discontent with the Quebec Act.— During the period of French rule in Canada the Iroquois Indians had always been so hostile that it was perilous to live far from the protection of a fort. West of Montreal there were but few settlers, and only a few miles away lay the primeval wilderness. Fortified trading-posts France had, indeed, established at points of vantage reaching to the remote west of the prairie country. But in the vast region north of the Great Lakes, apart from the few spots where fluttered the *fleurs-de-lis,* the forest was still almost unbroken. Indians, hunters, and traders threaded their way along forest pathways. Here and there might be seen curling upward the smoke from some lonely camp-fire or rough cabin. But the whole land was really untouched. The rivers were the highways; the vehicles of travel were the bark canoes of the Indians; man himself was but a pigmy in the forest solitude. Champlain had once made a winter journey in the region between the points where Toronto and Kingston now stand. He describes the park-like lands dotted with noble trees. But the region was only a hunting-ground for the savages, and a hundred and fifty years after Champlain it remained unchanged. Now, however, the day had come for settlement. Along the great stretch of river and lake from Montreal to Detroit came the families of exiles from the United States. The drift to Canada continued for years after the signing of peace. Before the American Revolution, only a few hundred people were

to be found in what became Upper Canada and is now Ontario. By the year 1790 there were some ten thousand, and still they were coming.

For some years their engrossing task was simply to live, and this was hard enough. But in time the clearing was made; rough fields were cultivated; the log cabin shut out the wind and the rain; saw-mills and grist-mills were built; and houses began to cluster into villages and towns at spots on the water-front suitable for trade. It was not long before politics asserted their sway. Under what system of law were these exiles for conscience' sake living? They came from a land where public questions were the daily topic for discussion and where the right to vote was wide-spread. They found that their new homes were in a part of the Province of Quebec and that the law of the land was the French civil law, under which the man who tilled the soil would be an habitant, owing dues to a seignior placed over him. Most of the new-comers were Protestants, and yet, under the law, the Roman Catholic Church had special privileges and might levy upon its members the tithe and the cost of building churches. The Loyalists were startled when they learned that there was no self-government under the existing system. Settlers at Niagara, for instance, were ruled from distant Quebec by a governor, aided by a council which was not elected but appointed. There was no elected legislature; there was no right to vote.

The new-comers were, indeed, only a minority. In Canada there were more than a hundred thousand people with whom French was the language of daily life, while there were still fewer than twenty-five thousand who used English. The French were grouped together on the lower waters of the St. Lawrence, the English on the upper St Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Here was a natural division into Lower Canada and Upper Canada. It was unthinkable that the Loyalists, who had given up

everything in order to cling to the traditions of British rule, should not wish to have in their new homes the British type of society. The French, for their part, desired no change. Thus it seemed wise to set up two governments. The French in Lower Canada might retain their own system. For the English in Upper Canada might be created a system in harmony with their traditions.

From all this came the creation of two Canadas, one to be prevailingly French, the other English. Haldimand, who was Governor when the Loyalists began to grumble about being under French law, had told them that the Quebec Act was "a sacred charter" which would not be changed. They demanded a legislature; but why, he asked, should they wish one? Had they not suffered enough from legislatures which had hounded them away from their former homes? The Loyalists, however, made their voices heard. When Carleton returned to Canada in 1786 to take Haldimand's place, he, too, thought that what Canada chiefly needed was one strong government which could hold its own against the peril from the Indians and from the designs of the United States. But in London there was a different opinion. There both the English traders from Quebec and the Loyalists were clamorous for creating in Canada a system modelled on that of Britain. Clearly out-of-date was Carleton's idea that only people of French origin would remain in Canada. English were coming in, and the more of them the better. But, if they were to be contented in Canada, they must have the laws which they liked. By 1791 the British government had decided to divide the Province of Quebec. Since Upper Canada must have a legislature, the same liberty must be given to Lower Canada, and this would carry with it, of course, the right of the French both to vote and to have seats in the legislature. This thought was not pleasing to the Quebec traders. They would have preferred an undivided Canada, with

a legislature in which only the English element might sit, until the day should come when it was no longer a minority.

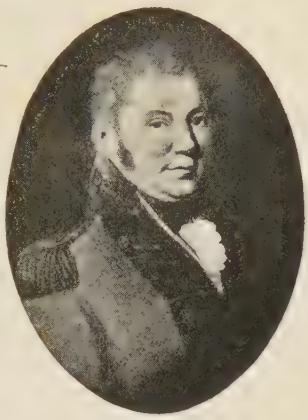
2. The Creation of Upper and Lower Canada.—On Friday, March 4th, 1791, the Canada Act was laid before the British House of Commons by the British Prime Minister, William Pitt, still only thirty-two years of age, though he had been Prime Minister for seven years. Confronting Pitt, in keen criticism of the Bill, was his old rival, Fox, who had also attacked the Quebec Act in 1774, seventeen years earlier. Then the British Empire had been on the verge of the disastrous revolution which broke it up, and now again, in 1791, was revolution in the air. Across the Channel, in France, there were momentous happenings. The monarchy was in danger, and it was not long before hapless Louis XVI and his queen were to lose their heads by the guillotine. The great orator, Burke, speaking on the Canada Act, could not keep his mind away from France, and he attacked his friend Fox for favouring the changes in that country, which to Burke seemed "born of hell and chaos." With a terrible political storm brewing, Burke was all for liberal concessions to the French in Canada. The old France, with the king and the church of its fathers, was facing revolution. Under Britain's generous policy was now to dawn in Canada without revolution a new day of liberty for the French inhabitants.

The Canada Act, known usually as the Constitutional Act of 1791, set up two Canadian provinces, each with a Legislature having two Chambers. The Act left undisturbed the rights of the church in the French province. But it took steps for the further support of religion, by providing that one seventh of the surveyed lands should be reserved to maintain "a Protestant clergy." Fox asked Pitt to state clearly what was meant by "a

Protestant clergy." There were, he said, many Roman Catholics and Presbyterians in Canada. Did Pitt mean that state aid should go only to the Church of England, which then had but a few thousand adherents in Canada? Pitt replied that by "Protestant clergy" he meant the clergy of the Church of England. He intended, he said, to send a bishop to Canada and to set up and endow rectories. Pitt insisted, too, on a Second Chamber in each province, with members who should not be elected, as Fox desired. Pitt declared his conviction that "the habits, customs, and manners" of Canada were peculiarly suited to the working of an hereditary chamber—a House of Lords—though for a time the members must be appointed instead of being legislators by right of birth. Thus, could Pitt have had his way, each of the Canadas would have had for ever a copy of the established Church of England and of the British House of Lords.

3. The Setting Up of Parliaments in Canada.—Sitting in the House of Commons and taking some part in these debates was a new member, John Graves Simcoe. His sailor father had gone to Canada with Wolfe, but had died just before his ship reached Quebec. The son, now just short of forty, had seen hard military service. During the American Revolution he had commanded the Queen's Rangers, a regiment of light horse; he had fought in many engagements, and had been wounded and twice taken prisoner. His deepest conviction was that Britain had been right in what she had done in America; and he had a profound contempt for all on the American side, from Washington down, as men who had failed in loyalty to their sovereign. He loathed the republican system which they created. Simcoe's temper was not, indeed, a happy one, but it was well suited to the mind of the Loyalists of Canada. He was a fierce patriot, a man of honour, with a fine integrity, a high sense of duty, and great energy and persistence. Who more fitting to send

to Upper Canada than this man of wide experience, who knew the dangers to which Canada was exposed, and would be in sympathy with the ideals of the exiled Loyalists? Thus it was that Colonel Simcoe became the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. To-day his statue in the uniform of the days of George III, with knee-breeches and with his hair in a queue, stands before the Parliament Buildings in Toronto, and his name is borne by a lake, a county, and a town in Ontario.



JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE

Dorchester was continued as Governor of Lower Canada, and he was to be the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the two Canadas. The new plans did not wholly please him. The appointment of Simcoe was unwelcome. He had wished to see in Simcoe's post some leading Loyalist in Canada, who would more readily accept the authority of a chief at Quebec. Simcoe, he knew, would have his own way. This, indeed, was the case, for Simcoe had already made it clear in London that he must be independent in civil matters, though Dorchester was to have the supreme military command. There was talk already of uniting all the British Provinces in a great federation, like that just created in the United States. Had the Maritime Provinces been joined with Canada, the French and the English elements would have been about equal in numbers. But it was to be scores of years still before this union should come about, and, meantime, the drift was toward separation. New Brunswick, and even Cape Breton Island, had set up a government

separate from that of Nova Scotia. Without the telegraph and the railway, it was necessary to have the seat of authority near the settlers, in order to provide for prompt action.

Simcoe arrived at Quebec in the autumn of 1791. Dorchester was not there. He had gone to England to protest, it may be, against the undue independence of his junior. From Montreal to Kingston the journey was toilsome. On the broad stretches of the St. Lawrence the clumsy boats could go under sail. But, in narrow places, the oars were used, and to get past rapids the travellers had to make their way by land over very bad roads. Fifty years later this route had been little improved. Not until July 1st, 1792, did Simcoe reach Kingston. For the time the seat of government was to be at the mouth of the Niagara River, and here, near the end of the month, Simcoe arrived in a sailing-vessel. The British held both sides of the river, which was to be the international boundary, for, to secure moderation for the Loyalists, they occupied, during ten years after the signing of peace, a number of posts in the interior, in spite of protests from the United States.

On September 17th, 1792, there was bustle and excitement in the village of Newark, at the mouth of the Niagara River. The garrison of soldiers was busy preparing for an elaborate ceremony. Pipe-clay, the polishing of buckles, and the powdering of hair, were much in evidence. Already there had been an election, and Simcoe was about to open the first parliament which ever met north of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. During the whole period of French rule nothing of the kind had been seen. The result of the elections had disappointd Simcoe. He had hoped that retired officers who had settled in Canada would be chosen for some of the sixteen seats in the elected House. Instead, the electors had chosen men of their own type, men who worked in

their own fields, just rough hewn from the forest, and who, as Simcoe noted, "kept but one table," which means that they and their servants ate together, when servants they had. On this September day, with the clearing at Niagara only a gash in the far-spreading green of the forest, and on the banks of the great lake and the majestic river Niagara, whose waters a little higher up come tumbling over the mighty cataract, Simcoe opened his little Parliament. No matter if the place of meeting was a plain structure, made roughly of wood, and if in the Upper House there were only nine members and in the Lower only sixteen. A new state had come into being. Cannon roared in salute; a guard, elaborate in equipment, for the red coat and braid and plumes went everywhere with the British army, escorted Simcoe. He entered the Chamber with stately pomp. The two Houses had been summoned to his presence, and he made his Speech from the Throne on the exact model of Westminster. Indian allies of the British watched the ceremony with wonder, in doubt as to its meaning.

A few months later the Legislature for Lower Canada was begun at Quebec. For the first time in their history the French had had the interest and excitement of an election. The times were momentous. In the autumn of this year France became a republic, and early in the following year she drifted into war with Great Britain. The electors of Lower Canada, like those of Upper Canada, preferred to choose men of their own type, and of the fifty whom they elected to the Assembly the great majority were French, who knew little English. On December 17th, 1792, the little Parliament was opened. Carleton was absent, but there was a stately ceremonial. The building used was a solid stone pile, a contrast with the flimsy structure of wood at Newark. Among those present was a son of George III, the Duke of Kent, whose daughter, Queen Victoria, was to have so long and

so memorable a reign. Quebec, long used to ceremonies, could make a braver show than Niagara. There were ladies in brilliant costumes, there were gentlemen ushers, there was all the display of a great occasion. The ceremonies had deep meaning, for now the root of British free institutions under a monarchy was planted on the northern frontier of the United States. If Washington was President in the United States, George III was King in Canada, and firmly entrenched were the British traditions of monarchy, in contrast with those of the neighbouring republic, so suspicious of kingship.

NEWARK AND THE MOUTH OF THE NIAGARA RIVER IN 1792
From a Sketch made by Mrs. Simcoe

For some years the tiny Parliament of Upper Canada held its sessions in what was only a shed at the barracks. At the opening of one session only two members of the Upper House and five of the Lower House were in attendance. If, in the young republic, it was a reproach to believe in monarchy, no less to Simcoe in Canada was it the sin unpardonable to be a republican. To him every settler who came into Canada was by that act renouncing democracy, and there were free grants of land for those who would do so. Such an offer seemed alluring to others than Loyalists, and many a settler

crossed the frontier from the United States, caring for little but the securing of good land. The day was to come when, under the stress of war, some of these newcomers should prove a danger and not a strength to the British cause. But Simcoe's eagerness made them all Loyalists. On the road he meets an American family coming, like a party of gypsies, with their own cattle and effects, to see the land. He greets them gladly, since they have come to be again under their "old father" the king; they are, he sees, tired of the rule of the many-headed mobs; "we love such good royalists as you are, we will give you land."

4. The Settlement of Upper Canada.—The Legislature lost no time in making clear that Upper Canada was not under French law. One of its first Bills brought into operation the whole body of English law. Lower Canada made no change of this kind, and the Ottawa River, which was the line between the two Provinces, was the line also between two systems—the one French, the other English. West of the Ottawa there were to be no seignior and no priest with the right to collect the tithe from his people. Another thing must not be in the region ruled by Simcoe. From almost the first, a newspaper, that inevitable expression of modern life, had appeared at Newark, and in its columns could be read this notice of sale: "A negro wench, named Chloe, twenty-three years old, who understands washing, cooking, &c." Simcoe had seen slavery in its worst form. During his campaigns in the Southern States the marching column would sometimes pass on the roads groups of staring negroes, some of them stark naked, despised, and brutalized slaves. This, he was resolved, should not be in Upper Canada. There, he said, natives of Africa, America, and Europe—the negro, the Indian, and the white man—should receive equal treatment. Some of the settlers, familiar in their former homes with negro

labour, desired to have it in Canada. But Simcoe's Parliament passed a Bill prohibiting the bringing in of negro slaves.

The conditions of life were crude. Hitherto the chief means of transport had been by lake and river, in boats which were either sailed, or rowed, or paddled. If settlers were to take up land, roads must be provided, and to this task Simcoe devoted great energy. He began the great road called Dundas Street, named after a British minister of the day, which was to lead from Lake Ontario westward to the Detroit River. He built, too, a road from Lake Ontario to a lake some forty miles to the north which, in honour of his father, he called Lake Simcoe. The road was named Yonge Street, after a forgotten minister of the time, and it is to-day the most important thoroughfare in the great city of Toronto. Simcoe soon found that, for the capital of Upper Canada, destined, as he never doubted, to become a great British state, the village on the Niagara River was unsuited. It could be easily destroyed by artillery from the fort on the other side of the river, if in American hands. He desired to have the capital inland, safe from a hostile navy on the lake, and he selected the site where now stands the city of London, Ontario, for the future capital, but in this he was overruled.

On the north side of Lake Ontario, where two rivers, now called the Don and the Humber, enter the lake, and where their silt had thrown up a semicircle of sand which protected a secure harbour, there had long been a trading post called by the Indian name of Toronto. The fort which had been built there in 1750 was known as Fort Rouillé. Majestic trees lined the shore, the two clear streams added to the beauty and variety of the scene, and at their mouths the sportsman could, in half an hour, load a canoe with salmon. The harbour was magnificent. Here Simcoe would have had the naval station protecting

the commerce of the great lake. But it was to be more. Under Dorchester's pressure it was selected as the site of the future capital. Living in a canvas house which once had belonged to the great navigator, Captain Cook, Simcoe spent here the winter of 1793-94. Trees were cut down, and streets and wharves were begun. Simcoe, true to his military tastes, named the place York, after one of the sons of George III who happened at the time to occupy

SIMCOE LANDING AT TORONTO HARBOUR
Based on a drawing made by Mrs. Simcoe in 1793
From the Diary of Mrs. Simcoe

a high military position. York it remained for forty years, and then, when a city had grown up, the beautiful name of Toronto was revived.

Surrounding Simcoe was an official group of people who knew the best of the culture of the times. He could entertain with dignity the royal prince, Edward, Duke of Kent, who visited him in 1792, American envoys, who came to treat with him on great issues, a French duke, exiled from a land tortured by revolution, and other per-

sons of rank. There were "fair women and brave men" at Simcoe's little court. He himself had been educated at Eton and Oxford. He wrote tolerable verse and prose which may be read still, and he played well the part of a great gentleman. Sometimes he was brusque and passionate to the point of rudeness. Grave old Dorchester at Quebec had to bear much from Simcoe's quick temper. But every one knew him to be a man of deep faith and of noble integrity. He was, he said, trying "to form a nation obedient to the laws, frugal, temperate, industrious, impressed with a steadfast love of justice, of honour, and of public good." "This nation," he said, "should honour the king, and it should fear God and thank Him for His good gifts."

Simcoe's material was intractable enough. Upper Canada was a refuge for the oppressed and the poor. They came straggling in from regions widely scattered. Hard drinking was a habit of the time, and degrading drunkenness was common. As of old in French Canada, the Indians had a feverish eagerness for drink. Unscrupulous traders carried it to the Indian villages, and the destroying fire-water wrought terrible havoc. Simcoe, like Frontenac, would have put a stern control on the traders, but he had less power than had had the fiery French Governor, for the settlers who came in lacked the training of the French in obedience. They held every variety of religious faith, and many of them belonged to obscure sects which have long since died out. Nothing of the stately ceremonial of the Church of England did many of them know. Wandering preachers went by forest pathways to the settlers, and, with noble zeal, not always chastened by knowledge, preached what of Christian truth they knew. The life of the settlers was, at most times, lonely. Often two years would elapse between the sending of a letter to England and

the receipt of a reply. The news of the colony was learned from pedlars, who retailed the latest gossip with their wares.

With this freer side of the life of the people Simcoe had little sympathy. The staid English village was his model. He took steps to secure a bishop for Upper Canada, and offered one quarter of his own salary for the purpose. The Church of England was to be the State Church, and to it must go the lands set apart by Parliament for the support of a "Protestant clergy." Simcoe was angry when it was claimed that the clergy of any other church possessed the right even to celebrate marriage. In all this, as we shall see, was trouble for future days, since only a fraction of the people adhered to the Anglican Church. In each county Simcoe would have had the equivalent of the lord-lieutenant in an English county, who should have a special pew in church and receive the deference due to his position. The great land-owner should play the leading part in rural Canada, as did the squire in England, and he would be the fit person to send to Parliament and to rule the country. The contrast is amusing, between Simcoe, insistent on an aristocracy as the warrant of steadiness in society, keeping up in the wilderness stiff military pomp, arrayed in silk and plumes to meet his Parliament, and the studied lack of pomp shown by Jefferson, who a few years later became the third President of the United States. He rode alone without guard or servant to the Capitol at Washington to be inaugurated, dismounted, and tied his horse to a fence; and he received in dressing-gown and slippers a foreign envoy who went to him arrayed in a ceremonial dress and carrying a sword.

CHAPTER XV

THE WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES

1. Simcoe's Certainty of War with the United States.—In 1793 news came to Canada of startling events in Europe. France had beheaded her king, had become a republic, and on February 1st had declared war on Britain, war which was to endure until the power of Napoleon, the master of France, was finally shattered, in 1815, at Waterloo. France had an alliance with the United States and was certain to demand aid from her ally. In this case Canada might be invaded, with the design either to hand it back to France, or to do what Washington had so eagerly desired, make it a part of the United States. Relations with the United States were already strained. Across the river from Fort George at Niagara, the British flag still floated over Fort Niagara, though it lay within the United States. At Detroit also it floated, and a member for that district sat in Simcoe's Legislature. These and other posts Britain held until the United States should fulfil the terms of the treaty signed in 1783. Again and again had Washington demanded the surrender of the forts, but they had not been given up, and the American nation was angry.

The Indians, too, were a menace. To-day they have sunk out of sight as a factor in politics, though in Canada they still claim to be the allies and not the subjects of the British king. But in 1793 they might have made life in Upper Canada as dangerous as, earlier, the Iroquois had made it for the French. By an odd turn of fortune, the Iroquois were now living in Upper Canada. Under their leader, Joseph Brant, they had taken the British side

during the American Revolution, and, like the Loyalists, they had been forced into exile. They now had lands on the Grand River, near the present city of Brantford, and here Brant still played an important part in frontier politics. What really held the Indians to the British side was their anger with the American settlers who encroached on the lands north of the Ohio. In 1791 the Indians inflicted a bloody defeat on the American general, St. Clair, and killed half of his force of fourteen hundred men.

Joseph Brant

The American government was sure that the British were inciting the Indians to action. In 1793 there arrived in the United States, Genet, an agent of the newly-created French republic. He insisted that, as an ally of France, the United States was at war with Britain. He demanded money which the United States owed to France. Under his orders, privateers were fitted out in American ports and sent to sea to prey on British commerce. Captured British ships were taken to American ports. Genet behaved as if the United States was a colony of France. For a time Simcoe believed that war had actually been declared. The Indians were insisting that the United States should abandon to them the whole country north of the Ohio, while at the same time settlers were going by hundreds into that region. Simcoe went in person to the Ohio country, and there, fifty miles south of Detroit, he saw that a fort was put in order to confront an advancing American force. At his act there

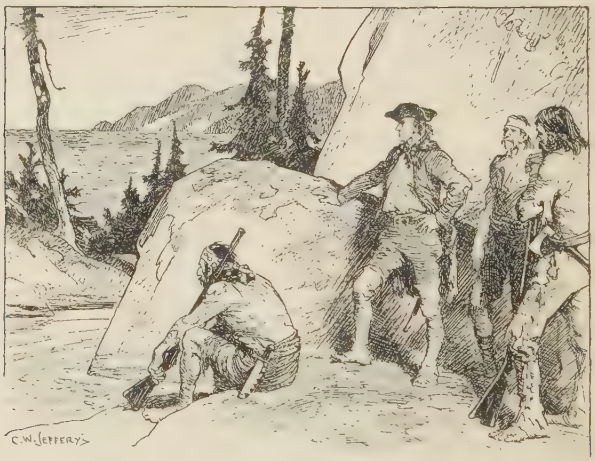
was a great outcry in the United States. A British force holding a fort well within American territory! The affair was settled in two ways:—first, the American General, Wayne, defeated the Indians at a point near the British post and brought them to terms; secondly, in London the American envoy, John Jay, was making a treaty with the British government. The French agent, Genet, had already been snubbed by the American government for his activities, and Britain, unable to do anything more for the Loyalists, agreed to give up the western posts. The British flag came down at Fort Niagara, Detroit, and elsewhere, and war was averted.

That war would come in time Simcoe never doubted, and he proved right. In the minds of many Americans the conviction was deep that they would never be secure until they held Canada. "On to Canada" for years to come was to be a rallying cry in the republic. As Simcoe rode through the country, his trained eye was always watching for points suited for military defence. He talked openly about the coming war, and was not discreet in his everlasting attacks on republicanism and democracy. Yet when he entertained Americans, he was courteous and conciliatory. Between him and his superior, Dorchester, there was deep antagonism. In the end both men returned to England in 1796. Dorchester went to a well-earned rest and lived to be eighty-five; Simcoe became a Lieutenant-General and was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, but he died in 1806 before he could take up this great post. The two men had done their work well. Yet neither of them had understood the deepest problems of Canada. The great need, after all, was to mature the influences which should enable the people to govern themselves wisely. Dorchester's stately scorn of the trading class, Simcoe's ravings against the mob rule of democracy, were echoes from an older society where aristocracy and

privilege were still strong. In a new land, strength and integrity of character were the qualities which should fit men to rule. Democracy might be crude in its manners, but that it had vigour was to be seen in the amazing growth of the United States. In time Canada was to show that democracy could work as effectively under a monarchy as under a republic.

2. The Discontent of the French.—After Dorchester and Simcoe had gone, the problems of Canada were very little in the thought of British statesmen. They were engaged in a deadly struggle with France, and, though the spirit of the age was changing, for the time old abuses flourished. Men who performed none of the duties of an office were allowed to hold it and to draw for life high pay. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, had been offered £5,000 a year as Governor of Canada, though no one dreamed that he would go to Canada to govern. Even Carleton had lived for years in England drawing pay as Governor of Canada. When Canada was nearing war with the United States, another Governor was away for nearly four years continuously. Burton, who had the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada, drew his pay as such for fourteen years before he even visited Canada. After a few years in Canada he retired, and he continued to draw his pay as long as he drew breath. Such abuses meant that the affairs of the colony were not really studied, and were left in the hands of officials on the spot, men often with narrow vision and unbending minds. By 1812 Montreal and Quebec had grown into important cities. From Montreal, as in the days of Frontenac, the fur-traders penetrated to the West farther and ever farther. In 1789 Alexander Mackenzie, from Montreal, reached the Arctic Ocean by the great river which bears his name, and from that time Canadian fur-traders have lived in that remote north. At last, in 1793, Mackenzie crossed the Rocky Mountains and stood

on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. He is the first known white man to brave the dangers from swift rivers and savage Indians in those terrible mountains. It was a dozen years before the Americans, under Lewis and Clark, performed a similar feat. The words which he painted on a rock, "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, July 22, 1793," meant that already Canada was stretching out to the Pacific.



Mackenzie Arriving at the Pacific after Crossing the Rocky Mountains

For the French in Canada the right to vote and a real influence in politics were something new. The habitant owned the land which he tilled, and in all the world probably there was no peasantry with a greater sense of independence. From the first the electors of Lower Canada had chosen for the Legislature men of their own French race. Naturally, only a minority in the elected Assembly spoke English. Both French and English were used freely, though the proceedings were usually in French. For some time the tone of the French members

had been one of gratitude to Britain for the liberties which she had conceded to them. George III was the best of kings. When war with France began in 1793, the French seemed as hearty as the English in its support. France, which executed its king and persecuted the church, could no longer claim their reverence. They sang *Te Deums* for British victories. But none the less was their social system French. They read French books. Their traditions were French. They would not be absorbed by a society English in type. Had not their Norman ancestors once conquered England as England had now conquered them? Was not France the leader of the world in the refinements of life? If arrogant English officials seemed to despise them as a conquered people, they, in turn, looked upon these new-comers as alien intruders who had no real stake in the country. It was the French who had first settled Canada, there to remain for ever rooted.

Prolonged war with France did not make easier the governing of the French in Canada. They had, it is true, little sympathy with the extremists in France. But on the banks of the St. Lawrence was growing up a society with the advanced views of the people's rights which had overturned the monarchy in France. In 1806, the French leaders founded a newspaper—*Le Canadien*. The few British of an earlier day had made arrogant attacks on the French as spoiled by an indulgent Governor, and now the French attacked the English for the same reason. The Governor, they said, was a stranger from England, he was surrounded by an official clique who hated everything French. The result was that the French put in the forefront of their policy their language, their religion, and their laws, as things to be fought for to the death. No quarrels are fiercer than racial quarrels. The French had the rage and vehemence of a people free to speak but not in control of power.

The English, more than the French, have a genius for trade, and it thus happened that it was chiefly the French who tilled the soil and the English who carried on the trade of Lower Canada. When the problem of taxation was faced, the trader wished to lay the chief burden on the owners of land, while these in turn wished to put it on the traders in the form of increased import duties. The Assembly was acutely divided on the question, with the French majority on one side, the English minority on the other. The majority had had no experience in politics and thought to repress opposition by coercion. In 1805, when the Montreal *Gazette* reported a speech at a public dinner in which the proposed duties were condemned as unsound, the Assembly ordered the arrest of the printer and the publisher for " false, scandalous, and malicious libel."

It was always soldiers whom Britain sent to Canada as Governors-General. Usually the Governor had a long record of service. General Prescott, who succeeded Dorchester, had fought with Wolfe forty years earlier. Sir James Craig, his successor in 1807, had been wounded in the assault on Bunker Hill in the first days of the American Revolution, and, in the following year, had helped to drive the Americans from Canada. He had served in South Africa at the first British occupation, and later in India and in Italy. An officer passing, like Craig, from one scene to another, each of them with its own intricate problems, was forced to rely on the officials about him, with minds often clouded by prejudice and resentment. This happened to Craig in Canada. He was accustomed to military pomp, and he had the peremptory ways of a man with the habit of command; but his mind was keen and his temper generous. When he arrived in 1807, he saw that war was imminent with the United States. And just at this time the new French paper, *Le Canadien*, was making ferocious attacks on all that he, as Governor, did. Officials about Craig persuaded

him that there was danger not only of war with the United States but also of armed rebellion in Canada. The result was that, in 1810, he threw into prison the chief persons concerned with the publication of *Le Canadien*. Great was the fury aroused by this act. The kindly and humane Craig was called the author of a "Reign of Terror." All the prisoners but one expressed regret at the tone of *Le Canadien* and were freed without trial. In the end this one, Pierre Bédard, was told that he was free. When he refused to leave until brought to trial, he was ejected from jail by force. Probably even he saw the humour of the situation. A little later Craig left Canada, a dying man, and in 1811 was succeeded by General Sir George Prevost, who had been Governor of Nova Scotia.

Sir George Prevost

3. The Outbreak of War.—For nearly a score of years Britain had been at war with France. War was in the air; the policy of the time was based upon the needs of war; and men turned to war as a means of settling disputes with a light-heartedness really sickening. By 1812 the United States had a population of eight million—nearly half as many as Great Britain. Its people, having themselves created a new state based on ideal principles of democracy, were certain that the people of Canada longed to break away from Great Britain and that an invading army would be received as deliverers. They thought themselves so happy in ceasing to be British that for Canada not to wish the same thing was to turn from light to darkness. The Stars and

Stripes, said American leaders, should float triumphant from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. To this, it was said, pointed inevitable destiny. All North America was to become one vast republic. Many Americans were, therefore, ready to make use of any dispute with Great Britain to bring on war, so as to secure Canada.

There were new causes provoking war. While the armies of Napoleon were supreme on land in Europe, the fleets of Britain were everywhere supreme on the sea. At Trafalgar, in 1805, Nelson struck the final blow to French naval power. Yet all was not well in the British fleet. The discipline was cruel; brutal officers ordered needless floggings; bad food was supplied by corrupt contractors; the rate of pay had not been increased during a century and a half. A great evil was the recruiting of the navy by seizing men in the streets of English towns and carrying them off against their wills to the remotest parts of the world. In American ships the same English language was spoken, and the pay was better. The result was that, whenever there was a chance for British sailors impressed against their wills to desert to an American ship, off some of them were sure to go. How could this be stopped? The British said, by using the right of search. Accordingly, British men-of-war stopped American ships on the sea, ordered the mustering of the crew, and carried off what deserters were found. Sometimes mistakes were made, and Americans were taken. To the United States this claim to search its ships seemed like arrogant tyranny. The flag, said the Americans, protected the crew, and the dignity of the young nation must be respected.

This was not the only cause of trouble. Napoleon, engaged in deadly struggle with Britain, thought to ruin her by destroying her trade. She was only, as he said, "a nation of shop-keepers." Accordingly, in 1806, he issued the Berlin Decree. No British trade was to be

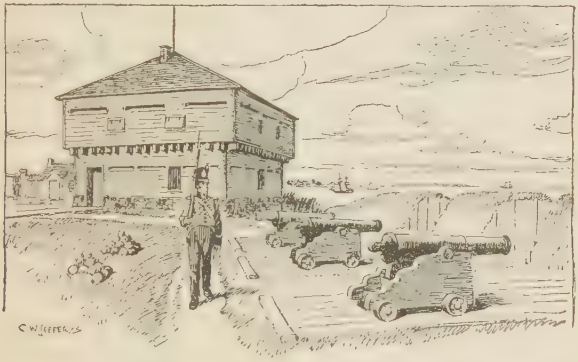
allowed with Europe. No British ship should enter any European port. Every British subject there was to be put in prison. "A deadly blow to England," said Napoleon exultantly. Britain struck back. By Orders-in-Council Britain said that she would not allow even neutral ships to trade to the ports controlled by Napoleon. These should be cut off entirely from trade by sea. The difference between Britain and France was that Britain had a powerful fleet to enforce her policy, while France had not. American ships sailing to Europe found themselves stopped and taken to a British port. They protested their rights as neutrals to trade with Europe. But this Britain, fighting for her life, would not allow.

In 1807, while a British sloop lay at Hampton Roads, in Virginia, five of her men seized a boat and rowed away to enlist on an American man-of-war—the *Chesapeake*. To the demand that the men should be given up no heed was paid. Some weeks later the *Chesapeake* was stopped at sea by the British ship *Leopard*. When her captain would not permit search for the deserters, a fight followed, and twenty-one were killed or wounded on the American ship. The British took off four men and hanged the only one of them who was a deserter; it turned out that the other three were Americans. Clearly Britain had gone beyond her rights, and an angry dispute followed. In 1811 a British fleet cruised off New York, stopped American ships bound for France, and took off British seamen. At once an American ship, the *President*, put to sea to protect American commerce. She sighted the British corvette, *Little Belt*, and for many hours the huge American ship pursued the small sloop. When firing began, the *Little Belt* was reduced to a mere hulk by the *President* and lost thirty-two men. Such events were certain to lead to war. "On to Canada" was the cry now often repeated in the United States, and war broke out in 1812.

War was really desired only by the Southern States, which would suffer from it the least. Canada did not wish it, for she would be invaded. Britain did not wish it, for she was fully occupied with Napoleon and had no taste for strife with people of her own blood. Before war was declared, she withdrew the Orders-in-Council which injured American trade, but the action came too late. The Northern States knew their trade would be ruined by war and voted against it in Congress. Had the telegraph existed at the time, had there been a strong newspaper press, public opinion would have made war impossible. Madison, the President, was a Southerner, with the old ambition to make the United States continental. When he thought the Canadians eager to break with Britain, he forgot that Upper Canada was peopled by exiled Loyalists, who had made sacrifices to remain British and were ready to renew them. To the Canadians alone was the war vital, and they fought with stern tenacity for their new homes.

4. Brock's Capture of Detroit.—Sir George Prevost, who in 1811 succeeded Craig as Governor-General of Canada, was an amiable man, who did his best to disarm the suspicions of the French, acute ever since the angry days of Craig's "Reign of Terror." The result was that, as war drew near, he had the support of the French. They showed, indeed, that they were as ready as the English element to fight American invaders—a change since the time of Carleton's troubles. It was Prevost himself who was found wanting. As civil Governor he did well. But in war he proved timid and incapable of decision. After the war he was about to be tried by a court-martial, when he died. Happily for the defence of Canada, he remained chiefly at Quebec, which was not attacked, and it was other officers who did most of the fighting.

Since Simcoe no one of note had been sent as Lieutenant-Governor to Upper Canada. It now contained, perhaps, one hundred thousand people. At Niagara there was a pretty village of some two hundred houses. Kingston was the naval station for the little lake fleet. York was taking on the appearance of a capital, with a good public building in which sat the Legislature, with a church, in time to be called a cathedral, and a public library. This town was protected by a fort. In 1812 Upper Canada was happy in having a strong and vigorous leader. General Isaac Brock, now



Block-house and Battery in the Old Fort, Toronto, 1812

in his forty-third year, had spent ten years in Canada. It was said of Brock that no one ever heard him make an ill-natured remark. With a frank kindliness, which won the affection of his men, went a surprising vigour in action. Brock was six feet two inches in height and broad and muscular. One night at York, when he found that some deserters had gone across the lake in a boat, he set out at midnight in a small skiff to pursue them, found them on the American side, near Niagara, and brought them back. A little later, when the harshness of a fellow-officer caused a mutiny at Niagara, Brock in-

stantly seized the offenders, and four of them were executed. "I have never felt grief like this," he told his men; but he was relentless in such a crisis. In 1812 he was not only in command of the troops in Upper Canada, but also acting as Lieutenant-Governor, and this was of good omen.

Sir Isaac Brock

When the British conquered Canada, they had made their chief attack by way of the sea, knowing that if they took Quebec they could quickly master the rest of the country. But now the Americans had no fleet for such a task. They could strike only by land and at two vital points—Montreal and the frontiers of Upper Canada. The first blow came from Detroit against Upper Canada. William Hull, the American leader, was a well-to-do lawyer in Massachusetts. He had been an officer in the victorious American army which received the surrender at Yorktown, in 1781, of Lord Cornwallis, the British commander in the south. This had been the crowning disaster to the British cause; and every American officer who had shared in the triumph was in popular esteem a hero. Hull was a poor soldier, but he was given command of the north-western army, with headquarters at Detroit. He shared the belief that his raw militia could quickly overrun Canada. At once he crossed the river into Canada. He had come, he said in a proclamation, to emancipate the Canadians from British tyranny and to give them the dignity of freemen. If they failed to respond, they would suffer all the horrors of war. The

Indians, so hostile to the British in the days of Pontiac, were now on their side, and Hull threatened that, if Indians were used, the war would be a war of extermination; every white man found fighting by the side of an Indian would be killed at once. He advanced into Canada for some distance, ravaging the country when he met with resistance.

The general who began operations in this manner was afterwards sentenced to death by an American court-martial for cowardice and neglect of duty, though the sentence was not carried out. High-sounding threats do not win battles. Within a month after invading Canada, Hull was hurrying back to Detroit in panic. The Canadians, instead of receiving him with open arms, had proved intensely hostile. Moreover, alarming news had reached him. By a sudden dash the British had taken the important Fort Michilimackinac at the entrance to Lake Michigan. In the American Revolution the Indians had aroused terror, and Hull had visions of swarms of them let loose in his rear. They were in truth a deadly menace, and in this war they sometimes got out of control and committed massacres which embittered American feeling. Reports came filtering in to Hull that a British army had left Niagara and was facing storms on Lake Erie in order to attack Detroit. Brock was coming; a young, experienced general was facing a civilian leader now nearly sixty years old, who for thirty years had seen nothing of war. Brock landed his army near the mouth of the Detroit River and took counsel with the men on the spot.

Chief among these was the Indian, Tecumseh. He was chief of the Shawnees, a western tribe, a great statesman among the western Indians, and a man of really noble character. The American settlers who were crowding into the west and grabbing Indian lands, Tecumseh had opposed in a struggle which ended in a

bitter fight at Tippecanoe, in Indiana, in 1811. The Indians defeated by the American general, Harrison, held more eagerly than ever to the British side. Near Detroit Tecumseh and Brock now met for the first time. The Indian was the younger by seven or eight years. Brock, in the uniform of a British general, was the model soldierly leader; Tecumseh, in tanned deer-skin and moccasins, was the last of the Indian warriors to play the

MEETING OF BROCK AND TECUMSEH

part of a dignified ally. Brock asked the Indian chief for counsel. With the point of a scalping-knife, Tecumseh drew on a piece of elm-bark a military map showing how Detroit might be attacked. When he turned to the chiefs

about him, he said of Brock: "This is a man;" while Brock wrote of Tecumseh that he had never seen a wiser or more gallant leader. He was no savage. He had often rebuked his followers when bent on massacre. Once, when a British officer had failed to check outrages, Tecumseh had turned on him and said, "You are not fit to command; go and put on petticoats."

All this time Hull, in Detroit, was growing ever more nervous. From the Canadian side of the river Brock threw shells into the town, sometimes with destructive effect. In the forest about Detroit the Indians were moving, and the cries of night birds, which Hull's sentries heard in the stillness, were sometimes signals from lurking scouts to each other. Hull did well to dread the Indians. At this very moment they were closing in on Fort Dearborn, where now stands Chicago, and there was a savage massacre when they took the place. On Sunday, August 16th, Hull, looking out, saw a red-coated army in full view before Detroit. He had no idea of their numbers. In the woods all about could be heard echoing war-whoops, and he knew that Tecumseh had a great following. A thousand civilians cowered in Detroit in deadly fear, and Hull lost his nerve. When the British advanced as if to assault the place, he agreed to surrender. Twenty-five hundred prisoners of war, food, stores, and military possession of Michigan were secured by Brock. With some fifteen hundred men he had struck a heavy blow. The boastful Hull was carried to Montreal, which heard the strains of *Yankee Doodle* as Canadian militia marched through the streets with the column of prisoners.

5. The Death of Brock.—Thus did the war begin. After this it was clear that the Canadians would fight the invaders with their whole strength. The United States was unprepared. Except in frontier strife with the Indians, its small regular army had seen no war since the days of the Revolution. With eight million people

against the four hundred thousand of Canada, it seemed as if the Americans could throw crushing forces into Canada, but their untrained militia proved of little use. Armies fight well only for a cause in which they believe. On both sides there was excellent fighting material, but the Northern States did not believe in the war. Militia of New York, ordered to cross the Niagara River into Canada, more than once balked. They would, they said, defend their own homes, but it was no part of their duty to invade the lands of their neighbours. In some measure the war was for the Americans a game in party politics, and inferior leaders were given important commands. They were slow in getting ready. The British were better organized. For years they had faced the astounding military genius of Napoleon, and their generals knew the realities of war. Tied as Britain's hands still were by this stupendous struggle, she yet sent twenty-five thousand men to Canada. Canada raised fourteen thousand men as good as regulars, and some of her militia also did great service fighting a defensive war. There were with the Canadians about five thousand Indians. During the war the Americans raised at least seventy thousand regulars. The forces were widely scattered. No leader on either side had more than five thousand men in the firing line in any engagement.

Had Brock lived he would probably have made a great reputation as a soldier. But his career was short. From his success at Detroit he hurried back to the Niagara frontier. There an American force was gathering, to cross the swift river into Canada. On the long front of forty miles above and below the mighty cataract, the British had to watch anxiously. They knew not where the great effort might be made. On the morning of October 13th, 1812, Brock was at Fort George at the mouth of the river. Before dawn he heard a heavy cannonade. In the darkness the Americans had crossed at Queenston, some eight miles up the river. Brock

mounted and rode furiously to the point of danger. Queenston Heights rise some three hundred and fifty feet above the river, and half-way up the Heights a single British gun was in action against a heavy fire from many American batteries on the opposite shore. Here came Brock, breathless and eager. He climbed the slope and was standing by the gun directing its fire, when he heard a sudden alien cheer. An American force had got to the rear of the gun by a roundabout path, and now dashed upon Brock's men, who hurriedly escaped down the hill. Across the river on the American side could now be seen many boats ready to carry to Queenston a large force. Brock quickly decided that he must regain the Heights. He rallied his men. Waving his sword at their head, he advanced again up the slope toward the lost gun. His uniform showed him to be a man of importance, and an American soldier only thirty yards away took deliberate aim and killed him instantly. Thus did Brock, like Wolfe, perish in the hour of victory. The Americans could not hold the Heights. Their militia, appalled by the horrors of real war, behaved badly, and many refused to cross the river. Every invader was driven back, and before night came, the British held nearly a thousand prisoners. On Queenston Heights stands to-day a tall pillar in Brock's memory. In a supreme crisis he had proved himself the man of the hour.

6. The Failure of the Attack on Montreal.—After a year of war, the Americans had organized considerable forces. To take Montreal would mean that they could block aid from England to the interior. At Sackett's Harbour, near Oswego, they gathered a force to descend the St. Lawrence, as Amherst had descended it on his victorious advance in 1760. In May, 1813, the British attacked the place, and, but for the indecision of Prevost, they might have won a striking success. But they failed utterly, and all summer the Americans went on with their

preparations. They were too slow and were not ready until chill winter was near. But, on November 5th, eight thousand men under General Wilkinson embarked in batteaux for the adventurous descent of the great river. In Amherst's time its shore had been a wilderness. Now, however, there were settlers, and Wilkinson was struck by their intense hostility. At points where the boats had to pass near the shore, they were annoyed by rifle and artillery fire. There was a further danger. The Americans had not been able to keep British gunboats and batteaux from following them down the river. A capable naval officer, Captain Mulcaster, pursued the flotilla, which was thus menaced from both the rear and the front. Wilkinson put forces ashore to go forward and clear the banks. This meant that his army was divided. He could move only about a dozen miles a day, and at night he halted his whole force. Those waters were too dangerous to take any risks in the dark.

Out of these conditions came a notable British success at Crysler's Farm. Here, on the night of November 10th, Wilkinson's army slept, near the head of the Long Sault Rapids, with the boats drawn up by the shore. Three thousand Americans had marched forward by land, and they reported the north shore clear. Next morning, just as the boats were starting, the British forces attacked the American rear, and Wilkinson ordered General Boyd to turn and face them. Then followed a stiff battle. The British, under Colonel Morrison, had some eight hundred men and were outnumbered by nearly three to one. But they were handled so skilfully that the Americans, after heavy losses, retired. The cavalry and artillery hurried down the river by land, the infantry rushed to the boats and braved the perils of the rapids. Next day the whole American force was reunited near St. Regis. They might still have gone on, but now they had bad news. A second American army, under General

Wade Hampton, marching to the St. Lawrence from the head of Lake Champlain, was to meet Wilkinson at St. Regis. Then in overwhelming force, the combined armies were to attack Montreal. The junction was never made. Hampton was advancing in a district peopled by French-Canadians. Their militia, under Colonel de Salaberry, attacked him at Châteauguay. The Americans outnumbered their enemy by four to one, and the fight was a mere skirmish. But Hampton lost his nerve, it is said through drink, and he retreated in panic to Lake Champlain. This was the news which Wilkinson received at St. Regis. At once he abandoned the attack on Montreal, which was not again seriously menaced during the war.

3.

Charles de Salaberry

7. The Defence of the Niagara Frontier.—After this the war centred more and more in Upper Canada. The British had driven back the invaders in 1812, but in 1813 they faced a dark outlook. General Procter, aided by Tecumseh, was defending the region about Detroit. He marched into what is now Ohio, but effected little. The British had a few ships of war on Lake Erie, but the Americans built a much larger fleet, and on September 10th there was a striking naval battle. The Americans, under Commodore Perry, had nine ships with trained crews; the British, under Captain Barclay, had

six, with only the few seamen whom he could pick up in Canada. After a fight of two hours the British squadron surrendered. Never again during the war was the British flag seen on Lake Erie. General Harrison, with an army of Kentuckians in overwhelming force, advanced into Canada and overtook Procter at Moraviantown, near Chatham. One thousand British and Indians faced three thousand Americans. Harrison's cavalry broke the

Map of Niagara Frontier, 1812-1815

British line. Procter was able to ride away, but Tecumseh fell. It is said that the men of Kentucky, enraged at the earlier Indian massacre, made razor strops of his skin.

On Lake Ontario and the Niagara River there was for a time a similar story of British disaster. The Americans had a vigorous naval leader in Commodore Chauncey. In April, 1813, his fleet descended suddenly on York (Toronto) and captured it after a sharp fight.

Not only did the Americans destroy the ship-yard and the defences; they burned the Parliament Buildings of the little capital, scattered the books of the public library, and even pillaged the church and carried off the church plate. These barbarities, regretted by Chauncey himself, were afterwards avenged, when the British destroyed the public buildings in Washington. At the end of May the Americans crossed the river in force and captured Fort George, the chief British stronghold on the Niagara.

LAURA SECORD ON HER JOURNEY TO WARN THE BRITISH

They attempted to occupy the whole shore from Niagara round the end of the lake to Toronto. But the British stood across their path at Burlington Heights, which now became the chief British depot. In the thick forest lurked their Indian allies, of whom the Americans had a great dread. Their painted faces and their wild whoops

in the silent forest were indeed, as a British officer said, enough "to frighten the Black Devil himself." The British post of Beaver Dams was about seventeen miles from Fort George. Laura Secord, the wife of a settler, overheard at Fort George talk of a coming attack. After the Americans had started, she slipped past them through the woods and gave the alarm to Lieutenant FitzGibbon at Beaver Dams. As the American force drew near, they heard on every side war-whoops. The forest

Ships of War on the Great Lakes, 1812-1815

seemed alive with the savages, and at last, in fear of massacre, about five hundred Americans surrendered to half their number of Indians and British.

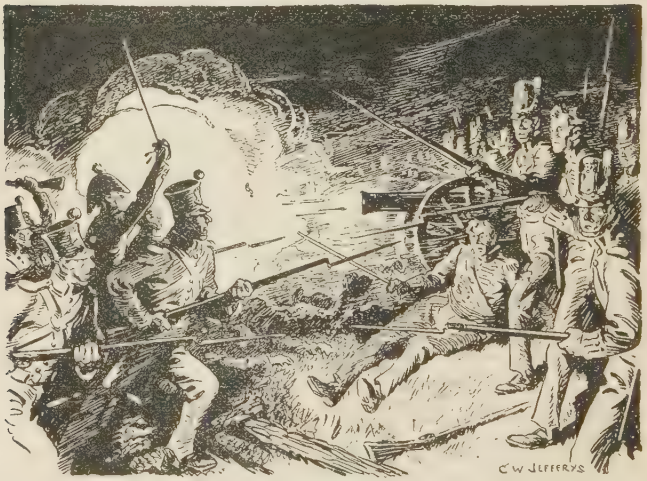
All this summer each side tried to secure command of Lake Ontario. Since ships could not be brought up the river from Montreal, it was necessary to build them on the spot. For this the Americans, with their larger population, had greater resources. But to the end of the war neither side had on Lake Ontario the complete mastery which the Americans secured on Lake Erie. The

Americans had the heavier artillery and preferred to fight at long range; the British tried to grapple with and to board their enemy. The rival fleets, under their white sails, manœuvring for position, made a striking spectacle. A British officer at Burlington Heights in August, 1813, says that for two days he watched a British fleet under Sir James Yeo trying to come to close quarters with Chauncey's squadron. An engagement began in the dark at eleven o'clock, and all that could be seen was the flash of the guns. At daylight, when the fleets separated, Yeo's squadron, heading for York, had been increased by two captured ships.

As winter drew on in 1813, the Americans decided to evacuate Fort George. Under its protection lay the pretty village, once Simcoe's capital. On the cold night of December 10th the Americans set fire to the houses and recrossed the river to Fort Niagara. Four hundred women and children were rendered homeless in bitter winter weather. This was another barbarism in a barbarous war, and the British had a quick revenge. They soon crossed the river and took Fort Niagara. Before the year ended, from Buffalo on Lake Erie to Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, there was black ruin. Fort Niagara itself was spared, and there in American territory the British flag waved proudly until peace came.

By this time both sides were weary of the war. Early in 1814 the Allies crushed the power of Napoleon and sent him in exile to Elba. Britain's hands were now freer, and she began to send seasoned troops to Canada. Her greatest soldier, Wellington, might, it was thought, be sent. Each side was too proud to yield the claims which had caused the war, and in the end it was found that peace might be made on the basis of saying nothing about them. But for another year the war went on. A capable soldier, Sir Gordon Drummond, was now in command in Upper Canada. Again, in 1814, the Americans crossed the Niagara River into Canada. There was

renewed hard fighting, and the fiercest battle was almost the last. On a hot night in July, within a mile of the great cataract of Niagara and with its roar in their ears, the two sides joined battle at Lundy's Lane. The struggle began at six in the evening and went on in the darkness until midnight. It is one of the strangest battles in history. It ended in sheer exhaustion on both sides, but the Americans withdrew, and the British held



BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE
British Defending a Gun

the field and could thus claim victory. Nearly two months later the British tried to end renewed menace to Montreal by taking Plattsburg on Lake Champlain. They failed utterly through Prevost's indecision. He was assuredly their evil genius during the war. In August the British burned Washington, but in December they were utterly defeated at New Orleans. Each side

thus saw victory and defeat. Canada had achieved this, at least, that, when the war ended, not an American soldier was to be found in arms within her frontiers. She had repelled the invader, and her future as a British land was secure.

The indecisive conflict was far from fruitless. Each side learned the strength of the other. On the sea the British were surprised to find that American ships were sometimes better built than their own. There was no American fleet which could face the British fleet. But there were single combats between American and British ships in which the Americans gave a good account of themselves. None the less, the British secured command of the sea so completely that they kept up a blockade of American ports, which menaced the North with ruin and made it ever more hostile to the war. Peace was signed at Ghent in December, 1814. From that time no party in the United States has made a serious effort to absorb Canada in the Union. The war of 1812-1814 decided a great issue; henceforth there were to be two English-speaking states in North America. English and French-Canadians had fought side by side to ensure that Canada should remain British. And Canada had shown that she was prepared to fight for her own ideals in face of overwhelming odds.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TASKS OF SETTLEMENT

1. Heavy Immigration to Canada after 1815.— The year 1815 saw the end of a long era of strife. Never since that time has Britain been at war with either the United States or France. For Canada the menace of foreign invasion was over, and whatever strife she was to see came from disputes within her own borders. Social conditions in Europe were disturbed. The disbanding of great armies left many without work. During the war with Napoleon the high price of wheat had brought to British farmers large profits. Now exhausted Europe had dropped the sword and was again cultivating its own fields. It had little money with which to buy from England. In all types of industry wages fell. To add to the distress the new use of machinery deprived many of work. One mode of relief was to induce people to emigrate, and, during the twenty years following the close of the war, there was a movement to Canada on a scale far greater than that of the Loyalists. In a single year thirty-four thousand people arrived. The majority of these new-comers went to Upper Canada. They differed in outlook from the Loyalists. Many Roman Catholics came from Ireland. There were crofters from Scotland, seeking relief in the wide lands of Canada from the poverty-stricken hovels of a Highland glen and the harshness of the great land-owner, who, in reality for their good, drove them out to make homes elsewhere. Many disbanded soldiers were sent out. If most of these people were humble and unlettered, some were of the educated class. During the war with

Napoleon a colony of aristocratic exiles from France had settled near Toronto and had utterly failed as colonists. But now educated men from Britain proved to the world that their training was an aid and not a handicap in the hard life of the pioneer.

Some immigrants settled in Lower Canada. To the district known as the Eastern Townships, the central point of which is the present city of Sherbrooke, came English-speaking settlers, chiefly from the United States. They did not like the French land laws, and, though the region was in Lower Canada, they were allowed the English system of tenure. For each of the hundred new townships a "leader" was named, who really played the part of the French seignior. He allotted the land, looked after the welfare of the settlers, and was instrumental in creating for the first time other than French settlements in the rural districts of Lower Canada. These settlers were experienced in conditions like those which they found in Canada. Montreal and Quebec attracted English-speaking people of the trading and industrial classes, and these, with the people of the Eastern Townships, formed an important Protestant and English-speaking minority. But the French element remained by far the more numerous. With the French large families were the rule. The sons, bound to shift for themselves, reclaimed more and more of the forest for agriculture. No immigration came from France. The ancestors of the greater part of the people had come to Canada in the reign of Louis XIV. Long since they had broken all ties with France. They were Canadian and Canadian only. English who had come only since the cession they looked upon as new-comers. In Upper Canada, on the other hand, the new-comers soon became the more numerous element.

Many immigrants brought with them radical views—the legacy of social discontent in the old world. The long war had left the English villager in a miserable

plight. A Poor Law, intended to help him, had proved a blighting curse. Under this system a man whose wages were too low for the support of a family might claim help from the parish on a fixed scale. If out of work, he was entitled to receive money from the parish in lieu of his wages. The idle and dissipated fared better than the industrious man, whose wages were too low to enable him to live decently, but who was too self-reliant to take aid from the parish. Discontent in England made it a land of violence. Sullen and embittered labourers wandered through the country, begging when they must, thieving when they could. Every evening at dark the doors and windows of the country house were barred and bolted, and every nook was searched in protection against thieves and violence. The stranger was suspected, and doors were closed upon him lest he should be a robber or a murderer. From such an England many were glad to emigrate across the sea.

2. Clearing the Land in Canada.—If Canada was a land of hardship, at least the spirit of its people was kindly and trusting. "Let the traveller," says Mrs. Traill, herself an educated pioneer, "seek shelter in the poorest shanty . . . and he need fear no evil, for never have I heard of the rules of hospitality being violated." The houseless wanderer was rarely turned from the door. There were no starving poor, robbing in order to live, no opulent rich whose treasures tempted the covetous. Idle and drunken people there were in Canada, for the change of scene did not change the habits of the depraved. But observers noted the effect, in improving character, of the prospect before a man of securing the broad acres which should reward his toil: "Men like this do not steal." In spite of primitive conditions, Canada was a land of security. Doors were rarely locked, and almost no violence was ever done. The Indians, so long a terror to the settler, had ceased to

be a menace. Some of them drink had depraved. They received annual presents from the government to aid in their support. When they gathered for this purpose, the traders sold them whisky, and sometimes they and their squaws rolled about on the grass in degrading intoxication. But they rarely robbed. It was not uncommon for a party of Indians to enter quietly a settler's kitchen, for they never knocked, to spread their blankets on the floor, and to pass the night with or without leave. At dawn they would steal silently away, leaving behind them, perhaps, some wild ducks or venison as a gift.

To the settler the forest was both a friend and an enemy. It was a friend, because of the timber to build houses, the fuel which it provided against winter cold, the beauty which it added to the Canadian scene. But it was an enemy in making agriculture and communications difficult. To-day on the open prairie of the Canadian West, the trail is easy to make, and there are no trees to be cleared away with toilsome labour before the land can be tilled. For the settler in the older Canada the tree was a thing to be destroyed. When cut down to clear the ground for a roadway or for a field, it lay there —a massive thing to be got rid of. Only a few trees were needed for building the settler's house, and during many years the easiest thing to do with the finest timber of walnut or oak or maple was to split it into rails for fences or to burn it. At times a hundred glowing fires in a single clearing would flame up to the sky on a day free from the wind which might spread the fire to the neighbouring forest. Our age is staggered by this waste of the wood which has become precious. In time the timber trade was organized, and the logs could be sold. At first saw-mills were few, and, less than a hundred years ago, many a house was built of planks laboriously split by hand from great logs. The roof of such houses was made water-tight by shingles split in the same way.

This rough work was sometimes performed by men of education, who found at least glowing health in an industrious life out of doors.

The great problem was to place on the land the right sort of settlers. In truth, every variety came to Canada. There were military colonies. In 1816 nearly a thousand former soldiers formed what was known as the Perth Settlement, not far from Ottawa. A great many Scots created a New Scotland in what they called Glengarry, the centre of which is the present thriving town of Cornwall. The head of the MacNab clan, "The MacNab," as he proudly called himself, moved with many of his clansmen to the banks of the Ottawa River and there sought to preserve the feudal glories of the Highlands. He built a picturesque country seat for himself. When he visited York, the capital, he wore kilts and was attended by his piper. But he found little place in Canada for the system. Colonel Talbot, a scion of a noble house, made no effort to transport its glories. He was granted no less than twenty-eight townships bordering on the shores of Lake Erie, and planted on them settlers, whose descendants number to-day two or three hundred thousand. John Galt, a Scottish novelist, with the Scot before his eyes hungry for land, and with Canada hungry for settlers, led in forming a great land company, The Canada Company, with a capital of a million pounds, which bought and settled more than a million acres in Upper Canada. The present city of Guelph was the first town founded by the Company. This Company settled the vast area known as the Huron Tract, stretching to Lake Huron and covered with forest. A settler tells of riding for seventy miles by a forest pathway, newly cut, to the spot where now stands the town of Goderich. To help emigrants from Ireland, the British government promised each settler a hundred acres of land, and agreed

to build him a shanty, to provide tools, seed, and even a cow, and to give him the needed food for a year and a half. Many to-day are the descendants in Canada of the Irish peasants who escaped in this way from rack-rent.

3. The Life of the Pioneer.—There was no idle aristocracy among these new-comers. It was noted that, more than the ignorant, the educated man showed an adaptability for these new conditions. He used his reason, and he had a wider range of ideas. Some of these cultivated settlers have recorded the joys of the pioneer life. They thought the country beautiful and even the winter attractive, with its brilliant sunlight and its air free from chilling damp. With fuel abundant it was easy to make the houses comfortable. The settlers had one condition of happiness—that they were always busy with a multitude of duties. The remoteness of the life possessed its own charm, for there was freedom from conventions and restraint. Going back to England, some of them found its life stiff and formal and returned gladly to the freedom of Canada. At first, in the trackless waste it was easy to be lost, and many a hunter or traveller perished in this way. It was something to share in creating a civilization; to see the bridle-path through the forest become a road and the road a highway; to see the primitive log cabin give way to the well-built house of wood, or stone, or brick; and to grow wheat where at first had been the sombre shade of the forest. The maple tree yielded in the spring a store of sugar to last throughout the year. A British officer settled in a clearing sometimes turned his sword into a pruning-hook, but he had also to learn the humbler task of using the steel of a cobbler's knife and awl to make shoes for himself and his children. For this he was none the worse. He was freer and stronger than he would have been, struggling to live on half-pay in an older community.

He had, too, in Canada sport, open in England only to the wealthy. The forest abounded in deer. Sometimes, indeed, they were troublesome neighbours, for they were apt to come at night to browse in the wheat. The howling of the wolves was not a pleasant sound, and sometimes they wrought havoc among the sheep. The bear, too, was an incorrigible robber and would make his way into the kitchen to carry off meats or sweets. But to hunt the bear was a sport. In the spring vast flocks of pigeons darkened the sky and were an easy mark. There were such quantities of salmon in the rivers that in a single evening one farmer speared more than fifty with a pitch-fork. In the streams were trout, and in the great lakes huge salmon-trout, one of which, it is recorded, weighed more than seventy pounds. Wild ducks, wild geese, and in some places immense wild turkeys were abundant. Black squirrels made a pleasant food.

The life had, of course, its drawbacks. The mosquitoes and black flies made early summer well-nigh intolerable to new-comers. Wanting were the quiet beauty of the English village, the gray tower of the ancient church clothed with ivy, and the smooth and finished country-side. Old friendships were broken to go to Canada. For those who were delicate the life was hard, and a malaria, known as the ague, weakened and depressed many. The labour of the men cleared the ground and tilled the fields, but most of what was used within, the women had to make—the daily bread, the candles, the soap, not least the clothing, for the spinning-wheel was in every household. When there was illness the doctor was often remote. The cardinal vice among the pioneers was drunkenness. Whisky was easily distilled, and it was consumed in vast quantities. When farmers gathered in a "bee" to help to raise the frame of a barn or a house for a neighbour, the day was certain to end in intoxication for some. A pail of water and a pail of whisky were often carried round to the guests, who

helped themselves in equal proportions. It is painfully amusing to find wagers often made in terms of quarts of whisky.

The churches did noble missionary work. It was noted that some of the Indians were quickly touched by the new sense of order. If the trader's work among them was evil, that of the missionary was good. A traveller describes the neat houses, with excellent furniture, of Indians near Toronto, among whom Peter Jones, himself half Indian in blood, had worked: "From living more like hogs than men they had become cleanly, industrious, and sober." In order to bring the scattered settlers together for religious teaching, the Methodists held what were known as camp-meetings. The people would remain for days living in tents. Either in the open air or in a huge tent there would be daily preaching and sometimes frantic outbursts of religious emotion. As churches were built and religious services were held regularly, even in remote places, these meetings died out. There was rivalry among the churches and often bitter controversy. Keenly resented was the claim of the Church of England to be the state church and to have a monopoly of the public funds set apart for church endowment. Radicalism attacked the tie between church and state, and in the end the question had its place in causing armed rebellion. Thus the pioneer village in Canada debated issues which for centuries had disturbed the European world.

4. The Progress of Settlement.—Clearing the land, building log cabins, breaking up rough ground—all this is elementary labour requiring strong arms. But it is a waste of the finer spirits to keep them so employed. As villages grew into towns and towns into cities, society was graded, and individuals took the rank in social life suited to their training. In Toronto, the capital, were preserved some traditions of English society. There was

not, as in England, a class which lived on its income from land. Colonel Talbot secured for himself more than sixty thousand acres, but in no case did land mean wealth. In primitive conditions land was usually a burden, rather than a source of income, and no large estates were preserved in Upper Canada. Its aristocracy consisted of the officials of the government, the professional classes—the lawyers, the physicians, the clergy—and the numerous retired officers who, confronted by a long era of peace in Europe, sought provision for their families in a pioneer life. This class frowned upon persons engaged in trade, and it is amusing now to note that, within the memory of men still living, to be engaged in trade disqualified a candidate for admission to the most exclusive social club in Toronto.

From the first, the legal profession and the law courts maintained a creditable dignity. There were no corrupt judges, and a court in session awed the settlers with a grave decorum borrowed from England. The crude informality of justice in pioneer society in the United States found no place in Canada. Complaints there were from radicals that the courts had a Tory bias. This was inevitable in a society dominated by a soldier governor and an office-holding caste, but no judge was bought. Inevitably in a new country, with thousands of ignorant settlers, jails were needed, and were sometimes full. Kingston Penitentiary, completed in 1833, was already a vast place, and its inmates were treated with a rigour long since discarded. Brutal flogging was a frequent punishment, and the dark cell, without a ray of light, was in use for troublesome prisoners. Toronto Jail was a dismal place, in which prisoners sometimes died from cold and neglect. This was all the more barbarous because respectable and refined men were still sent to prison for debt. The age did not draw a sharp line between crime and misfortune.

Schools were perhaps the most urgent need, and they were long in coming. Immigrants from England had had no training in paying taxes for free schools, and they had little money to pay fees to a schoolmaster. The total revenue of the government would not have provided schools of the standard which we now demand. The result was dreary stagnation in respect to schools, and irreparable loss for the rising generation. Among the thousands arriving in Canada were some persons who were educated well enough to teach school, but who, because of dissolute habits, had left their country for their country's good and carried with them to Canada their evil mode of life. At some point they would gather a few pupils from the farms, taking for each a small fee. The practice was that they should live for a week at a time with each of their patrons, as a part of their pay—"boarding round," it was called. Often they would remain for only a month or two, and then, to the relief of the community, would move on. Such teachers are described as vulgar, low-bred, and vicious, with a corrupting and not an elevating influence upon youth. Most of the teachers were men. In the towns there were good schools, but they were supported chiefly by the fees paid by the well-to-do. The early history of education in Upper Canada is not inspiring.

Yet the progress of the country was remarkable. Within forty years after 1815, it had taken on a settled appearance not greatly different in rural parts from that of to-day. The harbours were perhaps busier then than they are now, since the chief routes for trade and travel were the waterways. Soon after 1815, and thirty years before the coming of the railway, steamboats were plying regularly on the St. Lawrence system. This did well enough in summer, but in winter, when lakes and rivers were cumbered with ice, it was with horses and oxen that merchandise was taken to those who needed it.

As late as in 1827, roads within twenty miles of Toronto were corduroy, which means that they consisted of logs laid side by side. The rough surface was not usually softened by any covering of earth, and the bumps and jolts tried every joint in the body of the traveller. But the roads improved rapidly. By 1850 main highways were lined with farm-houses. There were stage-coaches drawn by four horses, and taverns every few miles. The houses were well built and more spacious than those occupied by tillers of the soil in England, though they lacked the taste and finish of the English countryside. The farmer, dependent upon his own labour and engrossed in things necessary, neglected things ornamental, and, in some respects, he is still apt so to do. The well-kept flower garden is rarely seen on the Canadian farm. But at an early period the farmer planted orchards and had apples, plums, cherries, and, in some districts, peaches. The abundant supply often rotted on the trees, for the market demand was small.

CHAPTER XVII

REBELLION IN UPPER CANADA

1. The Family Compact.— In 1815, when the war ended, there were not more than a thousand people in the capital of Upper Canada. A prim little society had grown up. Its centre was the Lieutenant-Governor, usually a military officer from England, and its prevailing tone was an echo of English society of the time. "I have contended and ever will contend against democratic principles," said Francis Gore, a cavalry officer sent in 1806 to be Lieutenant-Governor, and this was the correct thing to repeat in the best circles. But there was another side. Just across the frontier in the United States the blessings of democracy were being preached with religious fervour. In England, too, radicals were already making themselves heard. The Scots and the Irish who had migrated to Canada brought with them the passionate discontents of the home land. The result was strife in Upper Canada, all the more acute because the field was small and the antagonisms were personal. "The smaller the pit, the fiercer the rats." William Weekes was an Irish barrister who had lived in New York before moving to Upper Canada. He was elected to the Assembly in 1805 and was a fiery supporter of radicalism. At Niagara in 1806, during a case in court, Weekes was rebuked by another lawyer, William Dickson, for the license of his speech. A duel followed and Weekes was killed.

Periods of war were not favourable to public liberty, and repressive methods were continued long after war ended in 1815. In Europe democratic revolution had

just been overthrown, after a quarter of a century of bloodshed, and there was now fear and hatred of new opinions. About the Governor in Upper Canada had grown up a small official circle which aimed to guide his actions. The members of the Second Chamber, the Legislative Council, were appointed for life. The officials who carried on the government formed what was called the Executive Council. They, too, usually held office for life, and many of them were also members of the Second Chamber. They had a vested interest in things as they were. The Governor was a new-comer, living in the country for only a few years; while the officials dwelt there permanently. The population was widely scattered, and the roads were bad. There is little wonder that the governing class at the capital came to think that it was for them alone to rule. Some one, who had read about the alliance between members of reigning houses in Europe related by blood, called the ruling set at Toronto "The Family Compact," and the name clung to them. It was not appropriate, for many of them were not related. For the most part they were of Loyalist descent. They had a fiery hatred of revolution and republicanism, they had been long in Canada, and they resented political agitation carried on by new-comers. Who, they asked, should know better than they, the founders, the needs of the country?

The Family Compact wished Canada to be like England. England had a state church. In Canada provision had been made for state support of "a Protestant Clergy." This, said the Family Compact, meant and must always mean the clergy of the Church of England. In 1812 Dr. John Strachan, a former Presbyterian, became rector of the church at Toronto, and, until he died fifty-five years later, he was the fierce champion of the claims of the Church of England. It was not until 1824 that Methodist ministers were allowed to celebrate mar-

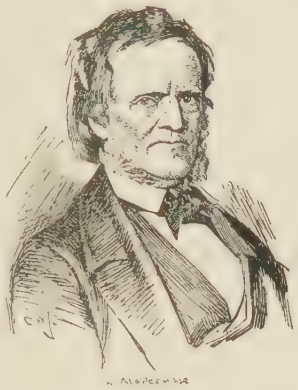
riage. Politics and religion were mingled to the injury of both. For the most part the clergy of the Church of England were on the Tory side and in radical districts were barely tolerated. Since new-comers were making themselves active in politics, as early as 1804 the Tories passed a bill requiring residence in the country during seven years before any one might vote. Land was plentiful, while money was scarce. Officials held great areas of wild lands, and they long opposed successfully proposals to tax such lands. It does not appear that there was corruption in the grosser sense, though charges of bribery and fraud were freely circulated. But there were many abuses which checked the progress of the country.

Abuses will always find bitter assailants. In 1817 Robert Gourlay, an educated Scot, arrived in Canada and began business as a land agent. He was planning to bring out British settlers to Canada, and he soon attacked the methods of granting public lands. Great areas, for speculative purposes, were held untaxed. Settlers had to bear the heavy cost of making roads across these lands to get access to their own holdings. In the United States there was no such hardship. Gourlay was not moderate nor restrained, and he aroused the bitter anger of the Family Compact. When he called a convention of the discontented to air their grievances, the government declared that such a meeting was unconstitutional. When he assailed this decision in the columns of the Niagara *Spectator,* its editor was put daily in the public pillory during a month, sent to jail for a year and a half, and fined. Gourlay himself was kept in jail for sedition until his mind became unbalanced, and in the end he was ordered to leave the country within twenty-four hours, on pain of death if he failed to go. Years later the Parliament of Canada declared that this persecution of Gourlay was illegal and without excuse.

If we ask the reason for this severity, the answer is, fear of revolution. England then had its own scenes of violence, and revolution seemed possible, until in 1832 the government yielded to popular demands for the vote. There was virtue in the Family Compact. Dr. Strachan was a good man even though he put no restraint on his bitter tongue. John Beverley Robinson, who had become Chief-Justice, had a dignified and even noble character. He knew quite well that sooner or later the elected assembly must have full control of the government as it had in England, but for this, in Canada, he thought, the time had not yet come. Upper Canada was very backward. There were few schools and there were no colleges. The population was scanty, and it was ill-educated and ill-informed in political matters. There were some who wished to make Canada a part of the United States. Robinson's warning was to go slowly—a policy that entirely suited the temper of the soldier governors. General Sir Peregrine Maitland, a veteran of Waterloo, was Governor for ten years—from 1818 to 1828. His wife was the daughter of a duke, and there was an air of dignity and culture in his little court at York. His dinners and his wines were excellent and his receptions stately. Radicals would, he believed, sweep away this well-ordered society and with it the monarchy itself. It was better to suppress dangerous meetings and to send a few agitators to jail than to incur the dangers of letting sedition run riot.

2. Grievances Exposed by William Lyon Mackenzie.—The most insistent of those who demanded reforms was William Lyon Mackenzie. He arrived in Canada in 1810 at the age of twenty-four. After other attempts in business, he began in 1824 to publish a newspaper, *The Colonial Advocate*. He was small, wiry, fearless, and of the type of mind which always finds some grievances to attack. Conditions with which moderate men

were content Mackenzie thought intolerable, but he often had a sound reason for his views. It was to him a scandalous thing that a clergyman of the Church of England should be privileged always to read the prayers at the opening of the Legislature. Why not a Presbyterian or a Methodist? Because postal rates were high, the Post Office must be coining money and plundering the people. Public works were costly, therefore some one must be stealing; and so on. Mackenzie made bitter personal attacks, and this stirred up resentful hate in the little capital. On the evening of June 8th, 1826, when Mackenzie was absent, some young men of the Family Compact set, went to his printing-office, broke up everything breakable, and scattered the type. The thing was done in broad daylight, and the actors in the devastation were well known. But there was justice in York, and in due course the culprits were required, by a jury leaning to radicalism, to pay heavy damages, and thus they saved *The Colonial Advocate* from bankruptcy.



William Lyon Mackenzie

The kindly but weak Maitland retired in 1828, and in his place came Sir John Colborne, a general who, like Maitland, had fought at Waterloo. Colborne was a strong, high-minded man. But how could a Governor, with his surroundings, ever be able to learn what the people of the country thought and were really fit to do? Colborne was assured that sedition and treason were in the hearts of the agitators. Mackenzie sat in the Assembly for York, the county in which was situated the

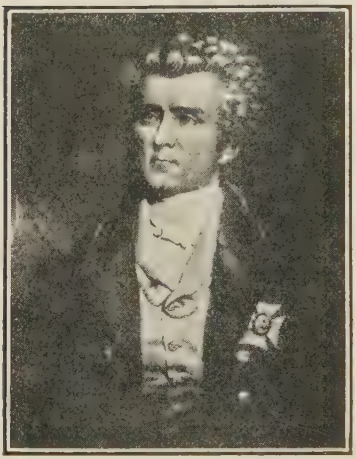
capital, and when his newspaper said that the government was "mean and mercenary," and "as arbitrary and despotic as the iron rule of the Czar," some not very clever foe conceived the plan of having him expelled for publishing a libel on the House. The majority, knowing little of the real meaning of liberty, hailed with joy the plan. They expelled Mackenzie in December, 1831. This, of course, made him popular. York re-elected him. Again he was expelled, and this time was declared incapable of sitting. Again, however, York re-elected him. Then some ruffians tried to kill him. A third, a fourth, and a fifth time he was re-elected. In an interval he went to England and stated his case to the Colonial Secretary. There the parody of free institutions in Canada brought censure on some of the Canadian officials. By this time Mackenzie had become a hero to the people, and in an election in 1834 a Reform majority was returned to the Assembly. In the same year York became the city of Toronto, and Mackenzie was elected its first mayor.

Affairs were now moving rapidly to a crisis. Mackenzie could command a majority in the elected House. In England this would have meant that he would have been called upon to form a government. But Canada was not England. Mackenzie was not the leader of a united party. Sober Liberals, of the type of the high-minded and dignified Robert Baldwin, would not support his extreme views. There were half a dozen factions in the House, and as yet there was no organization for carrying out the political system of England. In other ways, too, Upper Canada was unlike England. In England, the king, the head of the state, took no active part in the government. His ministers ruled. But in Canada the King's representative, the governor, was really the agent of the Colonial Office and must carry out its orders, no matter what the majority in the Assembly

might desire. This was really an intolerable situation for a free people. Mackenzie urged that the people of Canada were as fit to govern themselves as were the people of England. In 1834 he received a letter from an English radical, Joseph Hume, denouncing the "baneful domination of the Mother Country" in Canada, and adding that independence was the true solution. Mackenzie was so unwise as to make the letter public, and at once the Family Compact was able to cry out: "We told you so!" They had always said that radicalism meant a break with Britain and a turning to the United States, and at last the frantic little agitator, with his eternal grievances, was openly proclaiming his disloyalty.

3. The Unwisdom of Sir Francis Bond Head.— After this it did not matter that Mackenzie was right in insisting that the men whom the people elected must rule the country. The public mind usually seizes on one great issue at a time, and now it was easy to brand Mackenzie as a traitor in intent. In Britain there was a growing uneasiness about Canada. Obviously, since there was acute strife in both Quebec and Toronto, something was wrong. In 1835 a commission of three experienced statesmen was sent to Canada to find the cause of the trouble, and it was disposed to lay blame on the Colonial Office. The Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg, a rather incapable person, blamed Colborne for not keeping him informed of a situation which had produced Mackenzie's formidable grievances. He decided upon a change of method, and he named to succeed Colborne the third in succession of the Waterloo veterans sent to Upper Canada. Gossip declares that the selection of so unfit a person as Sir Francis Bond Head was due to an unhappy accident. Coming into prominence at this time was a young statesman, Sir Edmund Walker Head, a man of deep learning and of great ability and tact. The order was given that, since special capacity was required,

"Young Head" should be sent to Canada. There was, however, another Head, not so young, but with some reputation as a writer; and by an error the offer went to him. If the story is true, it shows that the Colonial Office was willing to let the error of a clerk saddle Canada with an unfit man. Francis Bond Head went off to Canada so promptly that Colborne, much to his annoyance, was forced to make a hurried exit from Government House, Toronto. He was transferred to Montreal as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. Before he left he took a step that enraged the opponents of a state church. He set apart public lands to endow forty-four rectories.



Sir Francis Bond Head

Head was in Canada for less than two years, and in that time blundered only less grossly than did Mackenzie in his appeal to arms. Mackenzie's friends, hoping rather than knowing, quoted Head as a "tried Reformer." They soon learned better. When Head had met Mackenzie, he described how "the tiny creature" sat with his feet not touching the ground, and, while "afraid to look me in the face," "raved about grievances." At once Head set down Mackenzie as a republican traitor anxious to despoil the country for his own profit, and he conceived himself as the one person who could save the

state. He proceeded to act without taking advice from any one, and, when his Executive Council protested, he replied that he would ask for advice when he liked, but that he alone was responsible for the government of Upper Canada. The Council then resigned. When a great public meeting in Toronto sent a protest to Head against his course, he replied that he would speak out plainly to these, "the industrial classes," and that he intended to go his own way. Protests of the Assembly demanding "cheap, honest, and responsible government" he received with fretful anger. He would fight, he said, the "low-bred antagonist democracy." Since the Radicals seemed to desire aid from a foreign invader, that is, the United States, he hurled his defiance: "I publicly promulgate, let them come if they dare!"

This half comic Governor was confronted by a man now in a temper so frantic that his mind was unbalanced. When Mackenzie advised the Assembly to brand the Governor as a liar, Head dissolved the House and appealed to the country. His opponents, he said, were traitors, and he asked the electors to answer the simple question whether they were for him and British connection or for the Assembly and a republic which would be quickly added to the United States. Such an appeal to loyalty has never failed of force in Canada. Its deepest traditions are linked with the resolve to remain separate from the United States. Head threw himself into the election with fiery energy, and he never lacked courage. His policy suited the Family Compact, while the more sober of the Liberal element were alarmed at Mackenzie's extreme language. The result was that Head won a sweeping victory, and his friends now controlled the Assembly, which had been so troublesome with its grievances. Head wrote to England that he had saved Canada and that now its loyalty was as solid as a rock. He regarded himself as so much master of the situation that he

undertook to dictate to the Colonial Office and to disobey the orders of the Colonial Secretary. In consequence, he was recalled in November, 1837. But before the recall reached him, armed rebellion had broken out.

4. Armed Rebellion.—When, two years later, Lord Durham was sent to Canada, he said that Head's course in the recent election had caused exasperation and despair among those desiring reform. Certainly this was the effect on Mackenzie. His thoughts turned to union with the United States. He now boasted that he had in his veins "rebel blood." Fraud and corruption, he said, had for the moment defeated him. He knew that in Lower Canada, as we shall see, an armed rising was near, and he led in forming in Upper Canada an organization the aim of which was to prepare to fight. All over the country Reformers were getting ready old arms and quietly buying new ones. There was secret drilling at night. Conspiracy was in the air, and it led to the more complete severance from Mackenzie of moderates like Baldwin. Lord Durham believed that Head deliberately tried to provoke Mackenzie to some open act so as to convict him of treason. The regular troops were sent to Colborne at Montreal, and only militia were left in Upper Canada. Head jeered at Mackenzie's activities. "He wrote, and then he printed, and then he rode, and then he spoke, stamped, foamed, wiped his seditious little mouth, and then spoke again; and thus, like a squirrel in a cage, he continued with astonishing assiduity the centre of a revolutionary career." The language is hardly fitting in the king's representative, but it describes what Mackenzie had become.

Rumours of a plan to seize Toronto reached Head, and nothing shows his folly more clearly than his idea of Mackenzie's design. This, said Head, was to rob the banks, to set fire to the city, and, in the confusion, to escape with his booty to the United States. Head be-

lieved that he had saved the state, that the people were wholly on his side, and that not fifty would take up arms. He was wrong. On an afternoon early in November, 1837, Mackenzie held a secret meeting at the house of a Mr. Doel, a brewer, at the corner of Adelaide and Bay Streets, now in the business centre of the great city of Toronto. Mackenzie spoke with fire. Liberties for which great leaders in English history had died were at stake; from the British government no redress would come; an adverse Assembly had been elected by fraud; a state church had been forced on an unwilling people; public funds were misused to make offices for the tools of oppression; trade, education, and all progress were paralyzed under a detestable tyranny; and so on.

What shall we do? asked Mackenzie, and he gave a startling answer. The men are ready. Go at once to Government House. Sir Francis has just come in from his ride, and there is but one sentinel. Seize him, seize the City Hall, where there are four thousand stand-of-arms. Set up a provisional government. Lower Canada will join the movement. Rouse the country. Oblige Sir Francis to dissolve the packed Assembly and to have a free election. If he refuses, proclaim independence. It may be that in such a plan lay the only hope of rebellion. But the meat was too strong for those present. "This is treason," cried one of them, well knowing that the penalty of treason was a halter and a scaffold.

Plotters are always in fear of spies. Though ready to rebel, the more cautious spirits were for acting with deliberation. Four or five thousand men were quietly to make ready and to gather suddenly. The chief discontent was in the north, and the great route from the north into Toronto was Yonge Street. Here at Montgomery's Tavern, three miles from the city, the rebel forces were to converge on December 7th and to make a rapid capture of the city. But everything went wrong. By December

1st wiser people had persuaded Head that something must be done to meet a rising. A tried soldier, Colonel FitzGibbon, was appointed to defend Toronto. Then it was planned to arrest Mackenzie. He was absent organizing the north for the attack on the 7th. The plans of the government were known to the plotters and some of them decided to strike on the 4th, before there was time to gather the militia which had been summoned to Toronto. This change of plan was not known to the men gathering in the north. But on the night of the 4th a

KING STREET, TORONTO, LOOKING EAST FROM THE CORNER OF TORONTO STREET IN 1836.
From a Print of the Time.

few hundred rebels barricaded Yonge Street and cut off Toronto from the north. There was bloodshed. A Colonel Moody was shot dead by the rebels as he tried to pass into Toronto, and Captain Anderson, the best military man on the rebel side, was killed by a Loyalist whom he had arrested. Death was there in the rebel camp, and it awed the rugged farmers. News came in that the movement in Lower Canada had failed; the men from the north had not arrived. Truly the rebel outlook was depressing.

On the afternoon of December 5th the bells of Toronto were clanging the alarm, as Mackenzie, mounted on a small white horse, marched down Yonge Street at the head of seven or eight hundred men. But he was no soldier. One of his men declares that he went on like a lunatic and seemed on the verge of having a fit. He ordered houses of his enemies near the city to be burned down. Night was coming on when he and Lount, a farmer much respected, led the force across Bloor Street into Toronto. At Maitland Street a picket fired in the dark into the advancing column. The picket then fled; but so also did the rebel force, for panic spread from the front to the rear, where many were marching without arms. The crisis came on the 7th, when FitzGibbon's troops marched out and dispersed the rebels gathering at

THE MARCH OF THE REBELS UPON TORONTO IN DECEMBER, 1837

Montgomery's Tavern. Mackenzie fled and after exciting adventures reached the United States. For months he caused trouble on the frontier. He set up a so-called "Provisional Government" on Navy Island in the Niagara River above the Falls, under the flag of the Cana-

dian Republic with two stars, in imitation of those in the Stars and Stripes. A vessel called the *Caroline* served the rebels on the island, and a Canadian party cut her out as she lay under the guns of a fort on the American side, set her on fire, and sent her over the Falls. It was a lawless act for which due apology was made on behalf of Canada. In the end Mackenzie found himself in prison in New York State for lawless acts directed against Canada.

It is easy to deride the rebellion as trifling and sordid, but it was really important. There was folly on both sides. But even Mackenzie's enemies must admit that he made no mistake in demanding that the people of Canada should govern themselves. In this respect time has vindicated him. When, however, he favoured political union with the United States, he was running counter to the deepest conviction of the Canadian people. If anything had been needed to persuade Canadians that they must rule themselves, it was to be found in the policy of Sir Francis Bond Head. A system that could make so vain and foolish a man the head of a Canadian province stood self-condemned. The picture of the Governor, overriding in the hour of victory the wishes of the tried soldier, FitzGibbon, burning rebel houses, and turning their occupants out into the wintry cold, is not inspiring. Happily Head had already been recalled, and he soon left Canada.

Of course, against the rebels the day of vengeance came. Passions ran high and the punishments were stern. The chief leaders had escaped to the United States, but Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews, who had taken command of the rebel forces, had been captured. Van Egmond, who had played a worthy part as a soldier of Napoleon, and now, an old man, had taken what he thought the side of liberty in Canada, was thrown into jail at Toronto in midwinter and died from his hardships.

Lount and Matthews were tried. Their fine character was admitted, but the Chief-Justice, John Beverley Robinson, sentenced them to death with no recommendation to mercy. Sir George Arthur, who had ruled convicts in Van Diemen's Land, succeeded Head. Orders were on the way from England to be merciful. The cable would have saved these men. But the instructions arrived too late. In April, 1838, before the jail at the corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Lount and Matthews were hanged. Others concerned in the rising were exiled to the remote Van Diemen's Land. The rebel cause had its martyrs and brought enduring sorrow to many families. In the end Mackenzie and other exiles were allowed to return to Canada. But they came back to a changed world in which they played little part.

CHAPTER XVIII

REBELLION IN LOWER CANADA

1. The Demands of Papineau.—During the stormy days in Upper Canada an even more acute crisis was coming in Lower Canada. Whatever the disputes in Toronto, the two sides shared common traditions and spoke the same language. But in Quebec a people French in blood, French in speech, and Roman Catholic in faith, were opposing a governing minority differing from them in all these things. In 1812 Louis Joseph Papineau, at the age of twenty-six, was elected to the Assembly of Lower Canada. He had a powerful frame, a melodious voice, and a gift of eloqence which could sway the multitude. No crude politician was he. His father had been a seignior and a political leader, and the son was well educated, well read in law and his-

Louis Joseph Papineau

tory, and of cultivated manners. The opinion is widespread that only a leader obedient to the Roman Catholic Church and acceptable to the priests can obtain great influence in Lower Canada. Papineau, however, held radical opinions in religion and was the enemy of clericalism. He was chosen Speaker of the Assembly in 1815, and by his dominating eloquence he secured a firm hold on the masses of the people. To this day in the Province of Quebec the highest compliment to an orator is to say that he speaks like a Papineau.

At first Papineau was moderate. It was, indeed, fitting that, while Speaker, he should not lead a political party. In the British tradition the Speaker does not take sides. But, in time, from the Speaker's chair, Papineau assailed his opponents with great bitterness. The members of the Second Chamber—the Legislative Council—were named by the Governor, and always there was a large English and Protestant majority. The government was carried on by an Executive Council, also named by the Governor. He took its advice only when he liked; it was not a real Cabinet, to go out of office if a majority in the Assembly failed to support it. Its members could be dismissed only by the Governor. Most of them had also seats in the Second Chamber. Judges and other salaried officials sat in this Executive Council and took an active part in politics. In the background was the authority of the Colonial Secretary in England, whom the Governor must obey. Such a system could not possibly work well, even with the best intentions on both sides. Either Canada must govern itself, or England must govern Canada. In England there were sometimes half a dozen new colonial secretaries in as many years. They knew little or nothing about Canada, and had to depend on the officials in the Colonial Office. Despatches from England to Canada were supposed to express the minds of the king and the mother-country, when, in fact, it was a clerk

in the Colonial Office who spoke. A biting satire describes " Mr. Mother-Country " as a commonplace person, living in a London suburb, and going daily in a bus to the office where he directed the colonial policy of the British Empire. Such a system maddened a man of Papineau's excitable temper. Elections, he saw, were futile. Even with a huge majority in the Assembly he would have little power. He was doomed to be always in opposition.

What did Papineau desire? He did not clearly demand what we have to-day in every British Dominion

Seigniorial Manor House of Montebello : the Home of Papineau on the Ottawa River

—government by a Cabinet, with a Prime Minister at its head, and holding office only so long as it has the support of the electors. What he insisted upon was that the members of the Second Chamber should no longer be appointed, but should be elected. Then it would be prevailingly French in character. He demanded that no officials, and especially no judges, should sit in the Second Chamber and that judges should do what hitherto they had not done—hold aloof from politics. Above all he demanded that public revenues of every kind should be

controlled by the Legislature. This meant that every official, from the Governor down, would be dependent on a vote by Parliament for his salary. In itself this is reasonable enough, but, with the bitter temper of the time, the official class feared that, if they offended Papineau and his friends, they would have their pay cut off and be face to face with starvation—something which actually happened.

Papineau became finally embittered by a plan proposed in 1822. Upper Canada, remote from the sea, had to import goods through Lower Canada. There they paid duty, and most of the revenue went to the government at Quebec. Naturally Upper Canada desired her fair share, and, in 1822, it was proposed that the problem could be best solved by uniting the two provinces under one legislature—a proposal which was carried out a score of years later. But in this plan was involved, as Papineau perceived, the dominance of the English element. Emigrants from Britain were flocking in, and it was certain that before long the English in Canada, as a whole, would be more numerous than the French. Then the elections would tell a new story. The majority in the Assembly would be English, and the French would lose control in the one place where they had it.

The tone of the officials in Lower Canada was not conciliatory. Canada, so the talk went, had been under the British flag for half a century, and it was time for the French, a conquered people, to give up the language and manners which kept them still foreign, and to become British. As it was, they were too French for a British colony. Herman Ryland, who for many years commanded great influence as secretary to the Governor, disliked both the French and their religion. To this day he is denounced by French-Canadian writers as a gloomy and cold-blooded fanatic, and certainly he lacked tact. He went to London and was persistent in urging the union.

To the French his activities there seemed an infamous plot against their liberties. Papineau went to London to oppose union, and he did so with success. But from this time he lost all restraint and moderation. He insulted successive governors and described their policy in such terms as foul, indecent, debasing. When one of them appealed for moderation, Papineau denounced this as an insult to the Canadian people. An inquiry from another governor as to an extreme speech by him he called "an impertinence which I repel with contempt and silence."

Governors came to Quebec from England filled with kindly intentions. They were always conciliatory in tone, much more so than were Maitland and Head in Upper Canada. But they had no power to change the system. They must obey their instructions. Papineau would not accept an offered seat in the Executive Council. He said over and over again to the Governor: "You cannot have peace until you yield all power to the electors in this country." The Governor answered in effect: "By all means let us have peace, but I have no power to grant what you demand." The Earl of Dalhousie, another Waterloo veteran, was Governor for nine years from 1819. He was courteous and moderate, but with no great force of character to lift him above the whisperings in the official circle. He and later governors told Papineau that the grant by the Assembly of a "civil list," as it was called, ensuring permanently the pay of the governor, judges, and other officials, would result in giving up to the Assembly control of all other moneys. But to this grant Papineau would never assent. He wished to have always the power to starve out the officials. When one of them defaulted in his accounts, Papineau said that Dalhousie was the real thief. In 1830 came Lord Aylmer, still another general who had fought under Wellington. He, too, was of kindly intent. He urged the Assembly to make known all its grievances: "We

must," he said, "put an end to them once for all, and leave no cause of complaint unremoved." But Papineau would not yield on the vital point of full control of finance. He even demanded that Aylmer and other officials should be put on trial—impeached—for their conduct.

2. The Ninety-Two Resolutions and the Cutting Off of Supplies.—Waterloo veterans were hardly of the training or temper to deal with such questions. What Canada needed was a real statesman, to study the problem on the spot and to speak in England with such authority that the government, remote from and ignorant about Canada, should leave the people of Canada to rule themselves. In time this statesman was to come in the person of Lord Durham, but only after the bitterness of civil war. Meanwhile matters went steadily from bad to worse. Passions were so hot that, in a by-election in Montreal in 1832, the troops, after great forbearance, fired, and killed three French-Canadians. This was in itself bad enough. But word went out among the French that there had been a deliberate massacre, and that the English soldiers had shaken hands as they looked down at the stark corpses, and only wished that there were more of them. Of course, the Governor, Lord Aylmer, was said to be the real murderer. When cholera broke out in 1833, it was charged that Lord Aylmer had enticed sick immigrants into the country in order that they might infect and destroy the French-Canadians.

In earlier years Papineau had expressed admiration for British institutions and called the existing constitution of Lower Canada almost perfect. But his mind had changed and now was turning to union with the United States. By this he lost some of his more sober followers, but he still had with him men like Lafontaine, Morin, and Cartier, who all, a little later, headed governments in Canada. In February, 1834, there was a startling debate

in the Assembly at Quebec. Though Papineau was Speaker, this did not keep him from a passionate share in the debates. His supporters brought in Ninety-Two Resolutions—nearly a hundred, be it noted—stating grievances big and little. Since other appeals had failed, these Resolutions were to go direct to the king, and the king was the kindly, ignorant, and undignified William IV. We can imagine his amazement when he read the long paper. The British system, it said, was not, after all, very admirable. Only a beggarly few Royalists and Conservatives were left on the American continent. Canada would soon have more people than the revolted colonies had had in 1776, and would repudiate a system even worse than that which had caused the American Revolution. In a word the Resolutions said that Canada was beginning to look to Washington. All this was addressed to the king himself, and we know the effect on the mind of William IV. He set his face against yielding anything to Papineau.

None the less, in 1835, a Commission of three members was sent from Britain to Canada to make inquiries. At its head was the Earl of Gosford, a genial Irishman, who was also made Governor-General. By this time the British government had begun to realize that generals would no longer do as governors, and made the effort to send out a leading statesman. But no one of the first rank would go. Gosford, the first Governor who was not a soldier, had no political training, but he brought, at least, good intentions. He kept open house. Papineau's followers and even Papineau himself sat at his table and drank his wines, and some of them opened their minds to him. When Gosford met his Parliament, he urged peace between the two races "sprung from the two leading nations of the world." His Tory officials began to show alarm at this friendliness to the French. He was warned that his Burgundy wine would be turned into

vinegar by Papineau's sour treason: "There is one man, Papineau, whom you cannot convert, because he is absolutely unconvertible." Gosford said that he would redress every grievance, appoint the French to their share of offices, assure to them the official use of their language, urge even an elective Second Chamber, if they would only yield the point of a permanent civil list. It all came to nothing. Papineau would not yield on the vote of money, and the British government would not hear of an elective Second Chamber. It was the superb blunderer, Sir Francis Bond Head, who brought the final crisis. He published at Toronto the terms of his instructions, which were similar to Gosford's. In these the British government made clear that only trifles were to be yielded. The Commission of three reported in the same sense. Canada was a colony. Every wish of its people would be considered. But it was for the British government to control the policy of Canada. To Britain and not to the Canadian people was the governor responsible. A colony could not possibly be governed by its own people, as the mother-country was governed by its people. Final control by Great Britain was the condition of Canada's remaining in the Empire.

The Colonial Office had spoken what seemed to be its last word, and now Papineau spoke his. From the Speaker's chair he fumed and raged. He had long threatened and more than once had tried to cut off the vote of money by the Assembly for the public service. Hitherto, to meet the need, the Governor had used for this purpose money controlled by him alone. But by 1836 there were no funds to make this longer possible. The judges and other officials were left without pay, and by the beginning of 1837 were in acute distress. What was Gosford to do? He could not let the unpaid officials starve. He asked for instructions from Lord John Russell, the Colonial Secretary, and this

minister, an advanced Liberal in politics, passed through the British House of Commons in March, 1837, Ten Resolutions. These declared impossible the concessions demanded by Papineau, and ordered that for a limited amount the Governor of Lower Canada might pay out public funds without the consent of the Assembly. This decision made Papineau frantic. His speeches openly incited to rebellion, and he was certain that he could secure aid from the United States.

3. The First Rebellion in Lower Canada.—There was fiery agitation during the summer of 1837. Mackenzie and Papineau had now agreed on common action. All the time Sir John Colborne was quietly getting troops ready for an emergency. In great public meetings Papineau denounced the Russell Resolutions as "foul;" his opponents, he said, resembled "a savage beast ready to bite and to tear its prey;" and Gosford's caressing artifices veiled a treacherous design to disarm the patriots. Papineau praised what the American revolutionists had done. Since they had refused to wear British cloth, Canadian patriots were urged to follow their example, and some of the leaders went about in rough homespun. Canadians organized, in imitation of the men of Washington's time, "Sons of Liberty," who began to arm. With civil war in sight, the Roman Catholic Church grew alarmed and warned the agitators. Montreal was the chief centre of unrest, and the Bishop of Montreal spoke strongly against rebellion, and most of the parish priests tried to stop it. The hot-heads, however, had gone too fast and too far. Sometimes Papineau seemed to favour rebellion; sometimes he warned his followers against it. But he could no longer ride the storm. When in June, Gosford, with a true sense of what was coming, issued a proclamation forbidding public meetings because of the many appeals to violence, enraged crowds tore down the placards, and

Papineau continued to address monster gatherings. Gosford called the Assembly to meet in August, but when it demanded angrily that the British Parliament should rescind the Ten Resolutions, Gosford prorogued it. No one could then foresee that never again would it meet.

The excitement was greatest in the counties about the Richelieu River. Here was the old route from Canada to Lake Champlain and the heart of New York, and by it expected aid to the rebels from the United States could most readily come. On October 23rd, 1837, there was, in spite of Gosford's warning, a great meeting at St. Charles. Six thousand people listened to fiery speeches. The chairman was Dr. Wolfred Nelson of the village of St. Denis, a physician much beloved in the neighbourhood, and one of the few English followers of Papineau. A tall liberty pole had been reared, and on it was a cap of liberty and an inscription to Papineau. He spoke, but, fearful now at the storm he had raised, he advised moderation. At this Nelson protested, and one fiery speaker ended by saying, "The time for speeches is past; it is bullets that we must now despatch to our enemies." The habitants in their homespun believed that they were contending for something more precious than life, and, before they scattered, many of them marched round the liberty pole and swore in the name of liberty to win these rights or to die. That oath meant armed rebellion. When the Government arrested two prominent citizens of St. Johns for treason in attending this meeting, the cavalry escort taking them to Montreal was ambushed, and the prisoners were released.

Bloodshed quickly followed. The rising was limited to the neighbourhood of Montreal; the Quebec district was not affected. Colborne had gathered his chief forces at Montreal. By the middle of November there was fighting in the streets, and timid people were in a panic. Warrants were issued for the arrest of Papineau, Nelson,

and other leaders. Sorel was a military post at the mouth of the Richelieu, and the chief danger points were St. Denis, some eighteen miles up the river, and St. Charles, six miles farther. Colborne decided to send one force from Sorel to march by the banks of the Richelieu to St. Denis and another to go across country from Montreal straight to St. Charles, the other rebel centre. Colonel Gore, with two hundred and fifty men, left Sorel at ten o'clock at night on November 22nd. He had before him a long march. The night was very stormy, with drenching rain which made the roads difficult, and it was ten o'clock the next day when his bedraggled force reached St. Denis. Gore found Nelson holding a strong stone house, but, counting on slight resistance, he attacked with his tired men. There was a stiff fight. Nelson had at least five hundred men who, though badly armed, fought with great courage. Gore was driven off with six men killed. He lost his gun, and, since he was in danger of being surrounded, he made over terrible roads a difficult retreat to Sorel to await reinforcements.

The rebel triumph was short-lived. Colonel Wetherall, marching from Montreal to St. Charles, spared his men, and, having heard of Gore's defeat, advanced with caution. But on the 25th he attacked the village. His men were angry at Gore's defeat, and, when they carried the village, used the bayonet freely. Some of the defenders were forced into the river and drowned. Others were burned in their burning houses. Possibly not more than forty were killed, though by some reports as many as three hundred perished on that day of blood. The troops carried back to Montreal as trophies the liberty pole and cap. Gore, reinforced, marched back to St. Denis. His men, too, had vengeance in their hearts, and they burned a great part of the village. At St. Denis they were filled with fury when they found that one of their officers who had been taken prisoner, Lieutenant Weir, had been

brutally murdered when he seemed to be trying to escape from a guard of ignorant habitants. "Remember Jock Weir," was now the loyal cry. A loyal habitant named Chartrand had also been murdered by angry rebels. These outrages led to the burning of a great deal of property, some of it belonging to loyalists. Out of this came the "Rebellion Losses" which a dozen years later were to play a startling part in Canadian history.

Meanwhile, news of Gore's defeat at St. Denis had been carried far. It was clear that the habitant could

FIGHT AT ST. EUSTACHE, DECEMBER 14, 1837

fight, and this success encouraged action elsewhere. In the district north-west of Montreal Papineau's influence was strong. An agitator named Girod had been busy in the village of St. Eustache, eighteen miles from Montreal. The country doctor has always been active in the politics of French Canada. Girod's chief ally was Doctor Chénier, a man of determined courage. A few days after Nelson's victory at St. Denis, the whole district about St. Eustache was in arms, and loyalist houses were being looted. Colborne did not attack until he had some two thousand men, and then the rebel cause was hopeless. It

was December 14th, mid-winter, when Colborne attacked St. Eustache. Chénier would not surrender. His last defence was a convent and the village church. While the rebels were shooting from the church windows, a loyalist set the building on fire and a scene of horror followed. Some rebels were burned in the church. Others, including Chénier, were killed in trying to escape. Girod committed suicide. About seventy in all were killed, and the village was burned. So also was the neighbouring village of St. Benoit, though the inhabitants surrendered without fighting. The militia got out of hand and pillaged and destroyed without mercy. The prisons were soon full of rebels.

And all this time where was Papineau? At the first appeal to arms he had fled to the United States, saying that he would come back with ten thousand men. To many of his allies he seemed to be a deserter in the day of trial. Nelson stayed with his followers until the rebellion was crushed. In the end he was taken prisoner. After a long exile Papineau was allowed to return to Canada. He sat again in Parliament, but never again had a strong following. Born in 1786, when Canada was under the Quebec Act, he lived to 1870, when it had become a great free federal state. Always he claimed that he had not counselled an appeal to arms. That was a tragic blunder. Many scores of dead, burning villages, and a devastated country-side were some of its fruits. But worse still were the inflamed passions added to political strife already acute. Across the sea in England there came to the throne in this same summer the young Queen Victoria, and the dreadful bloodshed in Canada caused a jarring note in the general rejoicings. The whole British world demanded that the cause and the cure of the trouble should be found. Only a statesman of great capacity could achieve this task, and in 1838 the Earl of Durham was sent to Canada.

CHAPTER XIX

LORD DURHAM'S MISSION AND THE SECOND REBELLION

1. Lord Durham's Study of the Canadian Problem. —Veteran soldiers, men who had seen fighting and knew how to command, had hitherto been sent from England to a country of which they understood little, but which they had authority to rule. Now there came a brilliant political leader whose first aim was to understand. John George Lambton, Earl of Durham, might well be considered the spoiled child of fortune. He came of an untitled family, which had held its estates without a break for seven hundred years. At the age of five he had inherited great wealth. At twenty-one he sat in the House of Commons, and made there the reputation of a radical reformer, anxious to give the people the right to vote. None the less he was a proud aristocrat, and it was fitting that he should be made a peer in 1828. When his father-in-law, Earl Grey, the Prime Minister, passed in 1832 the Reform Bill, extending the right to vote, Durham objected that the Bill did not go far enough. Once at a meeting of the Cabinet, he turned on Earl Grey, and denounced him as a traitor to the Whig party,

THE EARL OF DURHAM

and stormed out of the room. He was not an easy colleague, and it may be that Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister in 1838, wished to have him out of the way when he urged him to go to Canada. Durham's secretary, Charles Buller, called him playfully, "The Dictator." His manner was haughty, but he was fearless, honest, and generous. Once, in the presence of servants, he spoke harshly to Lady Durham. When they were alone and she gently remonstrated, he summoned the servants back to the room and apologized in their presence for his fault. To go to Canada he made great sacrifices, and he was eager to do what would make for the well-being of its people. His health was bad, and his labours in Canada really killed him. He had had many sorrows. A beloved son and three daughters had recently died.

At the end of May, 1838, Quebec saw a brilliant pageant, when Durham landed, and, mounted on a white charger, paraded through the streets to the Castle of St. Louis. His enemies jested at his bringing with him gold and silver plate and such a mass of luggage that it seemed to fill the hold of the ship. He had no fewer than eight aides-de-camp, and his entertainments were magnificent. In all this was a purpose. Durham wished Canada to understand that a new era was dawning, and with grace and dignity he welcomed at his table men of all parties. He brought with him a group of able men, whom he set to work at once to find out the truth about the country. His authority was great. He was Governor-General over not only the two Canadas, but also Nova Scotia and the other British colonies. To Lower Canada he stood in a peculiar relation. Not only was he Governor; he had despotic powers. That legislature in which Papineau had played so strong a part had been suspended until November, 1840, because, in such a crisis, it seemed to have no promise of usefulness. No shadow of self-government was left in Lower Canada. At once, how-

ever, Durham invited the Canadians, in a proclamation, to unite with him "in the blessed work of peace and harmony." He dismissed the Executive Council against which Papineau had fumed, and named a new council, chiefly of his own staff. The way was cleared for the burying of old feuds and for a new era. For days at a time Durham was confined to his room by illness, but he worked with feverish energy. He visited Upper Canada and stopped some of the revengeful doings of the Family Compact. One supreme gift he had; he knew how to choose able men to serve him.

2. The Disallowance of Lord Durham's Ordinance. —For the first time, the problem of Canada was now studied on the spot by a statesman of great insight, whose word would go far not only in Canada but also in England. In Durham's own famous phrase, he found in Lower Canada "two nations warring in the bosom of a single state." The rebellion had stimulated racial passions to fury. The French, defeated and sullen, remembered the many dead, laid away in the grave because they were willing to die to win liberty. Even those who condemned the appeal to arms called the rebels patriots and heroes. On the other side there were bloodthirsty clamours to punish treason. Lady Colborne said that the passion in Montreal was such that many would have found pleasure in torturing rebel prisoners to death. The two races lived wholly apart. They met rarely in social intercourse. Lord Durham noted that, even in the agricultural fair at Quebec, there were separate trials of skill for the French and the English. They would not compete for the same prizes. When he talked with the French, he found them bitter at English arrogance and contempt; when he talked with the English, he found fury at the treason of a race believed to be inferior, which had raised its arm to strike loyal men. Neither side seemed capable of understanding the point of view of the other.

Durham's most pressing problem was to establish settled government. The jails were full of men liable to the dread penalty of treason. He was resolved to send no man to the scaffold. But he found that, while an English jury would only too readily sentence rebels to death, a French jury would acquit rebels clearly guilty. When the murderers of Lieutenant Weir and of Chartrand were shown to be guilty, the French jurors shouted from the box, "Not guilty," and then went off to be entertained for their verdict at a public dinner. Dr. Wolfred Nelson and other leaders were awaiting trial, and public trials would only inflame racial passions. Durham had been given unlimited power of pardon, and he would have freed every one except those concerned in murder, but that he feared by this to stir up resentment among the English. In the end he issued an ordinance banishing Nelson and seven other chief rebels, with their own consent, to Bermuda. There they were to be held as political exiles. These and some fifteen others, including Papineau, who had fled, must not, on pain of death, return to Canada. Other accused persons Durham released. He thought that, as possessing supreme authority in Lower Canada, he had power to do all this; and he was certain that his Whig friends in England would protect him. But he had no authority to order that Bermuda should receive the exiled leaders, and it was contrary to British tradition that men should be exiled and also sentenced to death, if they should act in a certain way, without ever having been brought to trial.

Durham's course was well meant. Had the British government been loyal to him, it would have passed a special bill to protect him. His was the right policy. But when Lord Brougham attacked Durham in the House of Lords for exceeding his powers, his Whig friends, instead of supporting him, admitted that his ordinance was illegal and disallowed it. Durham was

a proud man, and the rebuff struck him to the heart. He first learned the news from an American paper. Melbourne did not even write promptly to explain what had been done. It so happened that on September 22nd, just after Durham had received the news, he met a group of delegates from the Maritime Provinces, and, overcome by his emotion, he broke down and cried. At once his resolve was fixed to return without delay to England.

The situation in Canada was critical. The French had received Durham as a friend. But now, with his merciful policy repudiated, the saner element among the French sank into something like despair for the future, while extreme men began to plan a new appeal to arms. Agents of the government reported that secret drilling was going on, even in the Quebec district, and that arms were being brought from the United States. In that country was still strong the old idea that British rule meant tyranny, and that the republic should include Canada and extend from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Recent events had revived this idea. In 1836 Samuel Houston had led a movement in Texas, then a part of Mexico, which resulted in the setting up of the republic of Texas—a republic destined in due course to become a state in the American union. If Texas in the south, why not Canada in the north?

3. The Crushing of the Second Rebellion.— In Canadian politics the possible part to be played by the United States has always seemed important. Papineau, Mackenzie, and other exiles were appealing to the Americans to help to make Canada free. The result was the forming on the American side of the frontier of what were called Hunters' Lodges—groups of restless men, who formed a secret society with a ritual suggested by that of the Freemasons. They were arming and making ready to invade Canada. Houston's bold success was much in their minds. Most of them were simply

freebooters; a few of them, like the former Polish soldier, Von Schultz, were men of culture, who thought that Britain meant to Canada what the iron heel of Russia meant to enslaved Poland. The news that Durham had failed in his task caused in these circles keen excitement. Forty thousand men were ready, it was said, to invade Canada. Incidents occurred well fitted to cause war with the United States. Just when Durham arrived, a Canadian steamer, the *Sir Robert Peel*, lying on the American side of the St. Lawrence, had been burned by an American freebooter named Johnson, and the Canadian passengers had been treated with gross brutality. A little later, British sentries at Brockville had fired on an American steamboat. American newspapers attacked Britain with fury, and some politicians, eager to make capital out of the distrust of Britain, clamoured for war. In this situation Durham had sent tactful messages to the American government, which took steps to hold in check the lawless elements on the frontier.

But now Durham was going, and hopes revived for creating a republic of Canada. On a bleak, cold day, November 1st, 1838, Quebec was astir. The streets and even the housetops were alive with people to see Durham depart. A crowd of three thousand people followed in gloomy silence the carriage in which he drove to the ship. The French, sullen and suspicious at the failure of his policy of peace, held aloof. It was the English who, with poignant regret, saw depart the man, sick and dying, who had spent himself without measure to solve a tangled and now seemingly hopeless problem. Sir John Colborne, the capable and stern soldier, was there by Durham's side and was to take over the government. Cannon boomed a salute, and the ship set sail. Buller, from a window which opened on the spacious Basin, noted that the sky was heavy and that a storm was com-

ing, as he watched "the dark form of that ill-omened ship slowly, and, as it were, painfully, struggling on its course." He did well to feel a sense of gloom. Four days later Montreal was in a panic. Armed rebellion had again broken out, and there was a plot to seize the city on Sunday, when the soldiers should be at church.

Colborne had some twelve thousand troops, and was too alert to be taken unawares. From the first the rising was doomed to failure. Wolfred Nelson was in jail, but his brother, Robert Nelson, was also a leader on the side of the "Patriotes," and he had fled to the United States. On November 4th, this young man, with a motley following, re-entered Canada by the well-tried route from Lake Champlain, seized the village of Odelltown, and proclaimed the Republic of Lower Canada, with himself as provisional president. The press was to be free, and manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, and religious equality were to be features of this model state. The habitant was to own his own land and not to be subject to a seignior. From this foolhardy enterprise the better class of people held aloof, but some thousands of peasants, many of them armed only with pitch-forks and rakes, joined Nelson. His attempt to play the role of Houston in Texas failed miserably. Colborne was prepared. Within a week his legions had marched to the scene of the rising, Nelson had fled to the United States, and the ill-fated rising was utterly crushed. The loyal inhabitants were bitter against this mad effort. Those in La Prairie had been given by the rebels only ten minutes to abandon the village. Now they had a quick revenge. The Montreal *Herald* described "the awful spectacle" of a vast sheet of lurid flame made by the burning houses of the rebels near La Prairie. The troops, too, were angry at renewed treason. Soon there

filed through the streets of Montreal eight hundred depressed and haggard prisoners, who must face trial for their lives.

Upper Canada, too, saw disorder which resulted in bloodshed. There the danger was not from rebellion, but from invasion by brigands. A rabble of five hundred members of the Hunters' Lodges crossed the St. Lawrence from the United States to Prescott. They occupied a stone mill, and forty-five of the troops who attacked them were killed or wounded. In the end the troops captured more than a hundred prisoners, and four of them were tried and hanged. At Sandwich, on the Canadian side from Detroit, the Hunters landed, burned a steamboat, set fire to the barracks, burned two militiamen to death, and committed other brutal crimes. In the end twenty-six of these invaders were killed. But there was no rising to assist the invasion.

Colborne had the stern task of trying the rebels in Lower Canada. Martial law had been proclaimed, and the prisoners were tried by a court-martial, which avoided any difficulty about getting a jury free from racial passion. The proceedings make grim reading. Day after day the tribunal of soldiers sat, day after day appeared before them the prisoners, nearly all of them poor and ignorant men, and day after day the record of each trial ends in almost monotonous regularity with the sentence of death. Colborne was deeply religious and humane. A visitor records finding him in his work-room on his knees, praying fervently for guidance. Once when some one interceded for the life of a youth sentenced to death, Colborne said with a sob: "You are too late. That young man was executed yesterday." But, to the soldier, to take up arms in rebellion is the deadliest of crimes. Ninety-nine men were sentenced to death. Of these twelve were executed, and the rest were banished to far distant Australia—a tragic fate, since it meant separation

from their families. Such was the distressful fruit of political strife. The results of the seeming failure of Durham's mission were indeed tragic.

Meanwhile at Plymouth, on November 30th, a sick man, worn to a shadow by fever, had landed after a month's voyage. By what seemed studied neglect, Durham was denied the salutes and honours usually extended to a returning envoy. But crowds gathered to applaud him. He was hailed as a champion of thorough-going radicalism betrayed by the timid Whigs. News soon came of the rising in Lower Canada, and this seemed to show the folly of failing to support him. Men wondered that Durham, often so volcanic in his outbursts, was now so gentle, so free from resentment. The truth is that his mind was still fully occupied with Canada. He was busily engaged in finishing a "Report," and he knew that he could afford to wait. Early in 1839 the great work was completed, and on the last day of January Parliament received perhaps the most important single document in British Colonial history—Lord Durham's "Report on the Affairs of British North America." It was the work of a man near his end. In the next year Durham died at the early age of forty-eight. Canada had killed him, and almost his last words were: "Canada will one day do justice to my memory." Rarely has the insight of the dying been more completely justified. The "Report" marks the beginning of a new era for Canada.

CHAPTER XX

THE UNION OF THE TWO CANADAS

1. The Union Proposed by Lord Durham Disliked by the French.—It is hardly to be wondered at that, in 1839, some British leaders, weary of endless strife in Canada, should have come to believe that it would be wise to end the tie. Lord Durham met this opinion with the biting comment that, before letting colonies go, the experiment of keeping them and governing them well "ought at least to have a trial," and he implied that there had never been good government under the existing system. His own conviction was that the people concerned must govern themselves, and this cardinal principle is expressed in the "Report." 1. Canada, like England, must, he said, have a Cabinet, to hold office only so long as it had the support of a majority in the legislature. 2. It must control all revenues and every official of the government except the Governor and his secretary. 3. A permanent "civil list" must be provided, for the payment of judges and other officials. Only by such a system, said Durham, could Canada have a really strong, enduring, political system.

In 1822 the plan to unite Upper and Lower Canada had made Papineau furious, but now Durham revived the idea. It was a defect of his mind that he could not really understand the French, so unlike the English in their outlook. He was an Englishman of liberal views, he wished to see the British peoples great and happy, and he thought that the best thing which the French in Canada could do would be to acquire the language of their English fellow-citizens and grow to be like them.

He could not see that this would mean to the French irreparable loss. While they desired no political tie with France, they were proud of their origin from that great nation. France had founded Canada, and to the French the English seemed like intruders. The French in Canada were devoted to their church with sincere religious passion. They were proud of their ancestry, their language, and their institutions; and any attempt to reshape these on the English model would make them only the more tenaciously French. They were both virile and obstinate. To Durham, however, they seemed to be an inferior race, lacking vigour, and living under antiquated land laws, which made the tiller of the soil the vassal of his lord as seignior. Their idea of preserving a distinct type of nationality seemed to Durham intolerable. They must be anglicized for their own good.

Accordingly, Durham urged the union of Upper and Lower Canada. They should become one province, without any remnant left of division between them. The idea that, in the parliament to be created, the two divisions should have equal representation, was hateful to him. He rejected, also, the thought of federal union, for this would mean that, while the French would unite with the English in the wider national affairs, in local affairs which touched education, religion, and other things closely related to daily life, they would still preserve their distinct type. This, said Durham, should not be. If the Canadians were to become the strong nation for which he hoped, there should be no line of separation of any kind. Members should be elected to Parliament on the basis that each member would represent about the same number of people. It was true that, since the French were the more numerous, they would, at first, have a majority in parliament. But this would gradually change, for the British Isles would, as Durham hoped, send many immigrants to Canada, and France would send

none. The only official language should be English. Trade, in which the English excelled, should be helped, and highways, railways, and canals should be created to promote trade. Schools and colleges should encourage sound education. In this teeming life of a prosperous state the French would be linked with and become like other Canadians, speak the same language, and adopt the same pursuits. This happy Canada might draw to it the other English colonies in North America, and the powerful nation of which Durham dreamed would in time appear.

Lord Durham's "Report" is so highly praised for its liberal ideas of self-government that we are apt to forget that it came almost as a blow in the face to the French in Canada. Their legislature had already been suspended. Never again should they have it, and now they were to see accomplished that against which for twenty years they had fought—a forced union with Upper Canada. Mute and sullen, they could only watch in dread the carrying out of Durham's policy. In Upper Canada, too, that policy was not favoured. To the Tory element every Frenchman was a rebel, and yet Upper Canada was asked to enter a union in which the more numerous French would be supreme. To furious Tory loyalty this seemed intolerable. Yet the Family Compact was uneasy, for Upper Canada was nearly bankrupt. It had gone heavily into debt, it had a deficit, great for the time, and it still needed canals, roads, and, above all, railways, which were being built furiously elsewhere, but of which, as yet, there was not a mile in Upper Canada. By union its finances would be helped, for it would secure a greater share of the duties now collected at Montreal. Thus while Upper Canada disliked union, it was prepared to discuss terms.

2. The Union Carried by Lord Sydenham.—Before Durham died, he had the satisfaction of seeing appointed to Canada a successor in sympathy with his own views. Charles Poulett Thomson, now just forty, had lived in Russia as a merchant. He spoke French well—an advantage in Canada—he had great charm and ease of manner, and he was trained in business ways. He sat in the House of Commons for that great business centre, Manchester, and was now in the Cabinet, at the head of the Board of Trade, a post for which he was well fitted. Durham's work in Canada was much in the public eye, and the man who could complete it would make a great reputation. Thomson was vain, self-confident, and ambitious; but he was also strong and capable. If one of his friends called him a vain dog, another, Lord John Russell, said that he was the noblest man he had ever known; and to Canada he came in 1839, with the wide powers granted to Durham.

LORD SYDENHAM AND TORONTO

Thomson had taken counsel with Durham and was partly his pupil. The union was to be carried through, and a Canadian Cabinet was to appear. The two former legislatures were to be abolished, and a new one was to be set up, to rule the whole of the two former provinces. Thomson was determined to finish his task quickly and then to return to England with the prestige of a great success. Fate decreed, however, that Canada should kill him as it killed Durham. In Quebec his work seemed

easy enough. The legislature was suspended, and he had only to consult the special Council, appointed, not elected. It voted almost unanimously for the union against which the French were so bitter. Then Thomson hurried to Upper Canada. It was the late autumn and the weather was chilly. He went by boat from Montreal, and, to get past rapids in the river, had at one place to drive sixteen miles and at another twelve. He reached Toronto at the end of November, and surprised people by his seeming youth. He was all graciousness and had already many friends when he called the legislature.

To the members Thomson said frankly that the British Government had decided on union, and he outlined the proposed terms. In the new Parliament, Upper and Lower Canada would have the same number of members, and this meant that the smaller population of Upper Canada would have equal authority with the larger population of the French province. To do this was to accept difference of race as permanent—a policy condemned by Durham. Upper Canada had a large debt, Lower Canada a small one; but Lower Canada was now to bear an equal share of the debt for public works which benefited the whole country. This it was easy for Upper Canada to accept. Not hard, too, was it to get provision for a permanent "civil list," so that the judges should be secure. The Family Compact was sulky and critical, for by union it would lose power in Upper Canada. What, it asked, about language? Thomson answered that there would be but one official language—English. Where should be the capital? Thomson replied that it would be neither at Toronto nor at Quebec. In the end the Family Compact demanded that it should be in Upper Canada, and agreed to Kingston, not very far from Lower Canada. Thomson brought final acceptance of his proposals by promising that the debts of Upper Canada should be taken over by the new union. And so

Upper Canada voted for union, while Lower Canada had no choice but to accept what it keenly disliked.

"Thank God," wrote Thomson at this time, "it is all right at last." He was worn out with his eager labours. In England Lord John Russell, the Colonial Secretary, pressed the Union Act through Parliament. In those days, since Britain still controlled Canada, British leaders watched closely Canadian affairs. The Duke of Wellington, with John Beverley Robinson, the ablest member of the Family Compact, at his elbow, declared that the Bill would entrench traitorous elements, the hated democracy, and would result in the loss of Canada; and, he added, if you lose Canada "you may as well lose London." He would, he said, fight the Bill "even if the devil stands in the door." There were to be two Chambers in the Canadian House. The members of the Legislative Council were to be appointed for life, while forty-two members from each division were to be elected for a term of four years to the Legislative Assembly. An election followed in Canada. The polls were open for a fortnight. In some places brawny lumbermen and farmers seized the polling-booths and kept the other side from voting. The result was fierce fighting, and, in the first election under the Union, at least five men were killed and many more were injured. Yet probably not one in ten of the electors really knew what it was all about.

3. Sydenham Creates a Cabinet with Final Control in the Governor.—For his success Thomson received the honour of a peerage, as Lord Sydenham and Toronto, and he now had to face the crucial question whether the new Parliament should really rule Canada. Before it met at Kingston, he announced a Cabinet of eight members. It was not a party Cabinet. Sydenham hoped to end the old rule of faction and called in men of opposite parties; but his Cabinet had one great defect—in it sat no French member. He had urged to accept office the one man,

Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, who, with Papineau gone, could be regarded as the leader of the French-Canadians, but Lafontaine held aloof coldly. You have, he said, without asking our consent, abolished our legislature, and forced on us a union which we do not desire. You have in official use suppressed our language. You have given Upper Canada, with little more than half our numbers, as many members in your new Parliament as you have given to us. You have forced us, with a small debt, to assume our share of the large debt of Upper Canada. You give no guarantee of real liberal government. How can you ask us to help to work such a system? We will not fight again, but we will watch and wait. This attitude was ominous. The clearest thinker on the question of self-government was Robert Baldwin, the Liberal leader in Upper Canada. Baldwin asked Sydenham whether real political power would go to a Cabinet supported by a majority in the Assembly, and Sydenham could not say, "Yes."

LOUIS H. LAFONTAINE

The truth is that Sydenham intended to rule, with the support of a majority, if he could get it, but, if necessary, without it. The king's advisers in England must, he was instructed, still control Canada. But he was eager to have the support of a Canadian Cabinet, and he showed amazing skill in managing men. From mid-June to mid-September, 1841, the first Parliament of Canada sat in the little gray city of Kingston, the

point where, long ago, Fort Frontenac had awed the Iroquois and La Salle had ruled. In the hot summer days, Sydenham had to create a whole system of government. A majority in the Assembly was really hostile, and desired party government by English and French Liberals. There were a hundred things to do, and Sydenham alone could do them. The one word that best describes conditions in Canada is stagnation. Land had fallen in value. Hundreds were leaving the country for the United States. There were only a few miles of railway at Montreal, and there were not even decent highways. To avoid the fording of rivers more bridges were required. "When we get a bridge we have to do without a judge," a settler said to Sydenham; there was not money enough for both. The schools were bad; in Lower Canada some of the teachers could not read or write and could only teach passages learned by heart in church services. There was no local government, and towns and villages had to come to the Assembly for petty grants. One grant of £10,000 was divided into eight hundred and thirty equal parts, with a paid official for each part, to watch the spending of the money.

Robert Baldwin

At Sydenham's table men of opinions widely opposed now met, and their tactful host smoothed away antagonisms. But his career was suddenly cut short. One day in September, his horse stumbled and threw him. The session of the legislature was just ending, and, though in

great pain, he went on with his work. Then, on September 19th, two days after the members had gone, he died. He had done much. He had not yielded government by the majority, but he had outlined a workable system for Canada. There were now regular departments of government, responsible ministers, a Cabinet. Sydenham had been both Governor and Prime Minister. But this system governors less skilful could not continue, and it was certain that before long a Canadian Prime Minister would have full authority and that the Governor would become a figure-head.

4. Bagot Accepts Government by Party.—Sydenham's successor, Sir Charles Bagot, was an elderly man with wide experience in politics. When British minister at Washington, he had made the Rush-Bagot Agreement, by which the United States and Canada were not to fortify their frontiers against each other and were not to have war-ships on the Great Lakes. In Russia Bagot had been the intimate friend of the Czar. But he found it a hard task to follow Sydenham, who had really bought support by lavish promises, of which payment fell to Bagot. He travelled much to see Canada with his own eyes. Faction had so retarded education that, in spite of endowments of land set apart in 1798 for a university in Upper Canada, it had not yet come into being. But at Toronto, in 1842, Bagot took part in the ceremonial beginning of what was to become the University of Toronto. He and Lady Bagot showed special courtesy to the French in Montreal and Quebec and won their confidence.

After nearly a year of cautious inquiry, Bagot called his Parliament together for the second session under the union. By this time he knew that government could not go on without giving office to the French, for they and Baldwin's followers in Upper Canada were united and had a majority in the legislature. The Family Compact

raged at the thought. The French, they said, had never really shared in the government of Canada. Why should they now share in it when even their leader, Lafontaine, had so recently been a rebel? Were traitors to be so rewarded? In England the opinion prevailed that the French-Canadians were rebellious and disloyal and quite unfit to hold office. The Duke of Wellington fumed at "that man Bagot," his nephew by marriage, whose ideas would, he said, wreck the British Empire. But Bagot had either to go back to the old ways, which had caused rebellion, or to let the majority rule. He offered to include Lafontaine and other French members in the existing Cabinet formed by Sydenham. But Lafontaine and his ally, Baldwin, who were both well read in British methods, insisted that the British way was government by the party which had a majority, and would take office only on this basis.

Within two weeks after Parliament met in September, 1842, Bagot, half distracted, had to yield. Baldwin and Lafontaine took office. All but Liberal and French members retired from the Cabinet, and Canada had its first government directly responsible to Parliament. Bagot was attacked bitterly by the dying remnant of the Family Compact. In England his act caused a sensation. Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, wrote to Bagot a letter of sharp censure. Already he was ailing, and his anxieties broke down his health. He died at Kingston, in May, 1843, killed, as Durham and Sydenham had been killed, by the cares involved in creating a workable system in Canada.

5. Metcalfe Repudiates Colonial Self-Government. —While Bagot lay, slowly dying, at Kingston, his successor arrived. Sir Charles Metcalfe had served long in India; for a time he had acted there as Governor-General, and he had given offence by his Liberal views. As Governor of Jamaica, he had been the merciful friend

of the negroes, just freed from slavery. In England he was looked upon as a radical, who wished to extend the right to vote, to have voting by ballot, and to repeal the Corn Laws, under which food was taxed. Metcalfe was kindly and sincere; yet in Canada he stood as the determined supporter of a worn-out system. It was hardly his fault. Bagot's action in calling to office the French had caused alarm in England. In spite of the Union and the attempt to create a real Cabinet in Canada, it was not yet believed that Canada could govern itself. But Metcalfe was confronted by political leaders who declared that the majority should rule in Canada as they ruled in England, and that Canadian ministers and not the governor must make appointments to office and shape the policy of Canada. Metcalfe had been instructed otherwise by his superiors in England and was aghast. An obscure colony govern itself! Why, he declared, a single parish, a single peer, in England has more wealth than all Canada; it was Britain and not Canada who gave him authority and held him responsible, and he would not let Canadian ministers usurp his powers. He would, he said, pay all due regard to the wishes of the Canadian Parliament, but it was for him to make decisions and to have a voice in appointments to office. When he proved unyielding, Baldwin, Lafontaine, and all but one of the other ministers resigned.

In politics new forces were now assertive. In Ireland, O'Connell was telling of his country's grievances to vast multitudes. In England, the lowering of the tax on newspapers and the penny post now made easy the circulation of ideas. The agitation for free trade was at its height. The Chartists were demanding that every man should have the right to vote. In Canada these movements were well understood. Liberal leaders were in touch with the advanced political thought of England. They had read Burke and other great writers, and they

knew quite clearly where they stood. We find now in politics for the first time a young lawyer, John A. Macdonald, destined to play a great part in Canada. He was against the Liberals. He charged that their urgency for Canada's rights involved the danger of separation from Great Britain. But he had no good word for the old Toryism, which insisted that Canada should be governed from London. Yet he denounced democracy as a blighting curse, and he declared that reformers were traitors to the queen.

After long delay, Metcalfe succeeded in forming a Cabinet led by a moderate man—W. H. Draper. But it faced a hostile Liberal majority in Parliament, composed of French and English elements, and in 1844 an election was necessary. It proved to be the most violent election ever known in Canada. Metcalfe led in person his own party and denounced Baldwin and Lafontaine as enemies of British connection. At the polls Metcalfe won by a small majority. In the autumn Parliament met, no longer in Kingston, but in Montreal. Metcalfe's methods were wholly approved in England, and he was now made a peer. But he was a dying man, and, in November, 1845, he returned to England, leaving in charge the Commander of the Forces, Lord Cathcart. Four governors in succession—Durham, Sydenham, Bagot, and Metcalfe—had been stricken down in the midst of their work. Metcalfe knew that he had failed; he was carrying out the instructions of the ministry in England; but he saw that Canada intended to govern itself, and that on this point the Canadians were really united. He was the last Governor in Canada to interfere in its party politics. The truth that Canada must govern itself was soon understood in England. In 1846, when the Corn Laws, which had entrenched the old Toryism, were repealed, the Liberals took office under Lord John Russell, and then came the hour of

victory in Canada's long fight. In 1846 the Earl of Elgin, son-in-law of Lord Durham, was made Governor, and he had the fixed resolve to carry out to the full Durham's liberal policy.

CHAPTER XXI

SELF-GOVERNMENT AT LAST

1. How Elgin Insisted on Self-Government in Canada.— James Bruce, Earl of Elgin, was only thirty-five years of age when, in 1847, he arrived in Canada to take up what was to prove a heavy task. For it he had been well trained. At Eton and Oxford he had been the friend of Gladstone and other youths destined to high fame, whose daily talk was of politics. He had lived much in Paris and spoke French with an ease which charmed the French in Canada. He had, indeed, a striking gift of eloquence. For four years he had been Governor of Jamaica. And now, while still young, he was sent to Canada with the avowed aim of carrying out Lord Durham's policy. He had insight, and, more than any previous governor, he read the Canadian problem as a whole and did full justice to the French. After a sharp struggle, Britain had just adopted free trade, something which, as we shall see, brought dismay in Canada. Ireland was suffering from the effects of a terrible famine, and thousands of Irishmen

Lord Elgin

were fleeing from the plague-stricken island to the United States and to Canada and bringing with them disease and death. All Europe was in a state of unrest, and the storm burst in 1848, with the result that France became again a republic; Germany was so stirred by liberal opinions that a German republic seemed possible: the Pope was driven from Rome, and a Roman republic was set up; and in every capital in Europe revolution raised its head. In these movements there was much violence and passion, and Canada was affected by the same spirit.

Montreal was now the capital; Kingston had proved too small a place to furnish the needed accommodation, and it shows the growth of moderation that the English should accept a city in the French province as the seat of government. While Toronto still had only about twenty thousand people, Montreal had nearly fifty thousand. It had turbulent elements, for in this city, partly French and partly English, burned still the furious racial passions which had marked the sanguinary rebellion ten years earlier. It shows how backward was Canada that Lord Elgin, arriving in January, 1847, at Boston, had to make a part of the journey of four days to Montreal in sleighs. Canada had as yet no connections by railway with the United States. He took up his residence at Monklands, a house near Montreal. In 1848 there was an election, and the Liberals won an overwhelming victory. The attempt to swamp the French element had had its inevitable result. It had made the French hold the more closely together, and they were the most important party. Their leader, Lafontaine, was a man of high character, and now actually the Canada in which, as Durham hoped, the French influence was to disappear, had in Lafontaine a French Prime Minister.

Openly Durham's pupil, Elgin yet saw Durham's error in trying to anglicize the French. The only way to

get on with them, said Elgin, was to respect their opinions, and to ensure that they should be as free as their English fellow-citizens to follow their own ideals. If this were done, "who will venture to say," asked Elgin, "that the last hand which waves the British flag on American ground may not be that of a French-Canadian?" Lafontaine associated with him Robert Baldwin and formed a strong Cabinet. But at once it had to face a difficult problem. In Upper Canada the government had paid the losses of owners for property destroyed during Mackenzie's rising. Even a Tory government had promised that the same policy should be carried out in Lower Canada. There had been delay, but now the hour had come to settle the question. It was particularly thorny. The owners of the houses in the villages burned during the rebellion were, of course, chiefly French, and loyal and disloyal alike had suffered. Now the Parliament voted £90,000 to compensate the loyal sufferers. But how could the loyal be distinguished from the disloyal? Sir Allan MacNab, spokesman for the last remnant of the Family Compact, said, in effect, that to be French was to be at heart a rebel, and that to pay money to the French was to reward treason. This was only the cry of racial passion, but there was the real difficulty that rebels at heart might be paid for losses which they deserved. In the end the government laid down the rule that no one convicted, by legal process, of treason, was to be paid for the loss of his property. No doubt many not so convicted were in sympathy with rebellion, but who could read this secret of their hearts?

Thus it happened that the Rebellion Losses Bill of 1849 caused furious debate. It was a morsel for the Opposition that, while the Prime Minister, Lafontaine, had not taken up arms, he had been in active sympathy with Papineau. There were hot words in Parliament. Irate members challenged one another to duels. One day William Hume Blake, a member of the government, and

Mr., afterwards Sir John A. Macdonald, were brought to the bar of the house under arrest and required to abandon a proposed duel. But in both Chambers large majorities passed the Bill. Then came the vital test as to whether Canada should govern itself. Elgin had the right either to disallow the Bill or to reserve it for a decision in London. The Tories said that if a House composed largely of rebel French accepted the Bill, it was the duty of the Governor to disallow it. Elgin kept his own counsel. At the end of April, 1849, he drove to the Parliament Buildings to give his assent to a number of bills. He arrived at about five o'clock. A crowded House listened eagerly as the titles of the bills were read out. At last the long title was read: "An act to provide for the indemnification of parties in Lower Canada whose property was destroyed during the rebellion in the years 1837 and 1838." When to this, as to the other bills, Elgin gave his assent, there was a rush from the Chamber. An hour later, when he left the House, a crowd had gathered. As he stepped outside, hoots, yells, and missiles greeted him. An egg struck him in the face, and he drove away amid a shower of mud and stones.

The mob was bent on mischief. Fly sheets were circulated, urging the people to meet that evening in protest. Alarm bells were rung, and a crowd gathered. An angry mob will believe anything, and this one was told and believed that the French were about to carry out a massacre of the English in Montreal. As night fell it was a grievance that the Parliament was holding quietly its evening session, unmindful of the storm outside. There was a rush to the building. The lighted windows were a good mark for the stones of the rioters, and soon the crash of missiles and glass drove the members from their places. The crowd rushed in, and by some means the building was set on fire. Some of the members barely escaped with their lives, and the crowd watched the roar-

ing flames destroy the building and its contents, which included two valuable libraries. A little later the house of Lafontaine was sacked, and a shot fired from the house killed a rioter. When, after some days, Elgin drove into Montreal, every panel of his carriage was smashed by stones which might easily have killed him.

The naked situation was that Elgin had been nearly killed by a Montreal mob because he would not override the decision of a large majority in the Canadian Parliament. Papineau, the Radical, had abused and insulted one governor; now a Tory mob had been ready to murder another. For days Elgin was almost a prisoner at Monklands, and he had to organize defence against a possible siege. Newspapers poured out against him satire and abuse. He was the degenerate scion of a noble race, he was insane, he should be impeached. He received notice to leave Canada within a week, since every day of his further stay in Canada brought new danger to the whole Empire. The St. Andrew's Society struck his name from its roll of members. We know what Elgin's thoughts were, for he recorded them. He did not wholly like the Bill, but it was well within the rights of Parliament to pass it. The king could not veto bills because he disliked them, nor should the governor in Canada. It was not for the governor to check Parliament, but for the Canadian electors to turn out a Cabinet which passed bad measures. In storm and tumult Elgin had really ended the rule of the Colonial Office in Canada.

2. The Movement for Union with the United States.— Just at this time came a grave crisis in business. When, in 1846, Britain adopted Free Trade, the news caused consternation in Canada. Since 1843 the Canadian farmer had been able to send his wheat and flour to England on such terms that he had an advantage in wheat of about eighteen cents a bushel over the farmer in the United States. Thus favoured, Canada began to

provide flour-mills, ships, and docks, for a great export trade of food. Then, after three years, in 1846, the repeal of all taxes on wheat destroyed the prospects of this trade, and the United States was in a better position than Canada to compete on equal terms. The result was ruin for many in Canada who had invested their money in mills and docks. Money was so scarce that Lord Elgin had to take Canada's note for his own salary. Montreal had gone heavily into the new enterprises, and there property fell to half its former value. Since many advantages would come from free access to the markets of the United States, a strong movement set in among the Tory element to join that country. There was an added reason. Hitherto the Tories had relied on Britain to help in checking radicalism. Now she would no longer interfere in Canada. Then why keep up a useless tie? Papineau had told William IV that Canada was beginning to look to the United States, and now, by the old loyal party, Queen Victoria was informed that it was not in Canada's interest longer to remain in the British Empire.

Out of this came, in October, 1849, a startling outburst. Most of the prominent English-speaking leaders, the men of wealth and position in Montreal, issued a manifesto declaring for union with the United States. Newspapers which had denounced the rebel followers of Papineau and Mackenzie for looking to the United States, now came out bluntly for annexation. Not only these Tory loyalists, but advanced French Liberals with republican sympathies, joined in the movement. Petitions came pouring in to the same end. In England Lord John Russell admitted that the breaking away of Canada was inevitable. Elgin, however, opposed the movement with vigour. In this the more conservative of the French stood firmly with him. So did the Liberal leaders, Robert Baldwin and George Brown of the Toronto

Globe—already a powerful influence. Government servants who signed the manifesto were dismissed from office, and it was not long before the movement died out.

The troubles in Montreal at this time cost that place its position as the capital of Canada. Members of the legislature refused to return to a city where a frantic mob might again commit outrage. In European states the seat of government was usually in a great city, such as London or Paris or Vienna. It might have been well for Canada to have as its capital a seaport with a great commerce, a city with traditions and wealth, but the Parliament looked elsewhere. Rival cities claimed the honour, a selection was not easy, and it was decided to fall back on the two former capitals of the separate provinces. Thus, for about fifteen years, Parliament sat for half the time at Toronto and half the time at Quebec. It was costly to move from place to place the offices of government, and in 1858 it was decided to create a new capital city at Ottawa, remote from the American frontier, so as to be safer in case of war, lying in Upper Canada, which had become the more populous province, but only across the Ottawa River from Lower Canada. In Ottawa, then a raw town, chiefly engaged in the timber trade, everything had to be created. The site on cliffs overlooking the waters of the Ottawa was beautiful. It took years to erect the necessary buildings, and they were ready only when the Union, created with such high hopes and energy by Sydenham, had broken down, and a new political fabric was to take its place.

3. Antagonism Between the "Clear-Grits" and the French.—As the event showed, the Union would not work. At first, indeed, much was done. When Elgin made it clear that henceforth the Canadian legislature must settle the problems of Canada, with no interference from England, the new broom swept clean enough. In Upper Canada the voice of the Family Compact was

growing weak. Bishop Strachan still insisted that in the University created by state funds all the professors must be members of the Church of England. He had been Archdeacon of Toronto, and he caused the provision to be made that the Archdeacon of Toronto should always be the President of the University. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Roman Catholics, enraged at these pretensions, began to create colleges of their own. At last, in 1849, Baldwin, as good an Anglican as Strachan himself, took fresh action. The University of Toronto was to have no connection with any church. It was not even to confer degrees in divinity, and its doors were to be open to all on perfectly equal terms.

Thus was one urgent question settled. But radical demands were growing extreme, while the heads of the government, Lafontaine and Baldwin, were slow and cautious in making changes. Both were Liberals; Lafontaine had been a follower of Papineau: both were men of lofty character: and both now drew back in the face of a more urgent radicalism. At the time, a favourite means of showing political hate was to dress up an image of the victim, to hang it by the neck, and then to burn it, as a hint of what the original deserved. Lord Elgin, arrayed in a copy of his official dress, had been so hanged and burned. Baldwin's Tory fellow-citizens in Toronto had treated him in the same way. During the riots in Montreal a Tory mob had menaced Lafontaine's life and sacked his house. Now, however, the moderate leaders were attacked less by the Tories than by their own former friends. These desired a clear-cut radicalism; an ending of state support for any church; an extension of the right to vote; and vote by ballot. Most ominous of all was the cry now begun that, since the English province had the larger population, it should have more members in Parliament—representation by population—"Rep. by Pop.," as the cry went. The

French had not demanded this when they were the more numerous, and they resented the new cry. The Radicals pressed their views and denounced as half Tory those friends who would not go so far. They themselves were "clear grit," and the name has clung to the Liberal party ever since. The ministry broke down in 1851, when Baldwin retired because his more radical supporters turned from him. Lafontaine soon became a judge. In the election which ensued, Baldwin lost his seat in Parliament, and, though not yet fifty, he withdrew finally from public life. It was a swift ending for the "great ministry" under which Canada made good her claim completely to govern herself.

4. The Breakdown of the Union.— The cry, "Rep. by Pop." of the radicals was destined to cause the breakdown of the Union. To the cry the French would not yield. To do so, they saw, would mean that final dominance of the English element which they had long dreaded. The more the plan was pressed, the more compact and united the French became against it, and, owing to this, no government could live without large French support. For a time, indeed, the view prevailed that on any important question a ministry must have a majority of the members in each province. This meant that there were really two heads—one French, one English. This was not union. It was a parody of union. Durham had urged that there should be no line separating the two provinces, that Canada should be really one. Now bills were passed to apply to one province and not to the other. Each division was jealous of the other. If money was spent on roads or bridges in Canada West, the claim was made that an equal amount should be spent for such purposes in Canada East. Government could be carried on only by continuous bargaining. In Canada East, the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church were taught in the state schools. When the minority there claimed the right to

have schools without this religious teaching, the reply was: "Very well, but, in return, the Roman Catholics in Canada West must have the right to schools in which their religion is taught." On this basis an agreement was reached, with the result that to this day in the state-supported Separate Schools in Ontario the tenets of the Roman Catholics are taught, while non-Catholics in Quebec have also their own schools.

After an election in 1854, a radical ministry was only avoided by a union of Tories and moderates; and the fiery leader of the Family Compact, who had denounced all French as rebels, became head of the government, with Morin, a one-time follower of Papineau, as his partner in the premiership. Thus was formed what has ever since been known as the Liberal-Conservative party. It was an amusing turn in politics, and now, under the arch-Tory, MacNab, was finally settled, on radical lines, the question of a state church. There was no hope of getting the churches to agree on a division of the endowment of religion by the lands known as Clergy Reserves. Accordingly, apart from a sum used to protect vested interests already created, the fund was handed over to the municipalities, and money intended for the support of religion was used for building roads and bridges. If religion suffered, it was because the churches could not agree. Another vexed question was also settled on radical lines. The habitants in Lower Canada were now hostile to the old French civil law, which preserved feudal rights to the seigniors, and, in 1854, seigniorial tenure was abolished, and the habitants secured full ownership of their land. It was under MacNab, the Tory, that this Bill, too, was passed, and the chief fulminator against it was Papineau, himself a seignior, now returned from exile, and fighting this phase of radicalism. There are strange turns in politics.

Ever since Britain had adopted free trade and ended any trade favours to Canada, it had been particularly desirable for Canada to have access to the markets of the United States. Since Canada had chiefly farm products to sell, the American farmer was opposed to letting in Canadian wheat without duty. On the other hand, American fishermen desired access to the best fishing-grounds of Nova Scotia. These, however, were not controlled by Canada. The difficulty was met by giving to Lord Elgin power to act for both Canada and Nova Scotia, and in May, 1854, he went to Washington to negotiate a treaty for reciprocity in trade. Francis Hincks went with him as head of the Canadian Cabinet, but the chief work was done by Lord Elgin. He was told that senators of the Republican party were favourable, but that Democratic senators must be won. To do this Elgin, using the prestige of a British peer in American society, mingled much with Democratic senators. There were elaborate dinners. Elgin's secretary, the well-known writer, Laurence Oliphant, says that by this courting of the Democrats the treaty was floated through on champagne. But the senators knew what they were about. They desired the right of fishing, Canada that of an open market, and each side gained its end. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 gave Canada's natural products free access to the United States, and yielded on behalf of Nova Scotia the right to Americans to fish in her bays and inlets. Each side profited, but the treaty was cancelled by the United States in 1866 as giving Canada too great an advantage. The truth is that, then as now, Canada bought from the Republic much more than she sold to it.

Elgin was the last governor to take a leading part in Canadian politics. Henceforth, the governor made no claim to rule. Like the king in England, he became in Canada the dignified official head of the state, aloof from

party. Real power he has now only in a crisis, when he can insist that the people shall be consulted if the men in office seem to have forfeited public confidence. It was a far cry from the time of Dorchester, who consulted whom he liked and ruled with authority, to the closing days of Elgin's period in 1854, when the elected members made and unmade ministers, and the governor in the background had only the duty of watching the play of political forces, in order to see that they were directed in harmony with the British tradition in politics. He had great influence as a social leader. His words of counsel to his ministers would carry weight. But, at last, it was they and not he who made the vital decisions in Canadian affairs.

Similar results were being effected in the other colonies soon to be linked with Canada. Nova Scotia was the oldest of these British communities. Its fortress capital, Halifax, had long played a great role. In its spacious harbour had gathered the naval forces which had struck down the power of France in America. To Halifax thousands of Loyalists had fled during the American Revolution. During the war of 1812 Halifax was the base for the British fleets in North America. Halifax had traditions. The governor was usually a military officer, and he really governed. Ever since 1758 there had been an elected Assembly. It voted money and made laws, but it had no voice in controlling the governor in the choice of his advisers. The Second Chamber consisted of twelve members, appointed for life. These were also the Executive Council, which carried on the government. Naturally, they became, like the Family Compact at Toronto, a governing caste, rather scornful of the voice of the people. In 1840 five of the members were partners in a private bank, and nine were members of the Church of England, to which barely one fifth of the population belonged. The assembly at

Halifax bore itself with grave dignity. Charles Dickens, watching it in 1840, said that it was like the Parliament at Westminster seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Halifax society, full as it was of naval and military officers, often of high rank, tended to be haughty and exclusive. Royal princes sometimes dwelt there, and the place was socially an outpost of London. It was a great honour to be invited to the governor's table. The law courts kept up a stiff decorum. The rich merchants lived like great gentlemen.

JOSEPH HOWE

Nova Scotia's struggles had been like those of Upper Canada, and the role of chief reformer had been played by a remarkable man—Joseph Howe. He was of sturdy Loyalist ancestry and had made his own way from printer's devil to the leadership of the Liberal party. He had the quality of attracting personal devotion, and he loved Nova Scotia as Shakespeare loved England:

> "This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone, set in the silver sea;
> This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

"Boys," he once said to some youths, "brag about your country." In one valley in Nova Scotia, he declared, you could go for fifty miles under apple blossoms. In a wider sphere and disciplined by more careful education, Howe would have taken rank with the highest. He had genius and a great joy in life. It was said that he knew nearly every man, woman, and child in the little world of Nova Scotia. Probably he knew every one of the two hundred and seventy Frasers who voted in Pictou County. All his tasks he performed with furious energy.

It was he who brought to a head and settled the problem of self-government in Nova Scotia, and, unlike Papineau and Mackenzie, he did it without even the threat of an appeal to arms.

Howe edited a newspaper, the *Nova Scotian,* and in 1835 he attacked for corruption and incompetence the magistrates of Halifax. When they had him tried for libel, he defended himself in a crowded court-room with a fervid speech which lasted for six hours and made his fame as a great orator. He watched events in Canada, and, when Lord Durham's "Report" appeared, and Lord John Russell said that the governor of a colony, while treating the legislature with respect, must yet accept not the policy of his ministers but the orders of the Colonial Office, Howe wrote four masterly open letters addressed to Russell. No one would to-day admit what Howe admitted—that Britain might regulate the trade of the colonies, might bind them by her treaties, and control completely their military forces. Howe said, however, that the people of Nova Scotia must control their own affairs. To Halifax society he was a vulgar agitator, a low radical, and gilded youths talked of ducking him in a horse-pond or shooting him. With one of them Howe fought a duel, and our only surprise is that the gilded youth should challenge a man whose social rank he despised. Howe fought fair, and he loved the fray. But he had a poet's temperament, and the pride of genius, and contempt stung him. "They have scorned me at their feasts, and they have insulted me at their funerals," he once said bitterly. But all the supposed great did not scorn him. In 1840, for some three weeks, Poulett Thomson was at Halifax, and he and Howe became fast friends.

Howe was dangerous as an enemy. Papineau had fought as it were with a club, Mackenzie with the lack of humour of a fanatic. Howe's weapons were eloquence, wit, and satire. An unhappy young Governor, Lord

Falkland, married to a lady of royal birth, came out in 1840. He was handsome, he dressed carefully, and he preserved a stately ceremonial at Government House. But when he treated Howe with scorn, he had no armour to protect him from the shafts of that man of resource. In ribald verse Howe ridiculed the pride of the head of the state. When this was treated almost as high treason, Howe's reply was that the Governor began it by contemptuous diatribes about a disloyal and vulgar agitator. In 1846 Falkland was sent to govern at Bombay, and Howe had won. Already in 1838 an advance had been made when Lord Durham had been instructed to create a Second Chamber distinct from the Executive Council of the Governor. Lord Grey now gave definite instructions to set up in Nova Scotia the system that, at the same hour, Elgin was to carry out in Canada. The Reformers, or Liberals, carried Nova Scotia in 1847, as a year later they carried Canada; and the long battle was over. For good or ill the electors were henceforth to make and unmake those who governed. At the same time a similar change was effected in New Brunswick.

Sir Charles Tupper

Democracies have no magic wisdom, and it is not written that Nova Scotia was better governed by men elected than by men appointed; but at least the people were content, and there was no longer the sense of injustice which stirs fierce passion. Rebels, as Howe expressed it, now became exceed-

ingly scarce. Nova Scotia walked in the paths of democracy, and in time a leader arose who, in political craft and energy, was a match for Howe. He was a physician practising in Halifax—Dr. Charles Tupper. At first Howe talked of Tupper's speeches as no more effective than the mewing of a kitten. But he learned his error and became bitterly jealous of a rival as untiring as himself, and with even more courage and resource. Howe threw himself into the plans for building a railway which should connect Nova Scotia with Canada. In his mind was dawning the vision of a great British state stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In glowing phrases he pictured the might it would add to Britain. Members from this great union should sit in the British parliament. He forecasted the time when the whistle of the steam-engine should be heard in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and the traveller might in five or six days pass from Halifax to the Pacific Coast. It was in truth a chastened vision, which has now come true; but at first it seemed fantastic, and it was Tupper, not Howe, who was destined to make it come true.

CHAPTER XXII

A GREAT CANADIAN UNION

I Deadlock under the Union.—It is well for the people to govern themselves. They do not always govern wisely. Neither does a youth growing into the responsibilities of manhood, but he must learn. Hitherto, in Canada, policy had been shaped by others than Canadians. Sydenham had directed his own Cabinet, Metcalfe had been leader against the Liberals in a bitter election. Elgin had been the first to hold aloof and to leave to his ministers the responsibility of decisions. In 1856 Canada did what Papineau had long demanded; she made the Second Chamber elective, but with no very satisfactory results. Canada's real problems were now, in truth, problems of trade. She had spent much on her canals. In 1848 this system was completed, so that boats drawing nine feet of water could sail from Chicago to the open sea. This was something. But in the moment of success came the certainty that Canada needed means of transport more costly even than canals. She needed railways, and by 1850 was in a fever to secure them. England was spending hundreds of millions of pounds on railways. The United States had already long lines before Canada began seriously to act. But act she did. When Elgin left Canada, twenty thousand men were employed in building railways. By 1856 travellers could go by rail from Montreal to Toronto in a single night. In 1860 the Grand Trunk Railway was completed from Lake Huron to the sea. Ideas, too, were now circulated rapidly. The telegraph was in full operation. The

people in Toronto knew from day to day of events in remote Halifax, though as yet no railway linked together the two centres. To facilitate trade with her great neighbour, the United States, Canada adopted in 1858 a currency in dollars and cents, instead of the clumsy reckoning in pounds, shillings, and pence.

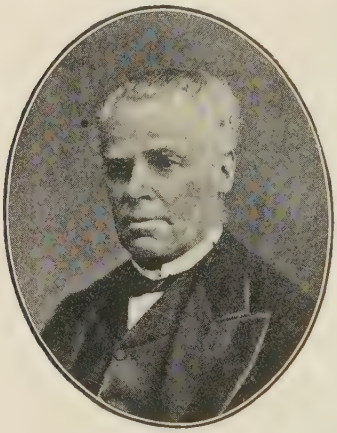
Into Canada for the building of railways much British capital was coming. Contractors made fortunes. Men's outlook was enlarged. Some began to ask why Canada should not have her own manufactures. In 1858 A. T. Galt, son of the Scottish novelist who had helped to settle Upper Canada, took charge of the finances of Canada. There was a large deficit, and Galt had to impose new taxes. He increased the duties on imported goods. This would, he believed, help the revenue, but it would also encourage the people of Canada to try to make for themselves some of the things which they imported. Galt's tariff was deliberately a protective tariff. Just a dozen years earlier Britain had adopted Free Trade. It was not long since she had regulated the tariffs of the colonies, and now a demand was made in England that a Canadian tariff, restricting British manufacture, should not be permitted. The Sheffield Chamber of Commerce declared it indecent that Canadian factories should be encouraged to make cutlery, and thus injure the markets of Sheffield. Galt's answer was that Canada must raise her own revenue to meet her own obligations, and thus take care of herself, even though her policy should injure British trade. His tone showed that Canada was growing up. Elgin's policy brought the quick fruit of fiscal independence.

Canada had, however, an unworkable political system. By 1860, of two and a half million people, Canada West had nearly a million and a half. Yet in the Parliament each division of the country had equal representation. This was, of course, unjust to the people of Upper

Canada, but their claims were pressed in a manner that united the French against them. In *The Globe* newspaper George Brown not only attacked the system which gave the French equal representation, but he also assailed in bitter terms their Roman Catholic faith. The French had never forgotten that in Sydenham's time English had been made the sole official language—a provision soon repealed—and the more Brown attacked them the more compact they became in opposition. Upper Canada, under Brown's dominating influence, stood more and more firmly for representation on the basis of population. Parties were so evenly divided that sometimes a division was delayed in the legislature until the train by which an absent member was travelling should arrive, so that his vote might prevent the defeat of a government. Ministries lasted only a few months—there were four in three years—and elections made little change. The result was deadlock, and deadlock just when Canada needed alert and far-seeing statesmanship.

2. The Turning to Federalism.—In 1861 a dark cloud appeared on Canada's horizon. Civil war broke out in the United States. Within a few months it seemed as if Britain might be involved in the war. Her ruling class showed open sympathy with those who were cleaving the United States into two. This angered the people of the North. Britain, they said, seemed to wish the ruin of their nation. They were fighting to end slavery. Yet Britain desired the success of their enemies. In November, 1861, two envoys of the South, Mason and Slidell, sailed on a British ship, the *Trent*, for Europe, to press the interests of the South in England and in France. On the high seas the *Trent* was stopped by an American war-ship, and the ambassadors were seized and carried to Boston. At once anger flared up in England. The fire-eating Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, and he demanded the

instant release of the envoys and an apology for the outrage. There were leaders in the United States who desired war, believing that the North and the South would reunite against a common enemy. It was clear that, in such a case, Canada would be invaded, and, expecting this, Great Britain poured troops into Halifax. It was winter, the St. Lawrence was blocked by ice, there was no railway connecting Nova Scotia with Canada, and a long march overland was necessary in order to reach the scene of danger. Meanwhile wise counsels on both sides averted war. The United States released the envoys and made due apology. But bitterness remained, and, with a hostile nation on her frontier, it was the duty of Canada to be prepared.



Sir Georges Étienne Cartier

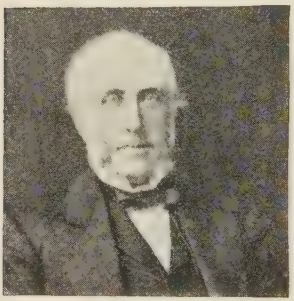
She failed in her duty. In office was a ministry headed by Georges Étienne Cartier, from Canada East, with John Alexander Macdonald as the leader from Canada West. In April, 1862, Macdonald brought in a bill which involved heavy expenditure for defence. But Cartier could not hold his French followers, always suspicious of military preparations and unwilling to be taxed for keeping up an army. The bill was defeated, and the government resigned. The mayor of Montreal welcomed the British troops just arrived. Canada, he said, was fortunate in being protected by one of the most powerful nations in the world. Hail to the redcoats, "the more the better, if they took not a penny out of the pockets of

Canadians." Britain, spending heavily to defend Canada, was angry at this attitude. Canada was taxing British goods and yet leaving her defence to Britain. *The Times* called the Canadians an inert race "lacking in the first virtues of freemen." They had "money for all kinds of corrupt jobs, but money for honour, money for liberty, money for independence they have nothing to spare." It added that England had no terror at the thought of Canada's breaking away from the Empire, since she was an incumbrance involving Britain herself in the danger of war.

John A. Macdonald

Such was the discredit which danger from the United States brought upon Canada, and thousands of Canadians felt impotent rage at her failure to meet the demands of self-respect. The French, angry at the venomous attacks of *The Globe* on their race and religion, were unyielding. No government could last, and after two more years of drifting, with pressing problems of defence, of railways, of trade, all unsolved, it became clear to leaders on both sides that some radical step must be taken. When taking office in 1858, Galt, who represented the English minority in Lower Canada, had insisted that the question of a federal system should be faced seriously. He had then gone to England with Cartier, to put the problem before the British gov-

ernment. Brown had long favoured a federal union, and now men turned to it as the sole available remedy. In June, 1864, Parliament was sitting at Quebec. Deadlock had become chronic. Trade was suffering. The country was clamouring for more railways. The great West was looming up as a limitless field for Canadian effort. And action was paralyzed because Canada had no government which could do anything with any certainty of continued support.



Hon. George Brown

In this crisis three figures stood conspicuous. One was George Brown. He was a Scot, huge in stature, intense in energy, austere in his Presbyterian faith, eager and uncompromising in pressing his views. As editor of *The Globe* he had for years assailed the French for blocking justice to the majority. The second figure was Cartier. Like Lafontaine he had been a follower of Papineau; he had taken an active part in the rising of 1837, and had fled to the United States. He was, however, no revolutionary, and, by his untiring industry, energy, and force of character, he had become the leader of the *Bleus*, the Conservatives, of Canada East, opposed to the *Rouges*, the Reds. The French Liberal leader, Dorion, could not unite closely with the English-speaking Liberals because of Brown's bitter attacks on the French. Cartier was careful to ally himself with the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Lower Canada. They were now ready for a federal system, for under it could be preserved their cherished institutions. The third figure was Macdonald, and he is the most conspicuous political leader in the history of Canada. He was a Scot,

who had faced the hardships of pioneer life in Canada, but there was in him nothing of the puritanism of Brown. Macdonald, like Cartier, was a lawyer. His habits at this time were convivial. He studied men and knew how to manage them. Brown was rash. Macdonald linked caution and tact with great ability. A visitor to Macdonald's office describes his jaunty methods. He "gave a skip as he entered the ante-room, where a number of people were waiting to see him, poked one of them in the ribs with his cane, and followed it up with a joke." Men called him "Old To-morrow," because of his habit of putting off decisions which time might solve. To Galt belongs the credit of forcing federation to the front. But it was the other three who had to make the real decision.

At Quebec, in 1864, with the government impotent, Brown let it be known that he was ready to discuss freely with his opponents the problems of federal union. The leaders met and had a frank discussion. It was not easy for them to act together. Between Brown and Macdonald there was deep personal antagonism. Neither of them trusted the other, and each was afraid of some hidden trap. What is striking, however, is the straightforward sincerity with which they now acted. Macdonald did not wish a federation and said so quite openly. He wished a single Parliament, like that of Great Britain, for all the British provinces. But to this Cartier could not consent. The French had come to realize that the existing system would not last, and that they might be compelled to yield to government by the majority, which would mean English domination. They were ready, therefore, for a federal system, which would leave the French province full control of its own religious and educational questions, while creating a national union for such things as trade and railways. Reluctantly Macdonald accepted Cartier's view. Brown's position was

difficult. He had urged the breaking down of all barriers between the provinces, and had fought for the dominance of the English majority. Now he, like Macdonald, saw that this was impossible. When Brown rose in the House and announced himself as the ally of Cartier, "I saw," says Sir Richard Cartwright, "an excitable elderly little French member rush across the floor, climb upon Mr. Brown, who was of a stature gigantic, fling his arms about his neck, and hang several seconds there suspended . . to the infinite joy of all beholders."

This amusing scene marked the end of the attacks of Canadian Liberalism upon the French. Brown remained loyal to the stand taken on that day, and decisive steps followed. It so happened that, in this same summer, a movement was on foot in the Maritime Provinces for union under one government. Hitherto they had been very remote, since no railway connected them with Canada. Communications were either by a tedious overland journey occupying many days, or, when the season permitted, by a long sea journey, or by way of the United States. Now a message was sent asking that delegates from Canada might be heard at the meeting which was to assemble at Charlottetown on September 1st. Eight leading Canadians, including Macdonald, Cartier, and Brown, took steamer at Quebec to make the long journey by the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It occupied some days, and they had leisure to talk over their plans. In the little capital of Prince Edward Island they met in free intercourse men whose names were soon to be conspicuous in the history of Canada, among them, Dr. Tupper, the vigorous and aggressive Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, and Leonard Tilley, the Liberal Prime Minister of New Brunswick. Their meetings were private, and we know little of their discussions. But they agreed to adjourn and to meet again at Quebec in October, to go seriously into the whole problem of union.

It was fitting that at Quebec should be held the final Conference, which was big with destiny for not only Canada but also the whole British Empire. In the gray old capital much had happened, but nothing more vital than this assembly of men come together to frame a great union. No one was there from that wide-spreading West which to-day plays so great a part in Canada. Newfoundland, guarding the entrance to the St. Lawrence, was represented. It, and Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Canada East, and Canada West, each had a single vote in the divisions, though each might have as many as seven delegates to share in the debates. The delegates met on October 10th; they separated on October 27th. The sessions were private, much to the discontent of representatives of leading newspapers, including the London *Times*. Certain that no incomplete reports of their words would go forth, the delegates spoke their minds freely. The debates were keen. No fewer than three of the fourteen days of meeting were spent in discussing the nature of the Second Chamber in the new Parliament. At times agreement seemed impossible. But in the end seventy-two resolutions were passed, embodying the terms of what was to become the constitution of Canada. The members accepted them as of the nature of a treaty among themselves. In their own provinces the terms must be accepted or rejected as a whole; no one province was to be free to vary them; and this prevented attempts at renewed bargaining. The mountains about Quebec wore still the glory of their autumn tints when the members separated, some of them to go to troubled scenes. Canada would clearly be for union. The larger state is usually ready for union with a smaller, for it knows that its influence will be dominant: Scotland long resisted the union with England, for which England was always willing. It was the smaller provinces that dis-

liked the results of the Quebec Conference. Both Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island quickly decided to hold aloof. Newfoundland still maintains this decision, whereas, in 1873, Prince Edward Island, in great financial need, changed its mind.

Even in the Canadian Parliament which met at Quebec in February, 1865, the proposals were long discussed and ably opposed. But, from the first, it was certain that Brown, allied with his old enemy, Macdonald, could win Upper Canada, and that Cartier could rely upon Lower Canada. So clear was the mind of both divisions that no need was felt in Canada to submit the question to a vote of the people. Elsewhere it was different. Tilley faced the electors of New Brunswick in an election in March, 1865. It was the first time that relations with Canada had played any serious part in the affairs of New Brunswick, and now Tilley's opponents described him as a dreadful ogre, destroying his country. Not a horse, nor a cow, nor a sheep, not even a chicken would, it was said, escape the Canadian tax-gatherer. Union with Canada would mean racial strife and probably bloodshed, and the loss by New Brunswick of any control over her own affairs. One politician described his innocent, lisping son as asking him: "Father, what country do we live in?" and the answer was: "My dear son, you have no country, for Mr. Tilley has sold us to the Canadians." As a result Tilley was soundly beaten and driven from office. It was, however, not long before New Brunswick was better informed and changed its mind. In a second election, held in 1866, it gave an emphatic verdict for federation.

In 1864 Dr. Tupper was Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, and it was he who at Quebec stated Nova Scotia's views. For the time Joseph Howe, the Liberal leader, was out of the way. To Howe it was bitter, indeed, that he had not led in the great movement. He would

not, he said, play second fiddle to that fellow Tupper; and in his resentment the great man fell. At war with his past self, he led in a furious campaign against carrying out the Quebec plan, "the Botheration Scheme," as he called it. The real union to aim at, he said, was a union of the whole British Empire, with Nova Scotia represented in a great central parliament. He preferred London to Ottawa, John Bull in England to Jack Frost in Canada. If Nova Scotia joined Canada, Halifax would lose its trade, and Nova Scotia would become a mere pawn in the game of a scheming, inferior people, the Canadians, who had already shed much blood in racial strife. The Canadian manufacturers would force Nova Scotia to adopt a high tariff for their benefit. Canada, he said, was offering a degrading bribe. To help the finances of the provinces, it had been agreed at Quebec that eighty cents per head of the population should be paid to each province annually by the central government. "We are sold for eighty cents each, the price of a sheep-skin," cried Howe, and the cry was effective. When the day came, too late though it was, Nova Scotia piled up a huge majority against joining Canada.

Events quickly showed, however, that the colonies must unite in the interests of their own security. While the Quebec Conference was in session, the civil war in the United States reached a decisive point. To strike at the heart of the South, General Sherman led an army from Atlanta in a long march across Georgia of three hundred miles to the sea, and made a strip of blackened desolation fifty miles wide. The ruin so weakened the South that its cause was hopeless, and in April, 1865, it gave up the fight. The American Union was saved, and Canada had on its frontier a nation flushed with victory and possessing a great trained army. In the United States there was wide-spread anger with Great Britain and a readiness to strike her through Canada. Canada

had prospered under the Reciprocity Treaty made by Lord Elgin, but now the United States ended this agreement. More than this. Plots were on foot in the United States for an armed invasion of Canada. This in 1838 the Hunters' Lodges had tried, with disaster to themselves; but now the danger seemed formidable. Irish Republicans had formed the Fenian Society. It was active in England, but its greatest plan was to occupy Canada with the aid of soldiers who had served in the civil war. New Brunswick was menaced with invasion from Vermont. In 1866, armed bands gathered at or near Buffalo on the Niagara frontier. A certain "General" O'Neill led an army of eight hundred men into Canada and seized the village of Fort Erie. There was wide alarm. Canadian militia were called out, and, in the end, with less difficulty than had been feared, the invaders were defeated at Ridgeway. But there was bloodshed, and the stark forms of dead men were a call to the British colonies to put their house in order. The fact that American territory was made the bases of armed invasion seemed to indicate secret support on the part of the government of the United States. This was not the case, but Fenianism undoubtedly hurried to completion the great plan for uniting the British provinces of North America.

Thus it happened that, in 1866, more than two years after the Quebec Conference, sixteen men from British North America gathered in London to shape the Act of Parliament known as the British North America Act, which, it was agreed, should form the new constitution. Macdonald, Cartier, and Galt were there from Canada; but not Brown, for his discomfort in acting with Macdonald had ended in his resignation. Tupper was there from Nova Scotia, unafraid of the clamour raised by Howe, and backed by the support of a majority in the legislature of Nova Scotia, though the people had not yet

voted on the issue. Tilley was there, fresh from an election and a victory for federation. Macdonald was made chairman. He had not been a pioneer of federation, but was, in truth, a late convert. Now, however, his amazing skill in managing men proved of rare value. The Quebec Resolutions bound all the members by a general agreement, but there was still room for dispute. An official present records his admiration of Macdonald's cool alertness. Opponents watched one another "as eager dogs watch a rat-hole," but the steersman saw and avoided the rocks, and the British North America Act took form.

Earlier constitutions of Canada had been framed by British statesmen. This one the Canadians framed for themselves. The name Canada for the federation was agreed upon, and both Upper and Lower Canada abandoned the use of this name, the one to become Ontario, the other Quebec. The delegates desired to call their creation "The Kingdom of Canada," which should some day rank with the United Kingdom; but this a nervous British Foreign Secretary would not have, for the fantastic reason that the setting up of a kingdom in North America might offend the American republic. Probably his deeper reason was that the use of the title of Kingdom was too marked a suggestion of the claim to equality with Great Britain, to be made in due course by Canada. The title "Dominion" was selected, how we scarcely know, but probably because the word had been used in earlier times for the colony of Virginia. There is a doubtful legend that the word came from a suggestion by Tilley of a verse in the Prophet Zechariah: "and His dominion shall be from sea to sea."

Each division was to be called a Province, and there were at first only four—Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. A cardinal feature of federalism is that it involves the division of the authority of the

state. 1. The federal parliament at Ottawa was to control tariffs, the post-office, the military forces, the criminal law, the appointment of judges, and all the wider interests of national life; 2. the provincial legislatures were to control education, the government of cities, towns, and villages, and all local affairs. 3. In the federal parliament were to be two Chambers. 4. The seventy-two members of the Senate were to be appointed by the government, one third from the Maritime Provinces, one third from Quebec, one third from Ontario. 5. In the elected House of Commons Quebec was always to have sixty-five members, and the other provinces members in proportion to this number according to their population. Brown's old claim was thus adopted, but the French now accepted it because they had their own peculiar affairs within their control in the Province of Quebec. 6. The legislatures of the provinces were to have only the special powers assigned to them; the central government was to have all the rest. In the United States the Union had nearly broken down because the States claimed to be sovereign powers. Canada barred the door to any such claim. 7. The federal government was to name the Lieutenant-Governors and to have power to disallow the Acts of the provincial legislatures.

Such was the system framed by the British North America Act. It passed the British Parliament without difficulty. The wonder, indeed, to the Canadians, was that Britain seemed so unaware of the importance of what they had achieved. This is, however, easily explained. Every one now realized that Canada was shaping her own system; her problems no longer affected British parties, and it was well understood that the British government had no control in Canadian affairs. The indifference was thus a mark of the political advance of Canada. No doubt there was at the time in the official world the thought that a vast federation, containing more than three million people, must soon take its

independent place among the nations. Galt wrote that he found British policy dominated by "a servile fear of the United States" and dread lest Canada should embroil the two countries. "They want to get rid of us," he said. By an odd chance the great Parliament Buildings at Ottawa had just been completed, and there on July 1st, 1867, the Dominion of Canada came into being. Macdonald had a fair claim to be the first Prime Minister, and Canada began its new role as a federal state under his lead. Brown held aloof, now in embittered opposition. When an election followed the creation of the new union, Macdonald, as chief of the Conservative party, secured a substantial majority. Under his lead Canada soon stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Howe carried Nova Scotia in this election, and, with the one exception of Tupper, every member from Nova Scotia sent to Ottawa was for the repeal of the union. But even Howe soon saw the futility of further opposition. He entered the federal Cabinet and sat there with his rival Tupper, and he died in 1873, just after he had returned to Halifax as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. His last days were embittered by the anger of those who had fought under his lead against federation, and who charged him with a great betrayal.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE WINNING OF THE WEST

1. The Fur-Traders in the West.—Canada had long claimed the prairie country as hers of right. It was explorers from Canada who had first seen it. Before the British conquest, they had built a fort where now stands Winnipeg, and had traded on the Saskatchewan. Many *voyageurs* from Lower Canada had settled in the West, married Indian wives, and founded a race, known as Métis, or half-breeds, which spoke French, adhered to the Roman Catholic Church, and looked upon the Province of Quebec as its spiritual home. After the British conquest, leaders from Montreal, chiefly of Scottish origin, had pressed vigorously into the far West. The rich and powerful North West Company scattered its trading-posts from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean. It had a rival in the Hudson's Bay Company, which, by charter from Charles II, was the owner of the mighty territory stretching westward to the Rocky Mountains and including what are now Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Neither the Hudson's Bay Company nor the North West Company wished the West to be settled. Settlers would destroy the wild animals and with them the trade in furs. For nearly a hundred years after its founding, in 1670, the Hudson's Bay Company made no effort to send traders to the interior. Every year the Indians came down lakes and rivers for vast distances, to sell their furs at the posts on Hudson Bay and to receive in return the firearms and steel hatchets and knives which had displaced their bows and arrows and their stone axes.

The traders lived snugly in their forts and let the natives come to them, and the Company by fair dealing won the respect of its swarthy customers.

These easy-going days could not, however, endure. The traders who went into the West from Montreal faced greater hardships. They had to take their goods a long distance overland, and they developed so much the greater energy that they came to look upon the Hudson's Bay Company as the old woman of the fur-trade. From Montreal they went up the Ottawa and reached Lake Huron across a heavy portage. They coasted along the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. The canoes were paddled by the strong arms of French-Canadian *voyageurs* to Fort William. Here was a great warehouse, and here the leading traders gathered every year to plan their enterprises. From Fort William by river and lake the canoes went on to the Red River and the Saskatchewan. Many of the hard-headed Scots traders from Montreal piled up considerable fortunes. They went to the heart of the prairie country and beyond. Soon the traders on Hudson Bay found that they would wait there in vain for the Indians to come to them. The result was that each Company scattered posts over the West, and at some points the rival stations were close together.

During the French regime in Canada the *coureurs-de-bois*—the runners of the woods—had found the life of the forest fascinating. That of the prairie had its own charm. Alexander Henry the younger, a trader of the North West Company, who was in the West about 1810, kept a journal. When the Indians wondered at seeing him writing in it day after day, he told them, with truth, that it was the record of their good or bad conduct. He describes the beauty of the prairie, the rich soil bright with spring flowers, the wide-spreading lands under the great dome of the sky, the exhilarating air. He had good sport. There were red deer and bears. For a whole day

a continuous line of wild swans flew past his camp. But the most wonderful wild life was that of the buffalo. At times the whole prairie seemed a living, moving mass of these huge beasts. It would take days for a vast herd to pass a single point. In the spring, herds crossing a river would sometimes break through the rotting ice, and many thousands would be drowned. Henry says that for two days and nights a continuous line of drowned buffaloes was swept past his camp. The buffalo became a mainstay of life on the prairie. Its flesh was dried for food, its skin was used for bedding, for tents, for saddles, and even for covering boats, its sinews for cord and thread.

The task of the traders was to buy from the Indians the furs which they secured by trapping. The variety of furs was great, from the small mink, otter, ermine, and muskrat up to the fox, the lynx, and the bear. Many of the traders were devout men, who gathered daily their rough company, read to them the Bible, and knelt with them in prayer. Henry writes of resting "confident and secure" in his trust in Divine Providence. Rum, he says, is destroying the savages, body and soul, and is "the root of all evil in the North-west." None the less, to buy the furs of the Indians, he deals out to them an abundant supply of liquor, shuts them out of his fort, and sits on a high platform to watch them. All night long they have a *boisson* or drinking match. By morning even the women and children are dead drunk. The men fight and club and stab one another, and in the trader's ears are their frenzied howls. When they are exhausted, he dresses their wounds and warns them of the sin and danger of drunkenness.

2. Lord Selkirk's Colony on the Red River.—The Hudson's Bay Company claimed to be owners of what was called Rupert's Land—the whole Great West—by right of their charter. The claim was good in law,

but how could the Company enforce it? The North West Company was the more active. It was strong with the Métis, strong with the Indian tribes. The rivalry was already bitter, when it was made acute by the act of a high-minded and earnest man. Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, was a Scottish nobleman who, pitying the many Scots starving on barren land, or driven from their holdings by relentless landlords, aimed to take these people to new homes across the sea. Many of the prosperous farmers of Prince Edward Island are descended from settlers whom Selkirk took to that happy island. In 1811 the fur-trading world learned startling news. Lord Selkirk had bought from the Hudson's Bay Company a vast estate of one hundred and sixteen thousand square miles on the Red River and was going to bring in settlers. His first farmers were to be planted where Winnipeg now stands, and this territory lay across the route from Canada to the West.

THOMAS DOUGLAS, EARL OF SELKIRK

A tragic series of events followed. Then, said the North West Company, the West is to be settled, and the fur-trade ruined. Such a plan, they vowed, must be given up. They made every ingenious effort to discredit Selkirk. No less than they did the traders of Selkirk's ally, the Hudson's Bay Company, dislike settlement. To whisper discontent, agents were sent to the ports where Selkirk's emigrants gathered. But he was able never-

theless to send out shiploads of settlers. Their hardships were terrible. They were landed on the west shore of Hudson Bay and had to face a toilsome journey overland to the Red River. But come they did. They began to plough the fertile land and to sow grain. For the first time farm-houses were built on the prairie. This caused mutterings in the trading-posts. Suspicion magnified trifling irritations into formidable plots. In 1815 Lord Selkirk sent out Robert Semple, a man of letters, to govern the colony. On June 19th, 1816, when a force of Métis menaced Fort Douglas, where now stands Winnipeg, Semple went out with a few men to meet them. Some one fired a musket, which proved the signal for a massacre. At a spot called Seven Oaks, Semple and some twenty others were brutally murdered. Even their bodies were mutilated by their half-savage assailants.

Naturally, stirring events followed. In 1817 Selkirk led an armed force from Canada, seized Fort William, and went on from there to aid his scattered people on the Red River. He accused the agents of the North West Company of murder, and in return found himself accused of violence and robbery. No one was ever punished for the murder of Semple. Selkirk became involved in intricate lawsuits in the Canadian courts. In the end he went back to Europe broken in health, and he died in 1821.

By this time it was clear that the rivalry of the two Companies was ruining both. Neither of them wished settlement, and, with Selkirk gone, they united under the old name of the Hudson's Bay Company. The powerful Company could have poured in settlers by thousands and could have helped to realize Selkirk's dream that thirty million people should one day find homes on the prairie. But the Company refused to spend any money on colonizing. The few settlers were not reinforced. The business of the Company was to secure furs. It owned the coun-

try, made its own laws, and named the magistrates. It had a stiff monopoly of the trade in furs. The settlers might trap the wild animals, but woe to the man who sold a skin. The tragedy of Selkirk's failure is that for fifty years settlement in the West was stagnant. The few early settlers multiplied, and so did the Métis. The frontier with the United States was uncertain, and, had the Company not held back settlement, British settlers might have pushed the frontier southward. The movement was in fact the other way, and, in the end, the frontier of the prairie country was fixed at the forty-ninth parallel of latitude.

Selkirk's heirs, hopeless of carrying out his great plans, sold back to the Company the vast lands which he had acquired on the Red River. As late as 1862 the Company was declaring that it could not permit a railway on the prairie, since the trains would frighten the herds of buffalo which roamed there. Even the telegraph was not permitted. South of the frontier there was the ferment of new-comers, free to settle, to buy and sell as they liked. North of the frontier there was order, for the Company was strong, but there was no self-government. The Company, through the nominated Council of Assiniboia, framed even the tariff on goods entering the country. The vast domain was only half explored. Nearly three hundred years earlier, Frobisher had tried to sail from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the north. In 1847 Sir John Franklin was searching still in the ice and snow for that route. He perished in the effort, but his fate was long uncertain, and all the world watched with interest the many efforts to discover the truth in this pathetic drama. The days of lordship for the Company were nearing an end. In 1859 its monopoly in trade was not renewed by the British government. What had been called the Great Lone Land began to be peopled, and the Company found it a costly business to

carry on the government. The newspaper appeared and actually dared to attack the methods of the Company. Clearly a new age was dawning.

3. The Termination of the Rule of the Hudson's Bay Company.—What would take the place of the Company as ruler? Canada had close ties with the West, but Canada was very remote. The railway was pushing northward across the State of Minnesota, and the best route to the Red River was no longer by ship to Hudson Bay but by way of the United States. To Canada there was the old route of the fur-traders across the wilderness from Lake Superior. But travellers and goods reached the country chiefly by way of the United States. Chicago meant more to the colony than did Toronto or Montreal. There was talk of joining the United States, and only deep British feeling made this talk lack vigour. At the end of 1864, word came of the plans formed at Quebec for uniting all the British provinces, and this stirred keen interest. The settlers felt that, if they joined Canada, they must do so as a province. At the end of 1866 some of them drew up a memorial to the Queen. Conditions, they said, were so unsettled that they were not even sure of the titles of their land. They demanded that Rupert's Land should be made a Crown Colony, and that a road should be built connecting them with Canada in the East and with British Columbia in the far West. Prompt action, they added, was urgent.

To this memorial, which made its long journey from Rupert's Land to London, no reply was ever received. No wonder that settlers grew impatient. On July 1st, 1867, the Dominion of Canada came into being. In January, 1868, at a public meeting held at Portage la Prairie, those present formed themselves into a self-governing British colony to be known as Manitoba. They said that if Britain or Canada did not soon recognize the colony, Manitoba would apply to the government of the

United States. To this action the Colonial Office deigned to reply in its best official style. A Duke was Colonial Secretary, and he wrote solemnly that the people of Manitoba were probably not aware that they were acting illegally. Of promise to do something not a word. Canada, however, was now busy with the problem. The Hudson's Bay Company was anxious to keep its trade, but to get rid of the tasks of governing, from which came expense rather than profit. So it made a good bargain. Canada was to pay the Company £300,000 as compensation for the surrender of its rights. But the Company retained as its private property some fifty thousand acres of land about its posts. It was not until June, 1869, that the Parliament of Canada accepted the agreement, and the country was to be handed over to Canada on the first day of December.

4. The First Rebellion under Louis Riel.— All this was very well, but what about the people of Manitoba? No one had consulted them, and they had only vague ideas of what was going on. They knew that the Hudson's Bay Company was to receive what seemed to them an enormous sum. Were they, then, to be sold like so many buffaloes? The British government, which was responsible for the country until the transfer should be made to Canada, was remote. McTavish, the Governor on the spot for the Hudson's Bay Company, was ill, and the Canadian government, new to the task of absorbing an Empire, was both ignorant and cocksure. There were mutterings in Manitoba, but, with a wave of the hand, officials at Ottawa said that there was no occasion for alarm. When the Roman Catholic bishop, Mgr. Taché, went from the Red River to warn Sir Georges Cartier of danger, Cartier's reply was that he needed no instruction from the bishop. While the English element in the country wished to be certain that they were to have a self-governing province,

the Métis asked respect for their special rights. They were French, and they desired guarantees in regard to their language and to religious education. Their farms, long narrow strips, each with the desired frontage on the river highway, had never been surveyed. The Métis had no deeds, and now they wished to have secure titles.

There were some ten thousand people in the country, the great majority of them Métis. By some mysterious impulse of race, the English and the French elements formed distinct communities. The centre of Métis influence was St. Boniface, that of the English lay just

Fort Garry (Winnipeg) 1840

across the Red River, at Fort Garry, in the heart of what was then the village and is now the city of Winnipeg. The original English-speaking settlers had been chiefly Scots, but Canadians were drifting in. Speculation in land has been the perennial curse of new communities in North America. And now in this remote community of farmers and traders, glowing talk of a rich future was linked in unholy union with the lust of speculation in land. In the summer of 1869 the Canadian government sent agents into the West to make surveys for a road from Lake Superior, to bring the country into direct touch with Canada when it should be

handed over. The Métis saw surveyors with their instruments crossing their fields. No one explained to them what it was all about, and ignorance caused nervous fears that it meant the loss of their lands. The racial passions of the older Canada had been transferred to the West. The new-comers were chiefly from Ontario, and some were rough and tactless. They thought the Métis lazy, backward, and degenerate, but quite harmless and said so openly. Now they had come to wake up the country.

To take over the government of Manitoba on December 1st, 1869, the Canadian government sent a leader from Ontario, William McDougall. He had to travel by way of the United States, and he had reached Pembina on the British side of the frontier, when not only was he warned to advance no farther, but, on November 3rd, he was obliged to return to the American side of the line. What was the trouble? The trouble was that the Métis had risen. At their head was Louis Riel. He was the son of a half-breed of the same name who had been a leader at St. Boniface; he himself had been half educated at the Jesuit College in Montreal. He claimed a prophetic mission, a call of God, and the simple Métis turned to him in their hour of perplexity. No doubt there was an element of madness in Riel. But he was shrewd. The contempt of the English- speaking Canadians had enraged him, and he was resolved to show his power. The Métis were by no means the harmless people they had seemed. Riel now behaved with great arrogance. He seized *The Nor' Wester*, the newspaper which had been the organ of the Canadians, and it became *The New Nation*. When the English element refused to join the Métis leaders, the latter, on November 4th, proclaimed a provisional government. Any one denying its authority was to be deemed guilty of high treason.

On December 1st, McDougall, from an obscure village in the United States, issued a florid proclamation in the name of the Queen, in which "our loving subjects in the Territories" were exhorted to accept his rule. He sent Colonel Dennis to Winnipeg with orders to disarm lawless men and with authority "to assault, fire upon, pull down, or break into" any places held in defiance of Canadian authority. A few days later Dennis came back a fugitive, and Riel put in jail in Fort Garry the leading Canadians in Winnipeg. McDougall returned in disgrace to Ottawa. He had ignored his instructions to exercise no authority until it was clear that he could do so peacefully, and he had used the name of the Queen too freely. There now appeared on the scene a man of great force and tact, Donald A. Smith. Later he attained world fame as Lord Strathcona. He had had a long experience of the fur-trade and was sent both by the Hudson's Bay Company and by the Ottawa government to restore peace. Smith, however, found himself confronted by a madman. Riel clapped him into prison and gave orders that he should be under the eye of a guard day and night. Already Riel had seized the property of the Company, and some of it had been looted. He made his way to the sick chamber of McTavish, the dying Governor, and told him that he was to be shot by midnight.

For the time there was no military force to check Riel. Smith induced him to call a public meeting, in order that the policy of Canada might be explained, and, on a January day, with the thermometer down to twenty degrees below zero, Smith, still held as a prisoner, addressed a thousand shivering men gathered in the square at Fort Garry. It was not the British flag which floated there, but a strange banner with mingled *fleurs de lis* and shamrocks. Ireland thus had a voice in these strange events, and there was talk of a Fenian occupa-

tion of the country. Smith spoke in English, and Riel acted as interpreter to the Métis. These, pinched with the bitter cold, heard what was, at any rate, calm reason, if Riel interpreted Smith fairly. It was agreed that a convention of twenty English and twenty French should be named to deal with the issues. But when the members came together, Riel met them with threats. He talked of the God of Nations leading a people to freedom; he was to be a second George Washington. When in February, 1870, a small force, chiefly of Canadians, tried to overthrow Riel, he took forty-seven prisoners and tried them for treason by court-martial. Major Boulton, their leader, was to be shot at noon the next day. He received the sacrament and expected to die, but Smith and the others were able to secure delay. Riel still said, "We must make Canada respect us," and his plan for effecting this was to execute a Canadian. One of the prisoners was Thomas Scott, from Ontario. He was outspoken and defiant, and Riel resolved to show his power. Scott was tried by Riel's "Council of War" and sentenced to death. On March 4th, 1870, there was a scene at Fort Garry which Canada long remembered. Blindfolded and kneeling, Scott was shot by six men, who, Donald Smith declared, were all more or less intoxicated. The body was spirited away and never recovered.

By this time some of Riel's own followers were convinced that he was mad. Bishop Taché, who had been absent in Rome, returned to his post and wielded great influence among the Métis. But for months still Riel held Fort Garry. Only by armed force could he be driven out. This it was not easy to send from Canada. The United States would not permit troops to cross its territory, and these must make the long march through the wilderness from Fort William. The needed force was sent, and its leader was Colonel Garnet Wolseley.

When Wolseley reached Fort Garry in August, Riel had fled to the United States. By this time the Canadian government had taken action, which, a year earlier, might have saved rebellion and bloodshed. In May, 1870, Manitoba, which included only the Red River Colony, was made a full-fledged province of Canada. It was, like Ontario and Quebec, to have its own legislature. The French language and the English were put on an equal footing in respect to official use. The existing rights of Roman Catholics and Protestants were guaranteed, and either of them, denied these rights by the legislature of Manitoba, might appeal to the federal Parliament for redress. Thus it was that Manitoba started on its course as a province of Canada. The vast region of the North-west, stretching to the mountains, was still to remain under the control of the government of Canada.

CHAPTER XXIV

CANADA REACHES THE PACIFIC

1. The Rivalry of the British and the Americans on the Pacific.— In the days before the railway, the Pacific coast of North America seemed as distant from the Atlantic coast as was China from England. In the east the St. Lawrence was an open door, through which could pass to the interior the traders and the goods of Europe. But there was no open door from the Pacific coast to the interior. Great ranges of mountains reared their snowy peaks across the way. It was not until nearly two hundred years after the founding of Quebec that an expedition from Canada completed the perilous journey across the continent. Prophetic was the inscription painted in 1793 on a rock overlooking the waters of the Pacific: "Alexander Mackenzie from Canada by land." That was the beginning of the connection of the Pacific coast with Canada. The route by land had appalling difficulties, and, in confronting them, two men, Simon Fraser and David Thompson, rank only after Mackenzie. In 1808 Fraser set out from the head waters in the mountains of the great river which now bears his name. For seven hundred miles he followed the river, tearing its

Simon Fraser

way through rugged canyons to the sea, and at last reached tidal waters not far from the site of the present city of Vancouver. Thompson explored the Columbia River to its mouth, which now lies in the United States. Ninety-two years after Mackenzie's journey, was completed the railway which winds through the mountain passes and is one of the amazing achievements of the genius of man. The mountain barrier had long made it necessary to travel by sea to that far coast. The route lay round Cape Horn, and the journey taken in sailing-ships involved many months at sea. The ship was lucky which could make the round trip within a year.

No country was more favourably situated than Britain for commerce by sea. Spain, it is true, had been the first power to reach the Pacific, but, as we have seen, Sir Francis Drake followed her, and, in 1579, was carrying on the profitable adventure of plundering Spanish ships on the Pacific. He raised the English flag somewhere on the coast of the North Pacific, and called that region New Albion long before there was a New England on the Atlantic. In time explorers from Russia reached the North Pacific Coast—what is now Alaska. None the less did Spain dominate the Pacific for two hundred years. Then an Englishman, Captain James Cook, who had been with Wolfe at Quebec, sailed into the far north and began a survey of the coast. Though Cook was killed in the Sandwich Islands by natives in 1778, other Englishmen frequented those northern waters. The region was rich in furs, and it was easy to sail with them across the Pacific to China, to a market in which they were sold to make rich robes for Chinese mandarins.

One day in 1789 there was, on the Pacific Coast, a scene which nearly involved a great European war. A year earlier, John Meares, a British naval officer turned trader, had landed at Nootka, on the west shore of what is now Vancouver Island, and had induced the native chief at

that spot to sell him land. The price was a pair of pistols and some sheets of copper. Meares raised the British flag and proceeded to erect a fort and warehouses for the fur-trade. He built a little ship, the first product of ship-building industry on the north-west coast. The natives seemed delighted at the facilities which Nootka offered for trade. But disaster soon came. Spain claimed a monopoly in those regions, and thus it happened that, in the summer of 1789, a Spanish ship sailed to Nootka, seized four British ships lying there, carried off a good many prisoners, and destroyed the British settlement. When, in 1790, news of these things reached England, she called Spain sharply to task. Spain's reply was that the whole region as far north as the Russian trading-posts in Alaska was hers. Britain prepared for war. Spain sought an alliance with France, and would have secured it, but for the beginnings of revolution in that country. In the end, before Britain's menacing attitude, Spain yielded, and agreed to apologize and to pay damages. From this it happened that Captain George Vancouver was on the coast in 1792, to receive at Nootka Spain's amends and to survey the whole coast. The Spanish flag came down at Nootka in 1795, and the British flag went up, but both sides abandoned for the time any thought of settlement.

Henceforth the coast was haunted by traders of many nations, but in the end the acute rivalry was between the Americans and the British. In 1803, all claims of Spain in the North Pacific ended, when the United States acquired by purchase the vast region called Louisiana, stretching from the Mississippi River to the Pacific, and, in 1805, the two leaders, Lewis and Clark, sent out by the government of the United States, did what Alexander Mackenzie had done twelve years earlier; they crossed the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. Soon American traders were reaching the coast over a route by land as

well as by sea. John Jacob Astor, a German from Waldorf, near Heidelberg, was the leader in New York of the fur-trade. The frontier in the Pacific region between American and British territory was undecided. Astor found the Canadian fur-traders keen rivals. When the war of 1812 broke out, his post of Astoria, near the mouth of the great Columbia River, was occupied by the British, and the Union Jack long floated there. It was a bad day for the American traders when, in 1821, the North West Company, their alert rival, joined its forces with those of the Hudson's Bay Company. This Company secured a monopoly of British trade which lasted for nearly half a century. Its ships traded on the Pacific, its *voyageurs* made their arduous way overland. The Company had a post as far south as the present San Francisco. For a long time its chief agent ruled like a king in the vast region of Oregon. He was a Canadian, Dr. John MacLoughlin, from Lower Canada. His grandfather, Malcolm Fraser, had fought with Wolfe and become seignior of Mount Murray, Murray Bay. MacLoughlin was a man impressive in his great stature and in his dignity of bearing. He ruled his traders firmly, was loved by the Indians, and kept the peace between them and white intruders. His integrity was beyond reproach, and he would never debauch the Indians by selling them the desolating rum.

Had MacLoughlin been supreme, the Hudson's Bay Company would have linked the work of settlement with that of trading. This, however, was against all the instincts of the Company. At its head was Sir George Simpson, a remarkable little man, full of fiery energy, who made periodical visitations to the West with a train like that of a monarch. He told MacLoughlin, who knew much better, that Oregon was unfit for settlement and would always be a region suited only for the fur-trade. The truth was, that, from 1835, settlers were pressing

in overland from the region about the Mississippi in the United States. They came singly, then in scores, then in hundreds. For them no powerful Company was in control, since they claimed that the region was part of the United States. They settled where they liked, brought in freely fiery liquors for the Indian palate, quarrelled with the Indians. Often there was starvation, and frequently there was massacre, for the Indians resented the intrusion on their lands of these settlers. But the flood came on. In 1843 nine hundred settlers arrived in one band, and in 1845 there were so many that they drew up a constitution and elected a governor.

All this time the frontier between British territory and that of the United States had remained unsettled. These new-comers had no idea of being anything but Americans. They spoke scornfully of the shame of being "subjects" of a king; they were free citizens who would rule themselves completely. Their rights were championed by the Democratic party, and one of its cries during the elections in 1844 of a President of the United States was "fifty-four forty or fight." Fifty-four forty was the southern parallel of latitude of Alaska, and the cry meant that, under menace of war, Great Britain must clear out of the whole of what is now British Columbia. But Great Britain stood firm. Her navy made her powerful in the Pacific. Soon the United States was involved in war with Mexico, and her statesmen had no desire for war, too, with Britain. The result, in 1846, was a treaty fixing the boundary at the forty-ninth parallel, already the accepted frontier east of the mountains, and giving the whole of Vancouver Island to Great Britain. It was probably a fair settlement of rival claims. Had the Hudson's Bay Company shown any zeal for colonizing, the frontier might have been farther south. It was the coming of the colonists which decided it, and they had

poured in mainly from the United States. MacLoughlin stood by the colonists, left the service of the Company in 1846, and became an American citizen.

2. The Rule of the Hudson's Bay Company in British Columbia.—Britain had still, however, an empire on the Pacific, and in it the Hudson's Bay Company was supreme. If its directors were blind on questions of settlement, they were alert in matters of trade, and, before Oregon was lost to them, they were making ready for other openings. The city of Victoria, the present capital of British Columbia, has one of the most favoured sites in all the world. It lies in the south of the great Vancouver Island, in full view of majestic mountains, and commands the approaches by sea to the mainland of the continent. It has a soft climate, and its fertile land is magnificently timbered. Hither in 1853 came the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, with the deliberate design of founding a great city. Before the summer was ended, they had built a fort and many houses. Ships had come and gone, leaving behind merchandise for trade. The new city was named Victoria after the young queen who a few years earlier had come to the throne. Its ruler was a remarkable man. James Douglas, a member of an ancient Scottish family, had had a long training in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. The British government, itself reluctant to face the cost of setting up a government on this remote coast, put its whole trust in the Company. Already the Company had a monopoly of trade on the mainland, and in 1849 it was granted the whole of Vancouver Island. There were conditions to this stupendous grant, but, as the deed stood, the Company was to own for ever and to pay the cost of governing the vast new property. The British government reserved the right to name the gover-

nor, but it was soon obliged to accept the nominees of the Company, and in 1851 James Douglas became the royal governor of Vancouver Island.

Douglas really governed. He was a huge, bronzed man, and he had acquired the habit of command, necessary in the varied tasks of a leader of rough men and of barbaric natives. A king could not have carried himself with greater dignity. An orderly in uniform accompanied him even when he went out for an airing. Austerity reigned in his household. On Sunday every one about him must attend church. In business he was alert, and he showed a fine integrity. But it was hard to play the double role of governor and chief trader. Settlers came in, and they resented the dominance of the Company and demanded self-government. Douglas had to yield, and the first election in a British State on the Pacific was held in 1856. There were only a few scores of voters. But they chose seven men for the Assembly, and Douglas appointed half a dozen to the Second Chamber. In August, 1856, he opened the Legislature with a speech from the throne marked by shrewd sense. Democracy had raised its head on the Pacific coast.

Sir James Douglas

Events moved rapidly. Monopoly was out of date, and in 1859 that of the Hudson's Bay Company ended. With the end of the monopoly came the end of control by the

Company. It was necessary to set up a government on the mainland, and in 1858 British Columbia was made a separate colony, though of it as well as of Vancouver Island Douglas was Governor. The capital was badly named. It was to be New Westminster, but a copy in the wilds of that old Westminster could not be created. And now came a great rush of adventurers. There had long been rumours of the discovery of gold, and in 1858 fortunes were being made in the Cariboo country, which was far up the Fraser River and was reached over a long and difficult trail. In 1849 California had seen a similar inroad of gold seekers. Such movements always attract the worst elements of population. San Francisco now poured its dregs into British Columbia. The natives resented the intrusion, and there was cruel bloodshed. From a quiet village Victoria was suddenly transformed into a hurried city. Douglas kept strict order, and the invasion ended quickly, though, ever since, gold has been one of the important products of British Columbia. By this time British Columbia was much talked about. Victoria, it was believed, would be a great centre, and it had the devastating experience called a boom. One happy speculator bought land for forty pounds and from its sale secured an income of four thousand pounds a year. That was a lure to adventurous spirits. After Douglas retired in 1864, the cost of two separate governments was oppressive. Accordingly, in 1866, British Columbia and Vancouver Island were united under the name of British Columbia, but with Victoria on Vancouver Island still the capital.

3. The Union of British Columbia with Canada.— Then followed the great crisis in the affairs of the colony. The United States had by this time a large population on the Pacific and "manifest destiny," it was said, pointed to the inclusion of the whole Pacific coast within the United States. In 1867 Russia sold Alaska

to the United States, and then British Columbia lay between the two jaws of the American nut-cracker. Since the boundary had been settled in 1846, a dispute had arisen as to whether the island of San Juan was American or British. It is literally true that a pig nearly caused war. In 1858 an American settler on the island shot a pig belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. Similar acts had caused annoyance, and the report went abroad that Governor Douglas was sending a force to the island to arrest the man and to carry him to Victoria for trial. To prevent this the Americans put five hundred soldiers on the island and mounted cannon. Douglas was already irate at lawless acts of American gold-seekers; he believed the island to be British, and he ordered the British war-ships on the coast to go to San Juan to protect British interests. It is not clear that Douglas had authority over the fleet. At any rate there was delay. After years of controversy, it was agreed to ask the German Emperor to decide the issue, and in 1872 he allotted San Juan to the United States.

This incident stiffened British feeling on the coast. In 1867, when Canada became a federation, some eyes in British Columbia turned longingly to union with another British state. No one could deny that union with the United States would have brought rapid prosperity in British Columbia. But it is simply not true that, in great affairs, men are chiefly ruled by the hope of gain. At whatever cost, these people on the coast wished to remain British. Most things reached them through the United States. Passengers came by way of Panama to San Francisco, and from there by boat to Victoria. The colonists were very remote from England. If they received an English newspaper within two months of its publication, they thought the mails rapid. In 1869 dependence on the United States was more marked than ever, when the first railway across the mountains to the

Pacific reached San Francisco. "Manifest destiny" seemed to have a louder voice than ever, calling to union with the United States. The only way to prevent this was by union with Canada, and this meant building a railway across five hundred miles of mountains and more than a thousand miles of prairie and forest. What could the ten thousand people in British Columbia do to carry out a task so stupendous?

As the event proved they could do much. In 1868 some of them formed a Confederation League, which worked for union with Canada. The radicals were for union. The official class, including the Governor, Frederick Seymour, was against it; for officials, things as they were brought smug content. But in 1869 Seymour died. Then a master of tactics at Ottawa saw his chance. Sir John Macdonald induced the British government to make Governor of British Columbia Sir Anthony Musgrave, who, as Governor of Newfoundland, had worked for union with Canada. Musgrave used what pressure he could. British Columbia was in financial straits, and union with Canada would ease this. There was a great debate in the Legislature, and in May, 1870, three delegates were sent to Ottawa to negotiate terms of union. They had to go by way of San Francisco. But on July 7th, 1870, Victoria received by telegram the thrilling news that terms had been agreed upon at Ottawa. Within ten years after union, Canada would complete a railway across the continent. British Columbia should be a self-governing province like Ontario and Quebec. In November, 1870, the electors of British Columbia voted for union on these terms. Union was quickly an accomplished fact, and on July 1st, 1871, Dominion Day, the Canadian public holiday, was for the first time observed in British Columbia. Canada, with a rapidity hardly dreamed of by the most sanguine, now extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DAY OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

1. The Railway to the Pacific.—The short period of thirty years between the rebellion of 1837 and the creation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 had been very fruitful. In that time each of the scattered and feeble colonies had worked for and secured self-government. Then they used their liberty to unite in a great federation. It was, however, one thing to have the form of a great state, but another to mature a strong and self-reliant national spirit. The word "colony" carried with it the sense of dependence; a colony was a possession of the mother-country. Great Britain had accepted this view, and she held herself responsible for the defence of every part of these possessions. Canada was far from taking care of herself. Exposed points were still defended by British regiments. Halifax on the Atlantic and Esquimalt on the Pacific were naval stations for Britain's fleets, which patrolled all the seas. Though both coasts were now linked by a political tie, it was long before there was any sense of common national life. To create this was to be one of the chief tasks of the immature but great federation just brought into being.

The first task was to unite the provinces by the iron bands of the railway. One of the promises made to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was that an Intercolonial Railway should be built connecting Nova Scotia and Quebec. The very name "Intercolonial" recalls the outlook as that of mere colonies when the railway was first planned. The line was begun in 1868. It had to pass for

five hundred miles through a thinly-settled and difficult country. There was unexpected delay, but in 1876 the railway was completed, and then for the first time trains could run from Montreal and Quebec to St. John and Halifax.

Stiff and costly as was this task, it seems light compared with the other one which Canada assumed when she drew to her British Columbia. Canada had promised to build within ten years a railway connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific. The pledge was given lightly enough in 1870, to attract British Columbia into the union. Those who gave it had little sense of the difficulties involved. Between Ottawa and Winnipeg there was for some six hundred miles, a wilderness, with forests, rushing rivers, endless swamps, and vast stretches of rocky desolation. From Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains there were a thousand miles of prairie, unpeopled except by a few scattered trappers and by nomad Indians, often suspicious and bloodthirsty. Then came the mountains, stretching in broken masses for five hundred miles between the prairie and the Pacific. Canada's promise to build a railway through these stupendous ranges was an act of high faith. No one then knew where a pass could be found through which the line might go. No one knew what such a line would cost. Estimates were only guesses; and in the end the railway cost more than some of the least hopeful had imagined.

Canada, however, built the Canadian Pacific Railway, and for years the building of it was the chief issue in her politics. The Liberal party was bitter in attacking Macdonald. That master of the art of making friends had held permanently in his support a good many Liberals who had joined him to bring about federation. Unlike Brown, they had not drawn back when the object of their coöperation had been achieved. In *The Globe* Brown thundered against the wiles of Macdonald and

against the "insane bargain with British Columbia, as a reckless bribe to that province to ensure its support at Ottawa. It became the interest of the Liberals to magnify the difficulties of building a railway across a "sea of mountains," the epithet hurled at British Columbia, which British Columbia did not like. The pride of the province was wounded by the sneers and gibes of the Liberals directed against Macdonald, who, they said, was paying a vast price for a land of little worth; and the day was to come when the Liberals should feel the resentment of Canada's remotest province.

In 1872 came the second election in Canada since the federal union. Macdonald feared defeat. Cartier, his chief ally in Quebec, was in conflict with some of the leaders in the Roman Catholic Church, and he was defeated in the election. In Ontario Macdonald's own defeat was not unlikely. He was attacked for wild promises of public money which would ruin the country. He also found arrayed against him fierce religious passions. If British Columbia had brought to Canada a railway problem, Manitoba had brought something more dangerous—a religious and racial problem. The execution of Thomas Scott by Riel was denounced in Ontario as a brutal murder. Scott was an Orangeman, and his name became the watchword in a struggle against Roman Catholic influence in the West. The Legislature of Ontario offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of Riel. In Quebec, on the other hand, it was held that Riel was the spokesman of real grievances. He was only the head of the provisional government; rightly or wrongly it had sentenced Scott to death, and the killing was therefore no personal act of his. Archbishop Taché had urged amnesty to Riel and his associates, and feeling ran high in Quebec in protest against the agitation in Ontario. The wise thing was to get Riel out of the way. There would have been

uproar in Quebec had he been tried for murder and executed. Secretly Macdonald furnished money to support him in the United States. But to the Orange element Macdonald had to say of Riel, "Would to God I could catch him!" Such are the shifts which racial and religious cries are apt to bring in politics.

In the election of 1872 Macdonald well knew that he was fighting for his political life. "I never," he wrote, "worked so hard before and never shall do so again." He had recently gone to Washington as a member of a British Commission to settle outstanding disputes. Loss of life, loss of property, and heavy expense had been caused by the Fenian raids on Canada. For this Canada demanded payment by the United States, from whose territory the raids had been made; but that country refused to consider the claims. Rather than bar the settlement of more serious matters, Macdonald had waived Canada's demand and was now attacked for sacrificing her interests. But he won the election, and in 1873 he met the new Parliament with confidence. Quickly, however, a heavy blow fell. On April 2nd, Mr. Huntington, a Quebec member, rose in his place in the House of Commons and charged Macdonald with having corruptly taken large sums of money for election expenses from Sir Hugh Allan of Montreal. In return for this money, Allan and his friends, it was charged, were to receive the profitable contract for the construction of the railway to the Pacific. The charge was heard in dead silence by an astounded House. That he had received large sums from Allan, Macdonald could not deny, but he denied any corrupt intent. It was usual, he said, for people of means to contribute to the funds of their political party. The country was, however, shocked. This "Pacific Scandal" caused great excitement. Many of Macdonald's friends turned against him. He was particularly incensed when Donald A. Smith,

who sat for Winnipeg, condemned his course. The government resigned. An election followed early in 1874, and from it Macdonald came back with only forty-five followers in a House numbering two hundred and six.

2. The Framing of the "National Policy."—Such was the verdict of the Canadian people on a ministry accused of corruption. These charges against ministers were a new factor in Canadian politics. In earlier times the issues had related to political rights; now they related chiefly to the expenditure of public money. Ever since this time accusations of corruption have played a menacing part in Canadian affairs. In an age of great public works it was inevitable that a government should expend large sums. It proved equally inevitable that in its contracts it should favour its friends. What was known as the "Patronage System" was not new, but now it took on a new importance. Only members of the party in power were appointed to office; orders for supplies went only to dealers supporting the government; persons securing contracts were obliged to aid the party in power by contributing to its funds. There was no secret about this Patronage System. To it each party adhered. But under it sprang up gross evils. The government of Canada had an empire in its gift, vast ranges of timber, mineral rights, millions of acres of public lands. And for many long years after the federal union, traffic in these things made a dark blot on the pages of Canadian history.

To the Conservatives under Macdonald succeeded a Liberal ministry led by Alexander Mackenzie. He was a plain, austere man, who, by self-education, had advanced from the tasks of a stone-mason to those of Prime Minister of Canada. Mackenzie had a clear intellect, but it was not fired by the rosy, the too rosy, imagination of Macdonald. Mackenzie did not see a peopled West linked with the East and bringing great-

ness and wealth to Canada. What he saw was that Canada had undertaken a task beyond her powers, and he believed and said that it was simply impossible to build the railway to the Pacific within the allotted ten years. He had a nervous dread lest any one should rob Canada. The temper is admirable, but in itself this was not enough. A great political feat had been performed of linking the Pacific coast with the Atlantic coast, and careful thrift and economy were not the only gifts now required. Bold enterprise was needed. The expectant West was looking for a new door to be opened to its hopes. But the Liberals said that the West must learn to wait; the railway could be built only slowly. Angry were the protests from British Columbia. There were bitter charges of broken faith, threats to secede from the union, and even to join the United States. In 1872 had come to Canada, as Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin, a tactful, urbane man. He went to British Columbia, and had, of course, to reach it by way of the United States. But even his charm did not wholly soothe the angry West, and it only waited for the day to come when it could register its anger.

The day came in the election of 1878. At the time Macdonald, whose resource never failed, had evolved for his party what he called the "National Policy." It was simply a policy of Protection. Canada was just coming through a long period of depression in business. This was due, Macdonald urged, to the pouring into the country of farm products and manufactures, chiefly from the United States. Canada, he said, had long desired to break down the barriers to trade with the United States, but that country had raised them ever higher and higher. Now let Canada, too, raise barriers and encourage her people to satisfy their wants by their own efforts. To the objection that the barriers would be raised against Britain, too, Macdonald replied that he

hoped to see that country give to Canadian products a preference in her markets, and that, in such a case, Canada could lower her tariff on British manufactures. He pictured under Protection a great industrial revival in Canada, an increase of millions in population, an abounding revenue, adequate means to build the railway to the Pacific. And to this Mackenzie gave the staid and sober answer that what Canada needed was not a high tariff but thrift and patience.

The National Policy gained the election of 1878, and Macdonald came back to power with a great majority. The country was committed to a protective tariff and to the carrying out of the bargain with British Columbia. Both pledges Macdonald redeemed. In 1879 a tariff was imposed, and behind its defences manufacturers were invited to make in Canada the farm implements, the fabrics of wool and cotton and silk, the clothing and carpets, used by her comfortable people. Even the farm products of the United States had now to pay a duty. But a great industrial system is not to be created in a day, and it was many a long year, and only after discouraging failures, that an extensive range of manufactures was possible in Canada. But the policy created by Macdonald has never been reversed. Canada has now had nearly a half century of Protection.

3. The Second Rebellion under Louis Riel.—The pledges to the West were redeemed with amazing vigour and completeness. Mackenzie's government had adopted the policy of pushing the railway across the continent gradually, as the settlers came in and should need it. "A timid and faithless policy," had been Macdonald's cry. "Build the railway from ocean to ocean," he said, "and it will quickly create the traffic to justify its existence." This was done. The creation of the line is a romance. The plan that the government should do it was abandoned, and the Canadian Pacific Railway

Company was formed. The leading spirit was a Canadian Scot, George Stephen, a Montreal merchant. Donald A. Smith took a less active part. The manager was an American of Dutch origin, William C. Van Horne, and he brought to the task energy and resource which reached the level of genius. His driving power carried all before it. He threw into the West thousands of labourers, some of them from remote China. Stephen was the railway's Minister of Finance, and he secured great sums, chiefly in the United States. Sometimes as much as two and a half miles of railway were laid in a single day. A route was found across the mountains, a route which to-day startles the traveller as he sees it winding at dizzy heights along the edges of precipices. Westward from Manitoba, eastward from British Columbia, the lines crept. And on a November day in 1885 they came together in British Columbia at Craigellachie. There Donald A. Smith, in the presence of a motley crowd, drove the last iron spike. Within six months through trains were running from Vancouver to Montreal.

Meanwhile trouble was brewing in the prairie country. The West had been restless. To preserve order there was not easy. Some shocking incidents occurred. In 1872, a band of ruffians, most of whom had been soldiers in the American Civil War, crossed into Canada from Montana, with large quantities of whisky. Near the point where now stands Fort Walsh they sold the deadly liquor to the Assiniboine Indians, in exchange for furs. While the Indians were engaged all night in a wild orgy, the traders took up a position on high ground overlooking the lighted Indian camp, and shot down thirty of the savages. The survivors fled, leaving their goods behind them. West of what is now Regina it was long unsafe for the traveller to pass. Tribes such as the Blackfeet and the Crees had waged relent-

less war on one another, and the Indian warrior still took pride in the number of the scalps of his enemies which he had taken. The "Drunken Lakes" near Edmonton were the scene of bloody outrages due to drink. The Canadian West had the same lawless element as the wild West of the United States. But Canada faced the problem resolutely. She created in 1873 a mobile force known as the North-West Mounted Police. It patrolled the western frontier, and in time its posts extended even to the Arctic Ocean. The Police hunted down criminals with persistence, and in the end saved Canada from the lawless conditions found in the frontier settlements of the United States.

Just as the Canadian Pacific Railway was nearing completion, a new disturbance came in the troubled history of the West. When in 1869 the Métis had taken up arms under Louis Riel, one cause had been their fear lest they should not receive from Canada a legal title to their lands. After the rebellion, more than a million acres had been set aside for them. But some of the half-breeds found the settled life of Manitoba irksome, and longed for the remoter prairie where they would be nearer the buffaloes, already growing scarce. They moved to a point not far from the junction of the North and the South Saskatchewan, near the village of Prince Albert. Here they marked out long, narrow farms with a frontage on the chief highway, the river, on the model which prevailed in Quebec. They had no legal title; they were mere squatters. After 1880 a devastating boom in land swept through the West. Speculators came to look over the areas on the Saskatchewan. Surveyors were sent in to lay out townships in orderly squares. The conditions of life were changing. Across the prairie stretched the railway, and the buffalo hunt was becoming a thing of the past. The Métis sent to the officials at Ottawa requests for an assured

title to their lands. Since some of the half-breeds had already been given and had parted with lands in Manitoba, there was doubt as to their right to new grants on the Saskatchewan. This caused delay. The Métis grew anxious, and in the end turned to a leader who, they thought, could help them.

This leader was Louis Riel. He was living in exile in the United States, a teacher in a Jesuit College in Montana. He had become an American citizen, but his ill-balanced mind turned back to the days when he had played so conspicuous a part in Canada, and he treasured the grievance that a debt was due to him for promised grants of lands. It was seven hundred miles from Batoche, the half-breed settlement on the Saskatchewan, to Riel's home. But the half-breeds decided to invite Riel's aid, and in the summer of 1884 a committee travelled to Montana to see him. Its leader was Gabriel Dumont. He was a famed scout and buffalo hunter, a generous, kind, and brave man, who, it was said, knew the plains as a housewife knows her kitchen. Buffalo hunters were organized in bands with their own strict law and discipline, and Dumont was accustomed to command. He had one great fault; he was a gambler who would play for days on end, stopping only to eat. And now, ignorant of anything but the life of the prairie, this simple man and his friends sought in Louis Riel a helper who, to them, seemed educated and influential. It proved the greatest risk in gambling which Dumont ever took.

Riel returned with the committee to the Saskatchewan. He moved among the half-breeds and was received with reverence. His morbid vanity soon asserted itself. When appeals to Ottawa met with no response, he took it as a sign that he was despised, and he began to talk of vengeance. When priests tried to restrain him, he turned against them, and soon he was preaching

a new religion to the Métis. He signed himself Louis David Riel. What David was to the Jews he was to be to the Métis. In the spring of 1885 he led in setting up a provisional government on the Saskatchewan. Not only did it deny the authority of Canada; it declared for separation from the Church of Rome. To Riel the priests, no less than the Canadian officials, were agents of tyranny, and now every element opposing him was to be driven from the country. Riel's madness increased, and at last his cry was: "We want blood; it is a war of extermination." He spoke with contempt of the Hudson's Bay Company and of Canada; the Mounted Police would, he said, "be wiped out of existence."

In one sense all this was a petty squabble in which a reckless madman was leading a few ignorant people. But it touched the nerve of racial and religious passion in Canada. Fighting began on March 24th, 1885, when, at Duck Lake near Prince Albert, the half-breeds drove off Major Crozier of the North-West Mounted Police, killing fourteen of his men and wounding twenty-five. This looked like real war. Great was the alarm when Riel appealed to the Indian tribes to join him, for this might mean the ruthless massacre of scattered settlers. Those who could, flocked into the towns and villages. It was necessary to send troops from Eastern Canada, and this was not easy, for the railway line to Winnipeg was not yet completed. But the driving power of W. C. Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific Railway proved effective. He had moved troops during the American Civil War, and now his skill did not fail him. Regiment after regiment of militia forces from Eastern Canada was poured into the West over the railway. At places the men had to march over the ice on frozen lake or river. Freighting sleighs carried them over parts of

the line not yet completed. At times they sat on open cars swept by chill winds. But within a week of the first alarm, troops began to arrive in Winnipeg.

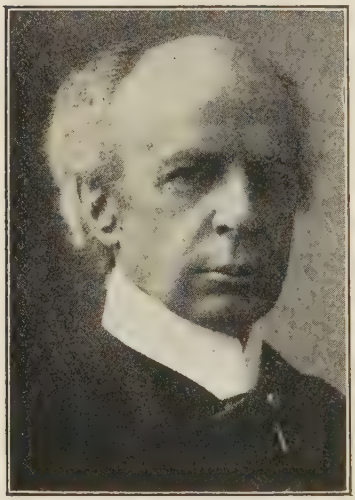
Gabriel Dumont proved a skilful foe. At Batoche, his central position, the ingenuity and care shown in making his rifle-pits astonished General Middleton, the commander of the Canadian forces. The rising was, however, a wild adventure by ignorant men, who had made no estimate of the forces arrayed against them. Before the end of May Riel was a prisoner, and Dumont was a refugee in the United States. Big Bear, a Cree chief, whose band murdered at Frog Lake two priests and half a dozen settlers, forced the troops to make a long pursuit in a difficult country, and finally escaped. Poundmaker, another formidable chief, surrendered. The rising cost the lives of probably two hundred on the loyal side, and there was mourning in many a Canadian home. Following the rebellion came the demands of justice. In the last days of July, 1885, Louis Riel was placed on trial for his life at Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories. It was claimed that he was insane, and this probably few doubted; but even insane people are responsible for their actions, and, on August 1st, Riel was sentenced to death. Three and a half months later he died on the scaffold at Regina. In the presence of a great number of Indians, eight of their number, convicted of murder, were also hanged—a stern warning which ended for ever any dream of the Indians that they could drive out the whites.

The execution of Riel stirred deep passions in Eastern Canada. Liberals and Conservatives in Quebec urged that the jury which had condemned him had recommended mercy, that his offence was political, not criminal, and that, in any case, he was insane. But Sir John Macdonald had to confront the angry Orange element in Ontario, which demanded rigour against the murderer

of Scott. It was really for that crime that Riel died. In Montreal a meeting attended by eight thousand people and addressed by Wilfrid Laurier and other leaders protested against the execution. Edward Blake, who had become the Liberal leader in Canada, declared that the government had sent to the scaffold a man so clearly insane as not to be responsible for his actions. The agitation concerning Riel shook the hold of the Conservative party in the Province of Quebec. None the less, in an election early in 1887, Macdonald retained power, though with a decreased majority.

4. The Liberal Party and Unrestricted Reciprocity.— After the election of 1887, Mr. Blake retired from the leadership of the Liberals, and then they chose a man destined to play a part in Canada second only to that of Macdonald. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Wilfrid Laurier was his courtly manners. Politics in Canada had lacked the graces of life. Such terms as "trickster," "imbecile," "traitor," were too often heard; Macdonald himself once called an opponent in Parliament a pup and threatened to "slap his chops." Laurier, however, bore himself with stately dignity. He was never off his guard, and his sternest denunciations were always on a high level of refinement. Men were, indeed, tempted to think him a dreamy scholar, while, in fact, he could, as need arose, be stern and strong. It was something that, at a time when racial and religious feeling was acute over the Riel question, a French-Canadian and a Roman Catholic should be chosen as sole leader of the Liberal party. In earlier days a French leader like Cartier had had to share authority with an English-speaking colleague; but national unity in Canada had grown, and now, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Liberals followed Laurier and in the end carried him into power.

Canada's progress under the National Policy had been disappointing. Twenty years after the taking over of the West it remained still the Great Lone Land. Winnipeg had, indeed, some twenty-five thousand people, but Regina, Calgary, and Edmonton, thriving cities of the present day, remained little more than village outposts. Of four immigrants arriving in Canada, three moved on to the United States. Ambitious Canadians sought careers in that country; for every three Canadians in Canada, there was one in the United States. In 1890 the United States increased its tariff, and more than ever was Canada shut out from the markets of her great neighbour. So few were the people of Canada that its manufacturers could carry on operations only on a small scale. The result of this stagnation was that the Liberal party, which had long opposed Protection, began to advocate, not only reciprocity in trade with the United States, but commercial union with that country. There were to be no tariff barriers of any kind between, for instance, New York and Ontario. The Liberals denied that this would involve the breaking away of Canada from the British Empire. The policy meant, however, that Canada must in the end levy duties on goods from Great Britain on the scale of those levied in the United States. Otherwise there could



Sir Wilfrid Laurier

hardly be free trade between Canada and the United States. That this was true many admitted, and they did not shrink from the inevitable result. Like the leading Conservatives in 1849, some Liberals were, in 1891, ready to face union with the United States. They had lost heart, because the commercial position of Canada, as it stood, seemed desperate.

On this issue was fought the election of 1891. In 1849 Macdonald had held aloof from his fellow Conservatives when they advocated annexation to the United States. He was growing old, and he felt that this was his last election. The tie with Britain he regarded as very precious, and now the cry which his followers used was his fervent exclamation: "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die." It had a telling effect. Not only Conservatives rejected what was involved in unrestricted reciprocity. The former Liberal leader, Edward Blake, would not support it. The Liberals were defeated. But Macdonald had won his last victory. Worn out by the struggle, he died in June, 1891. His death left a great gap. During his long life he had been marked by the scars of the conflict. He was not scrupulous. He used men as his tools, and too often he appealed to sordid motives. Corruption had come to mark Canadian public life as it has never marked that of Australia. But in spite of his faults, some of which he freely acknowledged, Macdonald was a great patriot. He had imagination and courage, and he, more than any other leader, had helped to weld into a united state the varied elements in the life of Canada.

CHAPTER XXVI

CANADA OF TO-DAY

1. Wilfrid Laurier, Liberal Prime Minister.— It is a fault of great leaders that they rarely train their successors. When Macdonald died in 1891, no one was marked by public opinion as the person to take his place. First, Sir John Abbott, a Montreal lawyer, became Prime Minister, chiefly on the ground of his seniority. He soon died, and was succeeded by Sir John Thompson, a Nova Scotian, a capable man, with a keen mind. But he died in 1894, and then Mackenzie Bowell, the Orange leader in Ontario, a man of no special capacity, headed the government. The West now furnished a new crisis. In 1870, when Manitoba was made a province, the Roman Catholics had insisted upon the right to schools in which their religious views might be taught. The result was that all the churches had been given this right, and, in consequence, the Roman Catholics, the Anglicans, and the Presbyterians had set up separate schools. So weakened were the forces of education by this division that in 1890 the Liberal government of Manitoba established a non-sectarian system. This was the step which the Roman Catholics had feared, and, to avert it, they had secured a provision in the constitution of Manitoba, giving the federal government power to override any action injurious to their rights as a minority. When the Act of 1890 permitted only non-denominational religious teaching in schools supported by the state, the Roman Catholics in Manitoba appealed to Ottawa to interfere. It was difficult for the federal gov-

ernment to overrule the action of Manitoba, for education was under provincial control. The courts decided, however, after long delay, that the federal government had the needed authority, and the Roman Catholics insisted that it should be used to correct an injustice.

The situation was not without its humours. At the head of the government at Ottawa, called upon to force Manitoba to have Roman Catholic separate schools, was the Orangeman, Sir Mackenzie Bowell. At the head of the Liberal party, which denounced such interference and cried, "Hands off Manitoba," was the Roman Catholic leader, Wilfrid Laurier. Bowell gave way in 1896 to Sir Charles Tupper. He had long been absent in London as the High Commissioner of Canada; he was already an old man; but he knew no fear nor shrinking. He introduced a Remedial Bill, the effect of which would be to coerce Manitoba into changing its school policy. The Roman Catholic bishops accepted the Bill as adequate. They went farther. They warned Laurier that, if he failed to support the Bill, they would, as one man, oppose him. It was a supreme test of Laurier's courage, and he met it resolutely. No word of bitterness, he said, would pass his lips against the church to which he adhered, but he would take no dictation from its bishops. He was, he declared, the leader of Protestants as well as of Roman Catholics. An injustice, he believed, had been done, but the remedy was not to be found in coercing Manitoba. An election followed, with astounding results. The appeals of the bishops to the Roman Catholics failed; three fourths of the elected members supported Laurier, while, by strange irony, Manitoba voted for its own coercing. Laurier became Prime Minister in 1896 with a great majority behind him, made up largely of Roman Catholics from Quebec.

For nearly forty years Macdonald had been the chief figure on the Conservative side in Canada, and for more than thirty years Laurier filled the same role on the Liberal side. He remained Prime Minister until 1911, and he led the Liberals from 1887 to his death in 1919. Once in power he induced the government of Manitoba to make some concessions, but the Roman Catholic separate schools were not restored. Laurier had long attacked a high protective tariff, though he agreed that in Canada free trade was impossible, since from duties on imports came the chief revenue. Now he made a master-stroke. On some things he reduced the tariff, but not on many. If Canada had a low tariff, goods from the United States would flood the country, while, at the same time, goods from Canada could not get past the high tariff of the United States. So the Liberals adopted the plan of giving tariff favours to countries which did not raise barriers against Canada. Britain was the only important free trade country, and, in 1897, Canada gave to Britain a preferential tariff which, in the end, amounted to one third of the duties levied against other countries. This was intended to stimulate British exports to Canada, and it had this result. The action brought quick recognition in England. In 1897 Queen Victoria celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her reign. Laurier went to London to represent Canada at the Jubilee, and was received with distinction which made him, next to the queen herself, the most marked figure. He received knighthood. The old view in Britain that Canada might go, and the sooner the better, quickly changed to a real affection for Canada and to the desire for closer coöperation.

2. The Boer War.— In 1899 war broke out with the Boer Republics in South Africa. Of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State Britain was suzerain, whatever this might mean, and she claimed the right to regu-

late their foreign affairs. This they resented. They resented, too, Britain's demand that new settlers should be given the vote in the Transvaal. Its President, Paul Kruger, declared that the Boer farmers must continue to control their own country, and the thousands who were enriching the Transvaal by developing its mines had no voice in its politics. Kruger was ignorant and obstinate. In frontier warfare he and his fellow Boers had shown great skill and resource, and he scoffed at control by the British, whom he regarded as weak and cowardly. The Transvaal had abundant revenue from the rich mines, and with this Kruger secured supplies of arms which gave him confidence. Germany, he believed, would not fail him if he could help her to humble Britain. The result was that in 1899 the arrogant old man ordered the British to withdraw their troops and to accept arbitration of the differences between the two governments. When war followed, patriotic feeling ran high in Canada. Within a few weeks of the outbreak, a contingent recruited by the Canadian government sailed from Quebec for South Africa. In all seven thousand soldiers were sent—more than Wolfe had on the Plains of Abraham. It was Canada's first adventure in war overseas.

3. The Peopling of the West.—The Canadian troops made a creditable record in South Africa, and this stimulated national self-reliance. Other things fostered it. The population was now increasing rapidly. In the Liberal Cabinet sat Clifford Sifton, a member from Manitoba, who showed remarkable capacity. The stagnant West was a reproach to the Canadian people, and Clifford Sifton set about to promote new life. The result was that, after 1897, a multitude of settlers poured into the West. The United States had no longer any great area of unsettled fertile land, while Canada had many millions of acres still unbroken. By skilful methods Sifton attracted American settlers, until, in a

single year, one hundred and thirty-nine thousand Americans moved into the West. In that same year one hundred and fifty thousand immigrants poured in from Great Britain. Many came, too, from Continental Europe. In about fifteen years three million immigrants arrived in Canada. Never before had a nation of five millions faced the task of assimilating so vast a horde of newcomers.

This movement brought about a new outlook in Canada. Confidence, even exaggerated confidence, was soon apparent. The great region lying between the frontier of Manitoba and that of British Columbia had been known as the North-West Territory. Its legislature at Regina had only limited powers. As settlers increased, it was necessary to set up new provinces in Canada as new states had been set up in the United States, and, in 1905, the two provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were created. The demand was made by the Roman Catholics for the right to have separate schools in which their religious doctrines might be taught, and this caused a renewal of the strife about religion which is so striking a feature of the political history of Canada. The dispute was settled by placing all schools under effective state supervision; and there are now few separate schools in these provinces. Soon imposing government buildings were erected in Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, and in Edmonton, the capital of Alberta. State universities were created, and the West was aglow with hope and confidence.

The West needed railways. Otherwise it could not carry to the markets of the world the grain from its vast wheat-fields and the cattle from its wide-spreading ranges. Railways were built with an outlay of capital which astonishes us by its profusion. It had been considered an amazing feat when the single line of the Canadian Pacific had been pushed across the continent.

But, twenty years after the completion of the Canadian Pacific, two other lines were being built from coast to coast. The Grand Trunk Pacific was built in close alliance with the Grand Trunk Railway of Eastern Canada, which was ambitious to rival the Canadian Pacific in the West. The other line—the Canadian Northern—was conceived and carried out by the private enterprise of two remarkable men, Mackenzie and Mann. In respect to both railways it is true that hope and courage ran beyond the limits of caution. The scattered population of the West was not adequate to support the cost of these stupendous enterprises, and, in the end, it became necessary for the government to take over both lines.

4. The Defeat of Laurier on Reciprocity.—For half a century the people of Canada had desired access to the markets of the United States. During ten years, from 1854, the Reciprocity Treaty made by Lord Elgin had increased trade between the two countries. When it was ended by the United States, each political party in Canada sought in turn a renewal of some measure of reciprocity, but always in vain. The United States was committed to Protection. The Republican party was the citadel of the high tariff policy. Even within its ranks, however, was growing the conviction that Protection had been carried too far. The United States, with manufactures on a vast scale, needed foreign markets and could compete with other nations only by lowering the cost of production. Compared with the hundred million of the United States, the eight million people of Canada seemed unimportant, and in time American opinion favoured the trying of the experiment of free trade on a small scale—an experiment which might lead to the opening of the American markets to the whole world.

The people of Canada were surprised, early in 1911, when an agreement was reached at Washington for a wide measure of free trade between the two countries. Canada's grain, her cattle, her fish, and her timber—the staples of her production—were to have free access to the markets of the United States. At the same time Canada was to retain her own market for her manufactures. Sir Wilfrid Laurier expected that this reciprocity agreement would be eagerly welcomed by Canada. The farmers of the West welcomed it. So did the fishermen of Nova Scotia. But doubts began to arise, and they were aided by the claims of American political leaders, that reciprocity in trade would bring Canada under the financial control of New York and lead her in the end to join the American Union. The people of Canada have always been jealous of their independence of the United States, and they proved suspicious of any trade agreement which should favour Britain less than the United States. They were determined to remain a British state. They felt, too, that, if the bargain should prove favourable to Canada, the United States might quickly revoke it as it had revoked the earlier reciprocity treaty. Bankers and railway magnates, manufacturers, imperialists, all disciplined their forces to fight reciprocity. The result was that in September, 1911, the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was defeated at the polls, and a Conservative ministry was formed, with Mr. Robert L. Borden as Prime Minister.

5. The Great War.—At this time, as now a sorrowing world knows so well, the nations were being carried on the tide of events to the awful climax of a world war. After the South African War, Britain had realized that she had few friends, and the minds of some of her statesmen had turned to plans for so drawing together the whole British Empire that it should be secure from attack. In 1902, Joseph Chamberlain, the

British Colonial Secretary, laid before the Imperial Conference in London a plan for a Parliament of the Empire. Each part should bear its fair share in the common defence. As matters stood, Chamberlain pointed out, Britain was paying for defence seven dollars a head, while Canada was paying fifty cents. In reply to Chamberlain, Sir Wilfrid Laurier admitted that Canada should bear her fair share of the cost of defence. She was, however, engaged in the heavy task of taming the wilderness and of creating roads, bridges, railways, settlers' houses, and hundreds of things which the older civilization of Britain already possessed. Absorbed in these tasks, conscious of no pressing danger, Canada was not easily aroused to the need of defence, and she would not surrender any part of her independence to a Parliament of the whole British Empire.

Sir Robert L. Borden

The danger, however, drew nearer. Germany was building a great fleet, and Britain was the state against which this menace was directed. By 1910 the whole British Empire was awaking to the danger, and, in that year, Canada made her first step toward naval defence by acquiring two men-of-war as training ships and by creating a naval college which was, in 1911, opened at Halifax. The French-Canadians had always been sus-

picious of designs to draw Canada into Imperial wars, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier had to walk warily. Mr. Bourassa, a former follower, attacked him bitterly for a naval policy which, he declared, would drag the simple habitant from his home to serve in remote wars with which he had no concern. During the election of 1911 this cry was pressed, and, without doubt, it played a real part in the defeat of the Liberal party.

The peril, however, remained, and it was Canada's duty to act. Borden, the Conservative Prime Minister, had condemned the Liberal policy as inadequate. Australia was creating a navy. New Zealand and South Africa were contributing to the support of the British fleet. Canada was doing nothing effective. Since there was urgency Mr., now Sir Robert, Borden proposed that, pending the shaping of a permanent naval policy, Canada should provide three "Dreadnoughts" to be added to the British fleet. There was a fierce party fight at Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid Laurier stood out for a Canadian fleet. So bitter was the struggle that, for the first time in Canada, the closure was adopted to end debate, and in this way the measure was forced through the House of Commons in 1913. But the Liberal majority in the Senate rejected it, and, with the greatest crisis which the world has ever known approaching swiftly, Canada did almost nothing for defence. In the next year, 1914, the world was in the throes of a great war, and the British Empire was fighting for its life.

However feeble had been Canada's course regarding naval policy, she did not hesitate for a moment when confronted by the realities of war. No one who lived through the momentous days of the summer of 1914 will ever forget their tension. Russia and France were already at war with Germany when, on August 4th, Britain entered the conflict. There had been doubts

whether the whole British Empire would be a unit in the face of real danger, but these were at once dispelled. Australia, Canada, and every other part of the Empire, knowing that liberty was at stake in face of the German menace, sprang to arms. The Canadian Minister of Militia was Sir Sam Hughes. His faults were many, but he showed amazing energy in the crisis. An army was quickly gathered at Valcartier, near Quebec, and,

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seven weeks after the outbreak of war, thirty-four thousand Canadian soldiers were on the ocean, speeding to the scene of war. They were only the first of very many thousands. Contingent followed contingent, and, during four long and wearing years, Canada emptied her young manhood into Europe.

In the South African War the Canadians had fought creditably. But it was one thing to make war in the primitive conditions of South Africa, and quite another

to confront on the battle-fields of Europe the disciplined soldiers of Germany, the greatest military power in the world. There was nervous anxiety in Canada. The strain was almost intolerable, but, in April, 1915, it had a tragic easement. Before Ypres, Canadian troops had been attacked by the Germans with the fumes of poisonous gas. By this barbarity many died in agony, but the Canadian line held. Had it broken, it seems certain that nothing could have kept the Germans from reaching the Channel. Once there they could have made that highway of ships unsafe, and could even have thrown shells into English towns. After this incident, Canada was not nervous as to whether her men could fight. They ranked, in truth, among the best troops in the fighting-line.

It seemed as if a war so intense must be short, but it lasted for more than four years. Almost from the first, Britain, France, Italy, and Japan stood together, and, in the end, the United States and China and a multitude of smaller powers joined them. Germany and Austria-Hungary secured only two new allies—Turkey and Bulgaria. The Germans still boast, with truth, that it took a whole world in arms to defeat them. But never before had a nation so equipped itself for war. Secretly it had secured powerful howitzers, which blew to fragments forts supposed to be impregnable. When the allies numbered their machine-guns by tens, Germany had hundreds; and these formidable weapons mowed down whole battalions. Before the war ended, Germany had a gun which threw shells into Paris from a distance of seventy miles—much more than the distance from Toronto to Niagara Falls as the crow flies. One of these shells fell upon a Paris church on Good Friday, 1918, and killed many of the congregation. In the use of their formidable weapons the Germans showed no scruple. The aim of war, they said, was to break the will to resist

of the enemy, and it was right to inflict any suffering which would aid this purpose. When, at the beginning of the war, the more quickly to reach and crush France, the Germans invaded a neutral country, Belgium, they shot hundreds of civilians, including women and children, in order to terrorize the people into abject submission.

Never before had the world seen so many millions of men confront one another in war. To destroy and to kill was the aim of each side, for only so could resistance be broken. From Belgium to Switzerland, the north-eastern frontier of France became a long line of defence, manned by millions of men. Nearly two thousand years earlier, the Romans had built across the north of England a long wall guarded night and day against the savage invader. For a distance of more than three hundred miles France was now so patrolled; but instead of a high, dry wall, her line of defence was a ditch. Canadian troops, helping to defend France, stood in mud and slime behind earth embankments, watching, always watching, that the enemy should not break through. Facing them the German trenches stretched their long line. In places the two lines were less than fifty yards apart. To show a head above the embankment was to attract instantly deadly rifle-fire. From each line men watched for one another as the hunter watches for his game, and by this "sniping," as it was called, thousands of lives were lost. Hovering above the hostile lines, aeroplanes dropped deadly bombs. At times the airmen flew so low as to be able to use machine-guns against the soldiers with desolating effect. There were amazing battles in the air. Zeppelins, great air-ships, crossed the North Sea, dropped bombs on London, and caused dreadful loss of life. The British invented "tanks"—armoured vehicles like small moving forts, which could

advance over trenches and rough fields. Before the war ended, some small "whippet" tanks reached a speed of thirty miles an hour and were deadly in attack. Poison gas, first used by the Germans, in the end caused them terrible losses. No means to destroy life was spared in the awful struggle.

For three and a half long years the trench warfare lasted, and neither side was able to break through. While the war raged over the whole world, it was on this struggle to crush France that the eyes of Canada chiefly centred. The ancient city of Ypres, to-day only a gray ruin, will always have a melancholy interest for Canada. It was before this place, at St. Julien and Langemarck, that, attacked by poison gas, the Canadians held the line in April, 1915, until relief came. Here, in 1916, they fought on almost the same ground at St. Eloi, Sanctuary Wood, and other spots. Here, in 1917, they were again fighting, and in November of that year they were pushed forward in rain and mud against the Ridge of Passchendaele. For a mile, it was said, you could walk over the backs of horses and the heads of men, who in this attack had been drowned in liquid mud. But the Canadians took Passchendaele. Farther south they fought before the mining city of Lens, held by the Germans. In the end the British drove the Germans out, but only after the city had been completely destroyed. Farther south still the Canadians fought near Arras, to drive back the Germans from the dominating position of Vimy Ridge, and in April, 1917, in a great combined British movement, the Canadians were so fortunate as to carry the Ridge.

The British fleet drove German commerce from the seas and fought in 1916 the one great naval battle of Jutland. At the time it did not seem decisive, but never again did the German fleet put to sea. Impotent to meet in battle the gigantic naval forces of Britain,

the Germans sought to destroy her by submarine warfare. They believed any methods justified which might bring victory, and so they sank without warning merchant-ships laden with passengers. There was a cry of horror throughout the world when, in 1915, they sank the *Lusitania,* with more than a thousand people. One hundred of them were Americans, and the act caused angry protest in the United States. But the Germans paid little heed, and, in 1917, just when Russia collapsed, the United States entered the war, and with her vast resources hastened the end. The efforts of the British in the Moslem world read like a page of romance. They failed in 1915 to force the Dardanelles and secure Constantinople, but, in 1918, they took two other ancient and world-famed eastern capitals, Bagdad and Jerusalem.

Early in 1918 trench warfare ended. On March 21st, the Germans attacked on a scale not known before. In an effort to take Amiens, they hurled forty divisions against fourteen British divisions. To take Amiens meant to control three lines of railway, to separate the British army on the north from the French army on the south, and to have a route open to the English Channel. The British line broke, with losses beyond anything known before in British annals. Later, the Germans broke the French line farther south, crossed the Marne, and seemed likely to take Paris itself. Those were dark days for the anxious, watching people of Canada. Even Passchendaele, won at so ghastly a cost, was retaken by the Germans. But they overreached themselves. They lacked the force to push their attack to final success. The Canadians were not in the earlier struggle. They had been in reserve. But their turn soon came. August 8th, 1918, is, in some respects, the most memorable date in the war. On that day the Canadians played an important

part in driving back the Germans before Amiens. An observer said that the Canadians cut through the German lines as if they had been dummy defences. Not only was Amiens saved—the Germans now realized that they had lost the war. The allied armies, united under the lead of Marshal Foch, advanced steadily, taking hundreds of thousands of prisoners. Early in September the Canadians took the Drocourt-Quéant Switch, and after that they were not in front of but behind the chief German defence, the Hindenburg Line. There was still hard and costly fighting. Sir Arthur W. Currie, the Commander of the Canadian Corps, spared his men; but, at vital points, the Germans fought desperately to gain delay and to save themselves from utter rout. The battle fought in October before Cambrai was one of the most desperate in the whole war. On October 9th, the Canadians were the first to enter the ruined city. It was at Mons, in Belgium, that the British had met their first great reverse in the war, and, on November 11th, the last day of the war, the Canadians entered Mons with a British troop of Lancers, which had been part of the army driven back in August, 1914. The cycle beginning there in defeat ended there in final and overwhelming victory.

Sir Arthur W. Currie

To all future generations of British people the war will remain a sad but inspiring memory. Two hundred thousand wounded and sixty thousand dead were Canada's sacrifice, and these great numbers were only a part of the vast cost to the British Empire for its share in the victory. In 1919 peace was signed at Versailles—peace in which Germany admitted utter defeat and agreed to pay vast sums to repair the losses of the victors. The war left Canada no longer a colony but a British nation, which had fought side by

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side with the other nations within the British Commonwealth. As such a nation, Canada signed the treaty of peace, exactly as Great Britain signed it. As such a nation, Canada, like Great Britain, is a member of the League of Nations, which aims so to unite the nations as to make recourse to war difficult. It is a far cry from the struggling colony on the St. Lawrence to the great state of to-day.

Canada, like all the nations which shared in the labours of the war, is now carrying a heavy burden of debt, a burden, however, much less heavy in pro-

portion to her population than that of the United Kingdom. Chiefly in consequence of the war, Canada owes some three hundred dollars for every man, woman, and child of her population. It is now the task of her people by thrift and hard work to recover from their exhaustion. War can never be anything else than a curse, for it brings not only the tragedy and sorrow of death and disease, but the ruin of property. Its one compensation is in the spirit of courage and sacrifice which it stimulates. In that spirit Canada can without dismay face the future.

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